



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

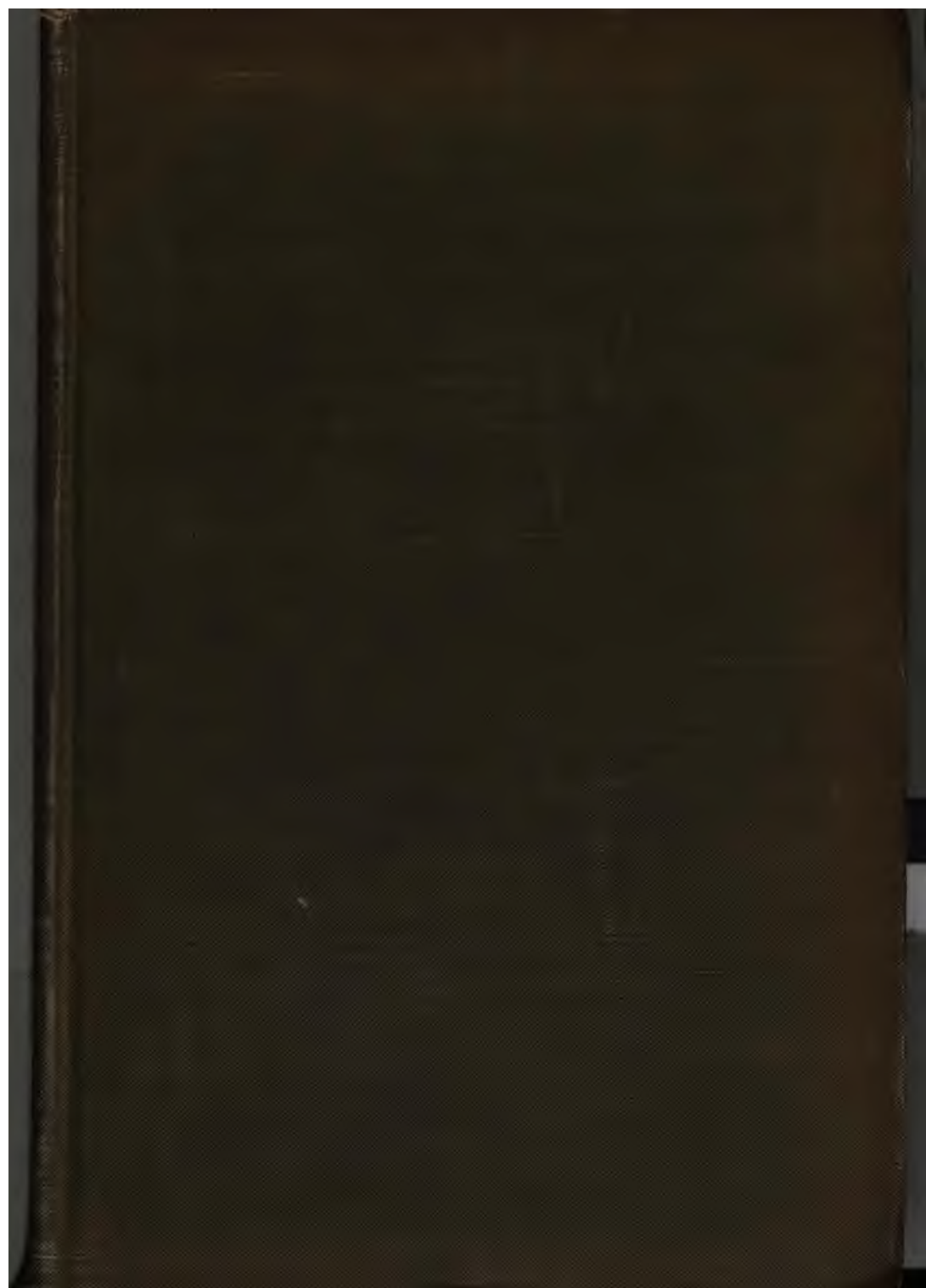
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



AL1713.72



Harvard College Library

FROM THE

LUCY OSGOOD LEGACY.

"To purchase such books as shall be most  
needed for the College Library, so as  
best to promote the objects  
of the College."

Received July 10, 1905.

*Substituted for copy lost.*

$\mu^2$

$i$



THE WORKS OF  
EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Library Edition

VOLUME II

---

IN HIS NAME  
AND  
CHRISTMAS STORIES

# In His Name

and

## Christmas Stories

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE



BOSTON

LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

1903



L1713.12

Substituted for a copy lost.  
(Lucy Ozgood fund)

*Copyright, 1873,*

BY THE PROPRIETORS OF "OLD AND NEW"

*Copyright, 1882,*

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

*Copyright, 1887,*

BY ROBERTS BROTHERS

*Copyright, 1899,*

BY LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

*Copyright, 1900, 1901,*

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

---

*All rights reserved*

University Press:

JOHN WILSON & SON, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

## PREFACE

THE stories in this volume are not arranged in the order of the years in which they were published. All of them, however, excepting the last, were written and published as "Christmas stories," under what is almost a system now, to which we are largely indebted, by which special Christmas stories are brought forward by different publishers as their contributions to the joy and festivity of the year. I suppose that this pleasant custom began with the "Christmas Carol" of Mr. Dickens, which has become so famous.

"In His Name" was thus printed in the year 1873, as a Christmas present to the readers of *Old and New*, a monthly magazine of which I was the editor. In a certain sense, I may say that the book has never till now been published: I mean by this that it was never introduced to the public by the methods which are regarded as the regular methods. It was given to fifteen or twenty thousand people, and they suggested to their friends that it might be expedient for them to read it.

The story itself grew out of a much shorter story which I had told to the children of my own Sunday-school on Christmas Day in 1872. That little sketch has itself been printed separately, in the *Ten Times One Record*. Having thus laid out the plan of a story based on the pathetic history of the Waldenses of Lyons and the Mountains, I took occasion the next year to visit Lyons, and, by what is now a very easy route, I saw with my own eyes the country over which the priest passes in his critical journey. I was able at Lyons, through the courtesy of friends whom I made there, to study on the spot the local history of that earlier Reformation; and afterwards, in preparing for the story, I acquainted myself, I may almost say personally, with the people who were about in Lyons in the year 1192, when little Félicie is supposed to have fallen sick and to have recovered.

After the publication of the book, I was fortunate enough to find in our own public library in Boston, an anonymous tract on the Poor Men of Lyons, which gives a good deal of detail as to the history of that time. My own interest in my own imaginary history has brought me into very close relations with that Apostolic church which still exists in the Waldensian valleys. That little church, numbering but sixteen congregations, I think, in all, maintains a far larger system of missions in proportion to its numbers than is maintained by any other


ecclesiastical establishment in the world. They have recently established a congregation in North Carolina, at Valdese, a place which is well worth a visit of tourists.

I am rather proud to say that the gentlemen of that communion have accepted my narrative as history, — as, indeed, much of it is. But their impression that the passwords which I have given in the story were the passwords really in use in those difficult and stormy times, is not correct. The true passwords were revealed, — I am afraid under penalty of torture, in the confessional, — and were known to the writer of the anonymous tract to which I have referred. At the time I wrote the book, I did not know what they were: had I known, I could not have used them in a story which requires more promptness of expression — shall I say, more dramatic expression? — than that used in fact by these poor men and women as they saved themselves from persecution. I think the reader will be so far interested in what I think is the true detail of history that in the appendix to this volume I have placed a translation of the original formulas, as I found them in the tract of which I have spoken.

Among the symbols thus used by me was the Maltese cross, either drawn in imagination in the air, or by a bit of charcoal upon the wall. When Miss Mary Lathbury established the Look-up

Legion in 1874, on the basis of another story of mine called "Ten Times One is Ten," which will appear in the next volume of this series, she adopted this Maltese cross for the symbol of that legion; and the other clubs of the Lend-a-Hand order have followed that suggestion of hers. It was used by Rev. Mr. Oxford in his Ten Times One Club in London. I think all the clubs use it, with the letters I. H. N. It has thus become the symbol of the King's Daughters. So it has pleased me to find that a fancy of my own, connected with the little persecuted church of the Waldensians, has gone over the world. I believe I am right in saying that it is now so used among the Waldensians themselves.

Perhaps the other stories need no special explanation. "Christmas Waits in Boston" describes with considerable accuracy what really passes on such an expedition; I have been fortunate enough to take many such in Christmas week. The members of a society called the Christian Unity, existing at the period when this story was written (that is, in the year 1859) will recognize most of the persons who are the characters in this sketch. No such tragical incident as closes the story, however, really happened on one of those Christmas rides, but I have a right to say that the Dr. Morton of the story furnished the surgical information necessary for its truth.



The story of "Daily Bread" also is based upon real incidents, coming very close in my own life, in the Boston milk famine of the winter of 1868. I happened to be in Littleton, in Middlesex County, Mass., and heard a great deal of the frank and manly conversation of the chivalrous farmers there, who, all unknown to the people of Boston, supplied their daily food. The story of "They Saw a Great Light" is based wholly upon an experience of Mrs. Bray, the wife of the gentleman who at one time kept the double lighthouse on Thacher's island. One is glad to say that when some impudent rival applied at Washington for Mr. Bray's place, on the ground that he had been off duty on that night, the whole story was told at Washington, and that office-seeker was dismissed with the ignominy that he deserved.

"Hands Off" was first published in *Harper's Magazine*. At that time I was a regular contributor for *Harper's*, but I insisted that this story should be printed without my name. I did this from simple curiosity to see how the religious press of the country might accept the theological doctrine involved in the story. I knew that if my name were given to it, all the Evangelical press would say it was wrong and all the Liberal papers would say it was right, if their conductors had ever heard of me. I therefore urged Mr. Alden, the editor of *Harper's*, to print the story without my



name. I was sadly disappointed, however. The critics in the religious journals did not know whether the doctrine was right or wrong, because they did not know who wrote the story. And therefore, although it was the only story in the number which came near them or theirs, I never could learn that one of them paid it the honor of mentioning it or its subject or the questions it involved. I have the satisfaction of knowing that it has brought comfort into some homes of sorrow.

ROXBURY, Dec. 27, 1898.

# CONTENTS

## IN HIS NAME

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. FÉLICIE . . . . .	3
II. JEAN WALDO . . . . .	15
III. THE FLORENTINE . . . . .	23
IV. UP TO THE HILLS . . . . .	44
V. LOST AND FOUND . . . . .	59
VI. THE CHARCOAL-BURNER . . . . .	66
VII. JOHN OF LUGIO . . . . .	76
VIII. THE TROUBADOUR . . . . .	108
IX. CHRISTMAS EVE . . . . .	149
X. CHRISTMAS DAWNS . . . . .	174
XI. TWELFTH NIGHT . . . . .	187
XII. THE WHOLE STORY . . . . .	196

CHRISTMAS WAITS IN BOSTON . . . . .	205
-------------------------------------	-----

## THEY SAW A GREAT LIGHT

I. ANOTHER GENERATION . . . . .	235
II. TRIPP'S COVE . . . . .	242

## DAILY BREAD

I. A QUESTION OF NOURISHMENT . . . . .	281
II. ST. VICTORIA'S DAY . . . . .	283
III. ST. VICTORIA'S DAY IN THE COUNTRY . . . . .	286
IV. HOW THEY BROKE THE BLOCKADE . . . . .	296
V. CHRISTMAS MORNING . . . . .	310

	PAGE
HANDS OFF . . . . .	317
CROMWELL'S STATUE . . . . .	341
APPENDIX	
THE PASSWORDS OF THE WALDENSIAN CHURCH . .	363

**IN HIS NAME**



# In His Name




## CHAPTER I

### FÉLICIE

FÉLICIE was the daughter of Jean Waldo. She was the joy of her father's life, and the joy of the life of Madame Gabrielle, his wife. She was well named Félicie, for she was happy herself and she made everybody happy. She was a sun-beam in the house, in the workshops, in the court-yard and among all the neighbors. Her father and mother were waked in the morning by her singing; and many a time, when Jean Waldo was driving a hard bargain with some spinner from the country, the mere sight of his pretty daughter as she crossed the court-yard, and the sound of her voice as she sang a scrap of a hymn or of a crusading song, would turn his attention from his barter, and he would relax his hold on the odd sols and deniers as if he had never clung to them. By the same spells she was the joy of the neighborhood. The beggars loved her, the weavers loved her, she could come and go as she chose even among the

fullers and dyers, though they were rough fellows, and there was nothing she could not say or do with their wives and children. When the country spinners came in with their yarn, or the weavers with their webs, they would wait, on one excuse or another, really to get a word with her; and many was the rich farm in the valley to which Félicie went in the summer or autumn to make as long a visit as she chose. Félicie was queen of her father's household and of all around.

On one of the last days in December, Félicie was making a pilgrimage, after her own fashion, to the church of St. Thomas of Fourvières. The hill of Fourvières is a bold height, rising almost from the heart of the old city of Lyons. And Félicie liked nothing better than a brisk scramble to the top, where, as she said, she might see something. This was her almost daily "pilgrimage." She gave it this name in sport, not irreverent. For, as she went, she always passed by old women who were making a pilgrimage, as they do to this hour, to the church of St. Thomas (now the church of "Our Lady"), which was supposed, and is supposed, to have great power in saving from misfortune those who offer their prayers there. Félicie in passing always looked into the little church, and crossed herself with holy water, and fell on her knees at an altar in a little chapel where was a picture of St. Félicie lying on the ground, with a vision of Our Lady above. The Félicie who was not a saint would say "Ave Maria" here and



"Our Father who art in heaven," and would wait a minute upon her knees, to "see if her Father had anything to say to her"; and then would cross herself again, and as she passed the great altar, would kneel once more, and so would be out in the fresh air again.

This was almost an every-day occurrence. On this day Félicie waited a little longer. Among a thousand votive offerings in the church, hung there by those who were grateful for an answer to their prayers, she saw to-day two which she had never seen before. They were pictures, — not, to tell the truth, very well painted. But to Félicie, the finer or coarser art was a matter of very little account. Each of them represented a scene of preservation in danger. In one of them, a young girl, hardly older than Félicie herself, was to be seen, as she safely floated from a river which bore the ruins of a broken bridge; in the other, a young knight on horseback received unhurt the blows of five terrible Saracens. The Holy Mother could be seen in the clouds with a staff on her arm, turning off the lances of the paynim. Félicie looked a moment at this picture, but long, very long, at the other.

The disaster which it represented was one which the girl had seen herself, and which had made upon her an impression for her life. Only the year before, Richard the Lion-Hearted and Philip Augustus of France had come to Lyons together, each with a splendid retinue of knights and other



soldiers, on their way to the crusade. The Archbishop of Lyons was then really an independent prince, and with all the dignity of an independent prince he had received the two kings. There had been much feasting. There had been a splendid ceremony of high mass in the cathedral, and at last, when the two armies had recruited themselves, it was announced that they were to take up their march to the Holy City. Of course all Lyons was on the watch to see the display. Some were in boats upon the river; some were waiting to see them cross the bridge; some walked far out on the road. Girls with flowers threw them before the horse of the handsome English king, and priests in splendid robes carried the banners of the churches and sang anthems as they went. And all Lyons, young and old, was sure that in two or three short months this famous host would be in the City of Our Lord!

Alas, and alas! Hardly had the two kings themselves crossed the bridge, and a few of their immediate attendants with them, when, as the great crowd of townspeople pressed in upon the men-at-arms, all eager to see the show, they felt beneath their feet a horrid tremor for one moment, and then—first one length of the bridge, and then, in terrible succession, two others, gave way, and the whole multitude—soldiers, horses, men, women, and children—were plunged into the Rhone below. The torrent was fast, and swept down the ruin of timbers and the mass of strug-

gling people and beasts in horrible confusion. The boatmen on the river did their best to rescue one and another, but were themselves in danger almost equal to that of those who were struggling in the water. The kings turned their horses and rode to the shore, but were as powerless as children to help or even to command. And so, in one short hour, this day of glory and of victory was shrouded as in clouds of darkness.

It seemed a miracle, indeed, that only a few were drowned in the chaos; but of those who were rescued, many were maimed for life, and there was not a house in Lyons but had its own tale of danger and suffering.

The picture which Félicie stopped to look at in the church of St. Thomas represented this calamity, and the preservation, by what was called miracle, of Gabrielle L'Estrange, a godchild of Félicie's mother. For herself, Félicie had seen the breaking of the bridge from the safe distance of her eyrie on the mountain. The girl had wisely seen that even her father's good-will could not do much for a child like her in the crowd. She had declared her determination to see the whole; and while others went into the streets to see the armies pass them, Félicie had perched herself on the very top of the hill of Fourvières, where she could see every company join in the cortège, where she could hear the blast of music come up to her from the plain.

As she sat here, as the army began to cross the

river, the girl had been instantly conscious of the great disaster. She could see the companies in the rear break their ranks and rush towards the stream. She could see the dust of the ruin rise above the river, and could hear the hoarse shouting of people screaming and commanding. She had guessed what the calamity was and had hurried home to meet only too many stories of personal sorrow. Before night they had known how Gabrielle had been nearly lost, and how she had been saved. And all the mingled memories of that day of glory and of grief came back to Félicie again, now that she saw the picture of her playmate's preservation.

She left the little church, crossing herself again with the holy water, a little more thoughtful than she entered it. The "problem of evil" crossed her mind; and she asked herself why the Virgin should interpose to save Gabrielle, when others were left to perish. But she did not ask this with bitterness. She knew there was answer somewhere. And as she climbed yet higher up the hill, and came out on the glories of her eyrie, the wonders of the winter prospect — more beautiful than ever, as she thought — swept away all memories of death or sorrow or doubt; and the child wrapped her thick shawl round her, as she sat beneath the shelter of a friendly wall, with the full sunlight blazing on her, to wonder for the thousandth time on the beauty of the panorama beyond and below.

There are who say that no view in France can equal it; and I am sure I do not wonder. At her feet the cheerful city lay, between the rivers Saône and Rhone, which meet here, just below her. The spires and towers of the cathedral and the churches, even the tallest columns of smoke, as they rose in the still air, were all far, far below the girl on her eyrie. Beyond, she could see at first large farms with their granges, their immense haystacks, their barns and their orchards. She could pick out and name one and another where at the vintage and at harvest she had made pleasant visits this very year. Further, all became brown and purple and blue and gray. Sometimes on a hill she could make out a white church tower, or the long walls of a castle, — just some sign that men and women and happy girls like herself lived there. But Félicie's eye did not rest so long on these. Far above and still beyond — O how far beyond! — was her "old friend," as the girl called Mont Blanc. And to-day he had his rosy face, she said. The sunset behind her was making the snow of the mountain blush with beauty. And nothing can be conceived more dreamy and more lovely than this "vision," as Félicie called it, which even she did not see five times in a year from her eyrie; and which many a lazy canon and abbot and many a prosperous weaver like her father, and many a thrifty merchant in the town, had never seen at all.

"Good-evening, dear old friend," said the girl,

laughing, as if the mountain could hear her ninety miles away,—“good-evening, dear old friend. You are lovely to-night in your evening dress. Will you not come to my Christmas party? Thank you, old friend, for coming out to-night to see me. I should have been very lonely without you, dear old friend. There’s a kiss for you!—and there’s another!—and there’s a feather for you, and there’s another!” And she threw into the west wind two bits of down, and pleased herself with watching them as they floated high and quick towards the mountain in the east. “Good-by, dear old friend, good-by. Mamma says I must be home at sunset. Won’t you speak to me?—no matter; all the same I know you love me. Good-by! good-by!” And so she tripped down, thinking to herself as she went that everybody and everything did love her, which was very true; thinking that for her, indeed, God’s kingdom seemed to have come, and his will to be done on earth as it was in heaven. And the shadow, if it may be called a shadow, of the horrors depicted in the church of St. Thomas was all swept away.

Down she tripped again by the open church, and one after another beggar at the door blessed her as she said, “God bless you.” Down she tripped by the convent walls, and wondered how the gardens within could be half as beautiful as the world without. And she wondered if the sisters here climbed up the bell-tower and looked

off on the eastern horizon to see her old friend, and whether they knew how friendly he was to those who loved him. Down she tripped by one zigzag path and another, known to her and to the goats and to none beside; and so, before the sun was fairly down, she had nodded to Pierre the weaver, and had stopped and spoken to Ronet the dyer, and had caught up and kissed the twin babies who could hardly tottle along the road, whom Marguerite, the wife of young Stephen, was leading along; she had said a merry word to half the workmen and half their wives, and had come into the court-yard, and had pushed back the stately heavy oak door, and stood in the hall of Jean Waldo's comfortable house.

Her mother came running out from the kitchen wing to meet the girl. And Félicie ran up to kiss her as she entered, as was her pretty way. And Mistress Gabrielle thought, as she had thought a thousand times, that nobody in the world was as pretty as Félicie, and also that Félicie never had looked as pretty as she did at that very moment. This also had Madame Gabrielle thought a thousand times before. The girl's tightly-fitting tunic was of fine white woollen. But the cape, as in those days the mantle began to be called, also of woollen, was of the brightest scarlet, and, as she had wound it round and round her head, she became a Red Riding Hood indeed. Her cheeks glowed with life and health as she came running in from the frosty air, and the sharp contrast of

her dress was none too bold for a complexion so brilliant. It was the very impersonation of life and joy.

"Félicie, my child, I have been asking for you. It is St. Victoria's night, you know, and I am giving to them all their Christmas medicine."

"Medicine for me, my dear mother!" And truly the child seemed to need medicine as little as the larks.

"Of course, dear Félicie. Has there been a midsummer or a Christmas since you were born in which I did not give you your medicine? And so is it, thanks to the blessed Virgin and to St. Félicie, that you are so fresh and so well. I have given to your father and to all the men their gentian. I have given to all the women their St. Johnswort, and here is a nice new bottle of the mixture of lavender and rosemary, which I brewed for you when you were away with the Landrys. I have it all waiting."

Félicie knew by long experience that there was no good in argument. Indeed the child was too much used to doing what her mother bade to make argument at any time. This was but a gulp or two of a disagreeable taste, and she knew there would be waiting a honey-cake and an orange after it. So she kissed her mother, ran upstairs and put away cape and wimple and girdle, and came downstairs singing:—

My lady came down from her pretty gay room,  
In the hall my lady sat down;

Her apron was heaped with the roses in bloom,  
And her fingers braided a crown, crown, crown!  
And her fingers braided a crown!

"But, Mamma! how much there is of it! I never had so much before!"

"Darling, you are older now. You have passed your second climacteric." Mistress Gabrielle could be learned when she chose.

"But, Mamma, it tastes horridly. It never tasted so badly before."

"Dear child, drink it right down. Here is your orange, to take the taste away. Perhaps it is a little stronger than we have made it. The leaves were the very best I ever saw."

And the dear child made a laughing face of disgust, and then gulped down the bitter mixture as she was bidden.

But then all light faded from her face. With agony such as her mother never saw there, she screamed, "O mamma, dear mamma! — it burns me, it burns me! — you never hurt your darling so before!" And with sobs she could not repress, she hid her face in her mother's bosom, crying out, "O, how it burns, how it burns!"

Mistress Gabrielle was frightened indeed. She tore open the orange, but there was little comfort there. She sent for oils and for snow, and for cold water from the very bottom of the well. But the child's agony seemed hardly checked; and though with a resolute will she would choke down her groans that she might not terrify her mother, it



was impossible for her to check the quivering from head to foot, which was a sign of the torture of mouth and throat and stomach. Mistress Gabrielle called for Jeanne and Marie, and they carried the poor child to her bed. They put hot cloths upon her. They warmed her feet and her hands. They made smokes of gums and barks for her to breathe. They tried all the simple and all the complicated arts of the household. One and another neighbor was hurried in, and each contradicted the other and each advised.

One or other of the more powerful applications would give a moment's relief, but only a moment's. Tears which she could not check would roll down Félicie's cheek to show her inward torture, and that terrible quiver which Mistress Gabrielle learned to dread so horribly would come in with every third or fourth minute. Once and again she had sent for Jean Waldo, her husband. But none of the lads could find him. Night had closed dark around them, and he did not return. It was then that she took the responsibility which she had never taken before and sent for the young Florentine doctor, whose shop, next the cathedral, attracted the wonder and superstition of all the neighborhood. "Bid him come, Adrian, on the moment! Tell him that my daughter is dying, and that he has not a moment to lose. For the love of Christ, beg him to come on the instant." Dying! The word struck new terror in the whole panic-swayed household. Everybody had been in

distress, but no one had dared think or say that the darling of them all, but just now so strong and so happy, could die! Least of all had Mistress Gabrielle permitted herself to think it. But now all her pride was gone. Niobe before Apollo was not more prostrate. She knew that if the Florentine was to render any help, it must be rendered right soon. And so, with a calmness of despair at which she wondered herself, she sent word to him that her daughter was dying.

## CHAPTER II

### JEAN WALDO

GIULIO, the Florentine doctor, came down the street with the boy who had been sent for him, and with a blackamoor who bore a great hamper which contained his medicines and his instruments. As they rapidly approached the doorway they overtook Jean Waldo himself, slowly walking up the street. Till they spoke to him, the father was wholly unconscious of the calamity which had fallen on his child.

If you had told Jean Waldo that afternoon, as he sat in the Treasurer's seat at the guild-meeting, that, in after times, his name of Waldo would be best known to all people, in all lands, because his kinsman, Pierre Waldo, bore it, he would have been much amazed, and would have taken you for a fool. Kinsmen they were, there was no doubt

of that. Nobody could look on their faces — nay, even on their eyes or their beards, or on the shape of their hands or their finger-nails, and not see that there was near kindred between them. "We are both from the valley of Vaud," Jean Waldo used to say when people questioned him. But he was not pleased to have them question him. He had taken good care not to mix himself up with Pierre Waldo's heresies. "Why does he want to trouble himself about the priests?" said Jean Waldo. "Why does he not do as I do? I take care of myself, and I let other people take care of themselves. Why cannot Pierre Waldo, my kinsman, if he is my kinsman, do as I do?" And so Jean Waldo went on in his prosperous way. He squeezed down the spinners who brought yarn to him. He squeezed the weavers who brought him webs. He kept a good company of the best workmen in his shops, and he had forty looms of his own, with his own weavers. He put up linen cloths for market more neatly and handsomely, the traders said, than any man in Lyons, and so he prospered exceedingly. "This is what comes," he said, "of minding your own business, and letting other people's business alone."

Pierre Waldo, the kinsman of whom Jean spoke with such contempt, and who is now remembered in all the world where the Christian religion is known, had been a prosperous merchant in Lyons. But Pierre Waldo was not one of those who went to mass only because the priests bade him. He

went to the mass because God had been good to him and to his, and he wanted to express his thanks. He was glad to express thanks as other people did and where they did. He had always had a passion for reading, for in his boyhood his mother had taught him to read. And when, one day, a parchment book came in his way, which proved to be an Evangelistary, or copy of the Four Gospels, in Latin, Pierre Waldo began to try to read this, and with wonder and delight which cannot be told. Father John of Lugio, the priest whom he knew best, an honest man and an humble priest, was willing to help Pierre as he could about the Latin. And there was not so much difference in those days between Latin and the Romance language which half Pierre Waldo's customers used, that he should find it hard to make out the language in which the book was written that so excited him. When Father John saw how much pleasure Pierre Waldo took in such reading, he was glad to show to him, in the church and in the vestry, other parchments, in which were Paul's letters and the Book of the Revelation. And at last Pierre had seen the whole of the Old Testament also, and he and the good priest had read some parts of the Old Law.

Who shall say whether this knowledge of the Bible could ever have come to anything with Pierre Waldo, but for a terrible incident which made its mark on his whole life? He and the other merchants of his section of the town used

to meet each other very often at little feasts, in which they showed their hospitality and wealth at the same time, in the elegance of the service, the richness of the food, and in the choice of the good old wine. A party of them were together one night at such a feast in the house of Robert the Gascon. They had eaten a hearty supper. The wine had passed freely, and one of the company, a favorite with all of them, had sung a love song such as the romances of the day were full of. The glasses clattered in the applause, and one and another of the guests bade him sing it again. But for some reason Walter, the singer, declined. The moment he said "No," William Jal, an old and near friend of Pierre Waldo, who was sitting at his side at the table rose and said, with a loud laugh, "You shall sing it, Walter!" And he brought his fist down on the table, and with this terrible oath he went on, —

"By God, you shall sing it, Walter, or I will never taste wine again!"

Hardly had the awful words left his mouth when the expression of his face changed in sudden agony. He seemed to try to balance himself at the table for an instant, and then fell dead upon the floor.

From that moment Pierre Waldo was a new man. In the night of horror which followed this scene of mockery and revel, in his wretched efforts to comfort the widow to whom they carried the cold corpse home, and the poor children who were

waked from their beds to look upon it, — in that night of horror Pierre Waldo had chance to look forward and to look backward. And he did so. From that time forward his reading of the Gospel was no mere literary amusement. He copied it for his own use; he translated it for his neighbors' use. He found that other men, anxious and pious, had already felt as he began to feel, — that all the people had a right to parable, to psalm, and to the words of the blessed Master. One after another of his customers brought him, from one and another town where they travelled, bits of Paul or Matthew or Luke which had been translated into the vulgar language. Pierre Waldo's home and his warehouse became the centre of those who sought a purer and simpler life. For himself, after that dreadful night with the fatherless children and their mother, Pierre Waldo said he would give all he had to the poor. Whoever was in need in Lyons or in the country round came to him for advice and for help, and they gained it. If they came for food, they had food — always they found a friend.

Almost all the company of merchants who were with Pierre on that night joined him in this service of those that were in need. The company of them began to be called, and called themselves, the "Poor Men of Lyons." They had no new religion. Their religion was what they found in the Saviour's words to the young nobleman, to Peter the fisherman, and to Mary Magdalene. And so

taken were they with these words, that they read them to all who came for help to them, and were eager to copy them out in the people's language, and give the copies to all who would carry them into the country.

Almost at the same time, Francisco of Assisi was moved in much the same way to give up all he had to the poor, and to preach the gospel of poverty. If these two men had come together! But it does not appear that they ever heard each other's names.

No! At that time Lyons was governed wholly by the great religious corporation which was known as the chapter of St. John, under the Archbishop, who was in fact a prince, and as a prince governed the city and the country at his will. When he found that the merchants were entering on the business of distributing the Scriptures and reading them to the people, the Archbishop and the Chapter forbade it. The "Poor Men of Lyons" must leave that business to the clergy.

Pierre and his friends were amazed. They went to the Holy Father at Rome, and told him what their work was. He was well pleased with it, gave them his approval, but told them they must not preach without the permission of the Archbishop and Chapter. This permission those great men would not grant to the "Poor Men." They refused it squarely.

Refused permission to make the words of the Lord Jesus known! It was at this point that

Pierre Waldo and the Poor men of Lyons broke away from the priests and the Pope. "They have abandoned the faith," he said; "and we ought to obey God rather than man."

This was the signal on which the Archbishop and the Chapter drove Pierre Waldo out from Lyons, and all those who followed him. His house and his warehouses, all his books that they could find, they seized, and he and his had to take flight into the mountains.

This was the reason why the prosperous Jean Waldo, the master-weaver, the father of the pretty Félicie, was not well pleased when men asked him if he and Pierre Waldo were kinsmen or no. He did not want to be mixed up with any "Poor Men of Lyons." Not he. He was not one of the poor men of Lyons, and he did not mean to be. Pierre Waldo was in a good business, he said; there was not a merchant in Lyons with better prospects before him, when he took up with his reading and writing, his beggars, his ministers, and all the rest of their crew. And so Jean Waldo would come out, again and again, with his favorite motto: "I take care of myself, let them take care of themselves. If Pierre would have stuck to his own business, he would not be hiding in the mountains there."

Such was the man who, as he slowly walked up the hill just now, thought himself above all need of asking a service from any man in this world. He would not have recognized Giulio the Floren-



tine this very afternoon, if they had passed each other, though he knew the man's face perfectly well. If you had asked him why he did not salute such a man, or even show a consciousness of his existence, Jean Waldo would have said, —

“I take care of myself; let the Florentine take care of himself. My business is not his, and his is not mine.”

But now, as has been said, in the narrow street, the Florentine and his servant, and the boy Adrian, who had been sent to summon him in hot haste, overtook the dignified master-weaver, as he walked home slowly and complacently. It was with no little difficulty that Jean Waldo was made to understand that his treasure and delight, his own Félicie, who only at dinner-time had been so happy and so lovely, was dying, or seemed to be dying, in the home he left so little while before.

After this it was not Jean Waldo who walked slowly in that party. He seized the great basket which the black servant bore, and fairly compelled him in his energy to go faster. He poured question upon question out, as to what had happened, upon the Florentine, who was of course wholly unable to answer him. And thus the breathless party arrived together, under the heavy archway of the courtyard of Jean Waldo's house.

## CHAPTER III

## THE FLORENTINE

THE young physician whom Madame Gabrielle had summoned to the rescue, was a native of the city of Florence, and he had not been so long a resident of Lyons but that he was still called "the Florentine." At that time the profession of a physician, as a distinct calling among men, was scarcely known. The clergy were expected to know something of the cure of disease, and in some instances they really attained remarkable skill in its treatment.

But with the knowledge of Eastern art which had come in with the first and second crusades, and with the persistent study of those naturalists whom we call alchemists, a wider and more scientific knowledge of the human frame and its maladies was beginning to take the place of old superstitions and other delusions. And thus it happened that here and there was a man who, without being a priest on the one hand or a barber on the other, had gained the repute of understanding disease and of the power of keeping death at bay. Such a man was Giulio the Florentine.

He moved quickly and with a decided step. He spoke little, and always after a moment's pause, if he were questioned. It seemed as if he

spoke by some sort of machinery, which could not be adjusted without an instant's delay. What he said was crisp and decided, as were his steps in walking. It was impossible to see his manner, even of crossing the room, or of arranging his patient's head upon the pillow, without feeling confidence in him. "I felt as if there were a prophet in the house," said Mathilde, one of the maid-servants, who had been sent for hot water into the kitchen, and in that minute took occasion to repeat her hasty observations to the excited party assembled there.

When he entered the sick-room, it was more than an hour after Félicie had drained to the bottom the beaker which Madame Gabrielle had filled full of the bitter decoction. The burning pain of the first draught had passed away or had been relieved by some of the palliatives which had been given. But the second stage was if possible more terrible than that of the agony of the beginning. On the pretty bed where they had laid her, in the chamber which the child had decorated with the various treasures which she had acquired in her wanderings, she would lie for a few minutes as if insensible, and then would spring up in the most violent convulsions. She threw herself from side to side without knowing any of those who tried to soothe her, and who were forced to hold her. A few minutes of this violence would be followed by renewed insensibility which seemed almost as terrible.

Just after one of these paroxysms, her mother was wiping away the frothy blood which burst from the poor child's nostrils, when the Florentine entered the room. She made place for him in a moment by the bed; and, with that firm hand of the prophet, which struck Mathilde with such awe, he felt his patient's forehead and then the pulse in her wrist. Then he examined, one by one, the simples which the mother and her neighbors had been administering by way of emetic and of antidote. From his own hamper, with the aid of the blackamoor, he supplied the places of these with tinctures — of which the use in medicine was then almost wholly new — of which he knew the force, and on the results of which he could rely. He applied and continued the external applications which the eager women were making to the poor child's body. But having noted, in about two minutes, who of these various assistants had a head, and never spoke, he then banished from the room, with a kind dignity that nothing could resist, all the others, except the poor mother. He crossed to the window, and, though the night was so cold, he admitted a breath of the winter air. Then he came back to the bedside, and, with the courtesy of a monarch, asked Madame to tell him all she could of the tragedy. With the courtesy of a monarch he listened to her rambling story, still keeping his hand on the forehead or on the pulse of his patient. Madame Gabrielle, with the tears running down her cheeks, plunged into the ac-

count of what had happened; and to all she said he gave careful heed, never once attempting to check her, even in the wildest excursions which she made to the right or to the left,—into “*dit-elle*” and “*dit-il*” and “*je disais*,” — “says he” and “says she” and “says I.” He seemed to know that with all her tackings, even if she “missed stays” sometimes, she would come by her own course best to her voyage’s end.

It was not till this whole story was over that he asked to see the diet-drink, as Madame called it, which had worked all this misery. But at that moment, his poor patient started in another spasm of these terrible convulsions.

Then was it that the balance and steadiness of the “prophet” showed itself as it had not shown itself till now. He seemed to control even her almost by a word, as none of the chattering or beseeching of those whom he had sent away had done. When he held her, he held her indeed, so that she did not even struggle against his grasp; when he bade her open her mouth to swallow the sedative which the black brought him at his direction, the poor delirious child obeyed him as she would obey a god; and under such control the crisis passed, her mother said, much more easily and quickly than that of half an hour before. Still there was the same bloody froth upon her lips and nostrils, there was the same deadly pallor as of a corpse; and the haggard aspect which came at once over the face seemed to Madame

Gabrielle and her two waiting women more terrible than ever. The Florentine noted the pulse again, as the exhausted child sank back, and counted the rapidity of her breathing. Then for the first time he began his examination of the poison.

He tasted it, once and again, as fearlessly as if it had been water or wine. If he were puzzled, or if he were distressed by what he learned, he did not show it in any glance of those black eyes, or in the least change of any other feature. He turned to Madame Gabrielle again to ask her when it was brewed, and where she had obtained the materials.

The answer was as voluble as before, and was not, alas, very helpful. The good dame's custom, for years upon years — ever since she was a married woman indeed — had been to go on St. John's Day and on St. Margaret's Day and on the Eve of the Assumption and on Halloween, to collect the various ingredients which were necessary for the different home medicines of a household so large as hers. Rosemary, wild lavender, Mary's lavender, tansy, rue, herb-saffron, herb-dittany, motherwort, spearwort, maid's wort, and St. John's wort, herb of heaven, herb of winter, poison-kill, and fever-few, she named them all glibly. And if the expert shuddered within as he thought of the principles which were hidden under these names, repeated so recklessly by an ignorant woman, he did not show his anger or vexation. And this year, as usual, she said she had gone out on the

Eve of St. John's day, — surely he knew that spearwort and herb-of-heaven and herb-dittany were never so strong as when you gathered them on the Eve of St. John's Day, if the moon were at the full, — and again she went out, with the two bay horses on the St. Margaret's Day at e'en, and came back with three large baskets full of simples. So she did on Assumption Eve. But when it came to Halloween she confessed that she was kept at home, watching the conservation of some peaches. The accident — for accident of course there was — must have happened then. She had sent out Goodwife Prudhon, who certainly ought to know. If any one knew anything about the simples of the valley, it was Goodwife Prudhon. It was she who brought in the bark and the roots of the autumn, which the dame herself had not collected. And for the brewing itself — O! that was on St. Elizabeth's Day and St. Cecile's Day. The posset indeed was mixed of decoctions which were not six weeks old.

Could she bring him any of the roots or bark which Madame Prudhon brought her, or had she used them all?

O! Madame Gabrielle was quite sure she had not used them all; and she retired, to search for what might be left, to her own sanctuary, not sorry, perhaps, thus to avoid for the moment the presence of her wretched husband. He had been sent away from the room on some errand which had been made for him by the ingenuity of the

Florentine, and it was only at this moment that he returned.

So in poor Félicie's next paroxysm of convulsions it was Jean Waldo who obeyed the Florentine's orders. And in that crisis the Florentine took his measure also, and learned what manner of man he was. The father was as firm as the physician. He knew his place too, and he obeyed every direction to the letter. It was piteous to see how he sought for a recognition from his daughter, which she would not give. But whether he hoped or despaired, the poor man could obey. He brought what the Florentine bade him bring. He stood where he bade him stand. With a hand as firm as the physician's, he dropped the drops of the sedative from the silver flask in which it was kept. And with a hand and arm as steady, he supported the pillow on which she was to fall back after she had taken it. The paroxysm was shorter and less vehement than those before it. But it seemed to be checked, rather from the exhaustion of the patient than from any relaxation of the disease. Jean Waldo himself knew that flesh and blood could not long abide racking so terrible.

As she sank back to rest, the Florentine counted her pulsations and the rate of her breathing as carefully as he did before. He took from his pocket a silver ball, opened it by a screw, and drew from the interior a long silken cord, one end of which was attached to it. At the other end was a small silver hook, and this the Florentine



fastened high in the curtains of the room opposite to where he was sitting. He had thus made a pendulum, several ells in length, and he set it to swinging solemnly. He returned to the child's bedside, and with his hand upon her heart noted the wiry, stubborn pulsations, and compared their number with the vibrations of the ball he had set in motion. Once and again he bade Jean Waldo strike the ball for him, when its original motion was in part exhausted.

While they were thus occupied, poor Madame Gabrielle, the guilty or guiltless author of so much wretchedness, returned. Her apron was full of herbs, barks, powders, and roots, tied up in separate parcels, and each parcel carefully labelled. The Florentine took them, one by one, tasted each, and made a note of the name of each, the blackamoor holding his inkhorn for him that he might do so. The mother by this time was awed into silence, and never spoke till she was spoken to; but when she was asked, she was confident in her replies. They were able without the least doubt to lay out upon the table the bark, the two parcels of leaves, and the white roots which had been steeped and soaked, boiled and brewed, in the preparation of the "diet-drink."

As if he had to adjust his speaking apparatus with a little "click," or as if he disliked to speak at all, the Florentine said to the father and the mother, "Here was the good-wife Prudhon's blunder. She thought that she had here the root

of Spanish maiden-wort. She did not see the leaves; I suppose they had dried up and were gone. But it is the root of hemlock-leaved *œnanthe*, — what the peasants call snake-bane. Juba, bring me the parcel of *œnanthe*." He showed to the father and mother that good-wife Prudhon's maiden-wort was, in fact, the most dreaded poison in his repertory.

"And is there no antidote?" asked the father, — so eagerly!

"The antidote," said the physician, kindly, "is to do what your wife has tried to do, — to throw out from the dear child's body what by such misfortune has been put in." And he said one word to comfort the poor blunderer. "Well for her that she was at home, and that her mother was at hand." Then he added reverently, "God only knows how much is left in her stomach of this decoction; but she drank enough of it to have killed us all, had not her mother's promptness compelled her stomach to throw off the most part of the poison."

And this was all that he seemed disposed to say. The father and the mother were both in too much awe of him to dare to question him. With the lapse of every half-hour he would bid one or the other of them set his silver pendulum in motion, and he would note carefully the pulse of the girl, entering on his note-book a memorandum of his observation. But neither Jean Waldo nor his wife dared ask if there were improvement or decline.

He renewed from time to time the applications which had been made to the child's feet and legs and stomach. From time to time she started again in the terrible convulsions. But these were shorter and shorter, and more and more infrequent, either from the power of his medicines, or from some change in the action of the poison. Jean Waldo thought that the physician regarded the reaction from the paroxysm as more alarming than the struggle itself. But who could tell what that man of iron thought, or did not think; felt, or did not feel? The poor father knew that very probably he was but imagining that the Florentine showed his own anxieties. And who was he to ask him?

At midnight the girl started up in one of these spasms of agony; and at this time she spoke with more connection of ideas than any of them had been able to trace before: "This way! this way! Gabrielle, dear Gabrielle, do you not hear me, my child? It is Félicie, — your own pet, Gabrielle! Never fear! never fear! I have spoken to Our Mother, to Our Lady, you know! That is brave — my own little cousin, that is brave. Care! Care! See that heavy timber! O how good! O how good! She is quite right, quite right. All safe, all safe, all safe." And as she sighed out these words, she rested from the most violent and passionate exertion, as if she had been hard at work in some effort, which the Florentine did not in the least understand.

It was the first time that he ever seemed to make any inquiry regarding her symptoms, and he looked his curiosity rather than expressed it. Madame Waldo was relieved at having a fair opportunity to speak. "Gabrielle is her cousin, my sister Margaret's oldest daughter, if you please. Félicie is fond — O so fond — of Gabrielle. And she thinks Gabrielle is in danger, O yes! O yes! See, she thinks the bridge is breaking, and that Gabrielle is in the water. Your reverence remembers, perhaps, that the Holy Mother saved Gabrielle and so many more when the bridge went down." But by this time the physician, only bowing civilly as he acknowledged her voluble explanations, was counting the pulse-beats again, and by a motion directed Jean Waldo to renew the vibration of the pendulum.

Was he perhaps a little more satisfied with his count and comparison than he had been before? Who can tell? for none of the four attendants in the darkened room dared to ask him.

And then he sent Jean Waldo away. The wretched father begged that he might stay, but the Florentine was as flint. Madame Gabrielle and one of her maids would give him all the assistance he wanted besides what his own man could render him, and more. Indeed, he would send her away also, he said, in an aside, but that he knew it would kill her to go. At last he pitied the poor beseeching father so much that he promised to let him come in, an hour before

daybreak, and take his wife's place at the bedside of his child. Jean Waldo went because he was bidden. His strong, selfish will gave way before the strong, unselfish will of this stranger. Prophet indeed! This prophet worked the miracle of commanding Jean Waldo, and he saw that he obeyed him.

Long before it was light, however, the heart-broken father, who had slept not a wink in the dreary hours between, came to claim the right of taking his turn. And now he and the Florentine sent Madame Gabrielle away, weak as she now was from her wretchedness and her watching and her anxiety. Yes! The night had given but little of encouragement. The paroxysms of convulsion were, it is true, more and more seldom; but the prostration after them was more and more terrible. It seemed too clear now to the mother that the child was too weak for nature to rally from the struggle of the paroxysm. Nor did she in the least regain her consciousness. The black features and strange look of the servant did not surprise her, nor did her mother's familiar face call the least look of recognition. In the intervals of rest, her rest was absolute. She saw nothing, said nothing, and seemed to hear nothing then. When she roused to these horrid battles the delusion was now one thing and now another. She saw the sinking bridge, or she was talking to some lame beggar woman, so fast that they could hardly catch her words, or she was throwing kisses and

waving her hand to her dear mountain far away, or she was running down the side of the Hill of Fourvières that she might be sure to arrive at home in time to meet her father when she came down to supper. In these delusions the wise physician humored her. But she seemed to have no knowledge of him nor of any of them, nor any consciousness of their presence. The phantoms before her were all she saw or heard. And they vanished as strangely and as suddenly as they came. In the midst of one of these quick harangues to them, she would sink back on the pillow, which the black held ready for her, as if she were too completely exhausted and prostrate with the exertion to utter another syllable.

It was just after one of these visions, and the paroxysm accompanying it, that Jean Waldo returned, and that his wife was sent away. It seemed that the resolute man had been nursing resolution in his night-watch in the passage-way, and that he was resolved to know the best or the worst; that he would command the young man to tell him all that he could tell him. He set the pendulum in motion as he was bidden; he filled with hotter water a jar for the child's feet to rest upon, and exchanged for it that which was on the bed; he spread the napkin at her mouth, as the Florentine fed her from an elixir, which, as Jean Waldo saw, was not the same which they used at midnight. Then when she rested and all was still, he said, firmly :

"Tell me the worst, sir. Is the child dying or living? I am not a fool."

The Florentine looked up and said, after the moment of preparation, "If I thought you were a fool, you would not be in the room with my patient. You know all that I know, because you have eyes to see. These paroxysms of agony are less frequent. The last interval was nearly twice as long as the first was, I should think. She is wholly free from pain too, and her pulse, though it beats so quick, beats with a more reasonable edge than when I came in. But her strength is failing all the same. Her breath is quicker; and if the interval is longer, it is because nerve and muscle and life, whatever that is, cannot rally to the struggle as they did in the evening. She is at the omnipotent age, and her life has been strong and pure as an angel's. Were it not for that she would have been dead before now." And the silent man paused, but paused as if he would like to say something more.

For this "something more" the distressed father waited; he thought he waited an eternity, but it did not come. "Can you not say anything more?" he said, miserably. "What is it that we are doing? What are these elixirs and tisans? Is not there somewhere in God's world, some potion — do you not call it an antidote — which will put out this poison as water puts out fire?"

"Is there not? Is there?" said the Florentine, setting the click of his talking apparatus more

resolutely if possible than before. "If there is, the wit of man has not discovered it. How should it? The water which puts out the fire is the same water which drowns the sailor. For aught you and I can tell, this root, of which the decoction seemed liquid flame when your daughter drank it, may give life itself to some fish or beast or bird for which the good God made it. All that we do, my friend," — it was the first time he had used those words in that house, — "all that we do is to undo what we did wrong before. We have tried to rid her system of this wretched decoction, and now we are trying to give time, whatever that is; and nature, whatever that is; and life, whatever that is, — the chance to do their perfect work. We can do nothing more. The good God wishes and means to save health and strength and joy and abundant life. So much we know; and knowing that, in the strength and life of a pure child of His, like this girl, we hope, and have a right to hope."

"Is this all?" said the father sadly after another pause, in which he thought the Florentine wanted to say more. "Is this all? What is the tisan, what is the mustard on her stomach, what is the rubbing, what is the hot water at her feet, what is the elixir in your phial?"

"Ah well!" replied the expert, after a longer pause than usual, perhaps, in what seemed like the adjustment of his machinery; "what is it indeed? It is our poor effort to quicken and help from the outside the processes of this nature which is so



mysterious in the beautiful machine. The hot water at her feet keeps them more near to the warmth which nature gives. My master taught me that when the foot and arm and leg are fully warm, each movement of the heart drove easily a tide of the blood of life itself through them all. You can see that the warmth of the jar should make that process easier for this poor heart which finds its work so hard. Ah well! it seems as if we helped it more by the friction of these cloths, so long as we do not annoy her by it, and as if these sinapisms wrought in the same way. We think we know that within her system tinctures which we have tried give the same help to a life which is too weak. Perhaps they enable some part of her nervous system which the poison has not reached to act for the good of the part that it first affected."

Then the talking apparatus seemed to fail the expert. He opened his mouth once and again; he then said "I" once or twice, but seemed to reconsider his determination, and to determine that he would add nothing more.

"But we are so well, and she is so faint there. Is it not strange that I cannot give her of this fresh blood of mine, or from my life, five years, ten, twenty? I would give them gladly."

"Ah, my friend," said the expert, without a moment's pause this time; "do not speak as if we gave anything or did anything. It is God gives, and God who takes. All that you and I can do is

so to adjust and so to relieve, and perhaps so to help, this poor frail machine, that the breath of life God gave it may be able to work His work. You would give your life for hers, I do not doubt it. For one, I would have given my life once for the brother who was dearest to me. My master opened the vein which you see scarred here, and with a silver tube he drew the healthy, fresh blood from my young life into the failing veins of his ebbing life. But it could not be, my friend," he added after another long pause. "His life was his, and mine was mine. Perhaps in another world our lives may be closer, and we may be made perfect in one." It seemed as if this confidence with the father broke some spell which had been on the adept's tongue before. He sat still for a few minutes, with his hand upon the girl's heart, then rose and went round the bed, and at her back listened for her breath, and felt again the heat of his water jugs. Then as he resumed his seat, he said, half aloud:

"I wish my master were here!" It was the first wish he had expressed, the first intimation that he and his horrid blackamoor and the great hamper could not produce everything which human wit could suggest in the exigency.

Jean Waldo jumped eagerly at the suggestion.

"Your master? Who is he, where is he? Let me send, let me go, let me beg him to come. Will money buy him? Here is enough of that!

What are gold and silver to me, if this child die?"

"Has not this night taught you, sir, that life is something that men cannot buy or sell?" The adept spake if possible more proudly than ever. "Know, sir, the reason why my master was not first at this child's bedstead, with all his skill and tenderness and experience. It is because he cared for the Poor Men of Lyons more than the Rich men of Lyons."

Then there came one of those queer clicks in his talking machinery, as if he were too indignant to say more. But he went on:

"Your priests yonder, with their bells and their masses, and their feasts inside their convents; your famous chapter and your famous abbot could not bear to have the 'Poor Men of Lyons' fed or taught, and so they drove my master away, and your kinsman away, and you know how many others. Men say and I believe that it was because these men knew Holy Scripture better than they knew it, and because they loved the poor better than they loved them. This is certain, that these men went about doing good, that they fed the hungry and gave drink to the thirsty, they took the stranger into their homes and they ministered to the sick and those that were in prison, they brought glad tidings to the poor and comfort to those in sorrow. I do not know much of Holy Scripture, but I always supposed that this was the Pure Gospel. It was not pure enough for your

priests, and so the liege lords of Lyons drove those men away. That is the reason why my master is not at your daughter's bedside."

The young physician stopped short, as if he had let his indignation run further than was wise. A wretched feeling, a sickness at heart, swept over Jean Waldo, when he remembered how often he had said to these men who were in exile with his kinsman, that they would have been wiser to have minded their own business. Of his kinsman himself he had said, once and again, "If he would only mind his own concerns, all would be well." Now Jean Waldo began to see that he did want some one to take care of him and his, and that this grand selfishness of his was only fitted for the times of high prosperity.

"Is your master beyond all recall?" he said, a dim notion crossing his mind that he had heard some of the rich burghers say that the "Poor Men of Lyons" were hiding in the mountains.

"I have not seen my master for years," replied the Florentine, thoughtfully. "His home is in the Brevon caves, among men who have never betrayed him, beyond Cornillon and St. Rambert."

"St. Rambert," said the father, eagerly — "St. Rambert — it is close to us, a miserable six hours away. I have horses in these stables that would take me there in six hours."

The adept looked uneasily at the child, when her father spoke of six hours, as if he would say, "And where will she be when six hours only are

gone?" But he did not say this. He said, "My master is not at Cornillon, he is in the valley of the Brevon beyond. Still, as you say, that is not so far away."

"Send for him! send for him!" cried the father; "send for him if you have one ray of hope!" And the eagerness both of his attitude and his voice would have moved a harder listener than the Florentine. It seemed as if the child herself was conscious of what passed. She moved her head a little on the pillow and a sunny smile floated over her face, the first expression except that of agony or anxiety which the adept had seen there.

"If you will send, I will write," said the adept; and he whispered to the black, who brought to him from a case in the hamper a strip of vellum already folded for a letter.

"Have you a trusty man whom you can send with this? Bid your grooms saddle the horse, — and he needs to be your best, — while I am writing."

Jean Waldo asked nothing more but to be doing something, and at the word left the room.

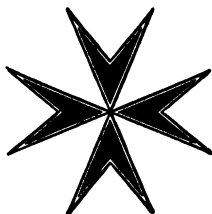
The Florentine wrote:

"Here is a child dying because she has drunk a decoction of hemlock-leaved cenanthe. I think there was also the milky blush mushroom or the Picardy peaussière in the decoction. Come if you can help us.

"For the love of Christ,

"GIULIO."

And in the middle, at the bottom, he drew with some little care the symbol known as the Cross of Malta.



He added, "We have no moment to lose. Before daybreak of St. Ives."

Meanwhile the father had hurried down the dark passages, out into the courtyard, past the workshops to the room where Hugh Prinhac, the most resolute of the weavers, slept; a man who in street fights had again and again led the weavers' apprentices in their victories over the dyers.

He knocked at the door, and knocked again and again till he heard a motion within. To a gruff "Who's there?" he gave his name in reply; and in an instant the astonished journeyman threw the door open for his master.

"Prinhac, my daughter is dying. The only man that can save her is this Italian, who is only five hours away. Prinhac, as you love me, take this parchment, and bring him."

Prinhac was but half awake perhaps. The en-

terprise was not attractive, nor did it seem as if his employer counted very wisely when he relied on such love as the weaver bore him. Prinhac asked some hesitating question.

"For the love of Christ, do not stay to argue," said the poor old man.

Without knowing it, he struck a chord in using the sacred words, and in an instant the weaver was ready for any duty. "Who stays to argue?" said he. "Do you see that your black stallion is saddled, and by the time the horse is here, I will be ready to mount. 'Love of Christ,' indeed! And who says I tarry when I am invoked IN HIS NAME?"

## CHAPTER IV

### UP TO THE HILLS

SURE enough, the weaver stood on the step of the door, booted and spurred, when the trembling old man appeared with his lantern leading out Barbe-Noire from the low gateway of the mews. It was long since Jean Waldo had saddled and bridled a horse for himself, but he had not forgotten the arts of his boyhood, and the Arab needed no care because his master was his groom. At the same moment Giulio the Florentine appeared from above, and as Prinhac mounted promptly, Giulio put his hand over the

mane of the horse, and almost in a whisper, though they three were all alone in the night, he gave the young fellow precise directions where and how Lugio was to be found. Prinhac bent in the saddle, listened carefully, and repeated the directions, to be sure that he had not mistaken them.

"Never fear me, then!" he said, spurred his horse, and was away.

"He must cross the bridge before sundown," cried poor Jean Waldo to the rider, himself startled as he remembered how narrow was the range thus given.

"Never fear," was still the cheerful answer, and Prinhac disappeared into the night.

The ride across the narrow peninsula which parts the Saone from the Rhone, and is to-day covered by the most beautiful part of the city of Lyons, took but a few minutes,—and the rider was soon at the long, narrow bridge over the larger river, which had been temporarily constructed, by the direction of Richard of the Lion Heart, after the ruin of the year before. "The old man bids us return before sunset. He has forgotten that I have started before sunrise." This was the thought which amused Prinhac so that even a smile curled over his hard face as he rode up to the gateway of the bridge.

The truth was, that no passage was permitted before sunrise, under the sharp orders of the Viguier. But many things were done in the priest-



governed city of Lyons, which neither Viguiers nor seneschals nor couriers nor the Chapter nor the Bishop suspected. And this the reader will see.

"Hola! Who commands the guard?" cried Prinhac. "Turn out! Turn out! Is this the way our bridges are watched?"

A sleepy sentinel appeared.

"Hola! who commands the guard?" cried the fearless weaver again.

"And what is that to you?" replied the sentinel, throwing his halberd forward in carte. "If you see the guard, it ought to be enough for you."

Prinhac did not stop to argue. But the sentinel, as he watched him in the dim lantern-light, saw that he made in the air the sign of a Maltese Cross, and heard him say, in a low whisper, "Send me the officer of the guard

#### IN HIS NAME."

Sign and whisper were enough. The sentry threw up his halberd in a military salute and was gone. Nor did the rider wait a minute in the cold, before the officer of the guard, fully dressed in armor, passed out from the gateway and saluted.

"Can you let me pass, Mr. Officer?" said Prinhac, quietly and modestly this time. "It is *for the Love of Christ* that I am riding."

"Go —

## IN HIS NAME,"

was the only reply made to the weaver. The officer turned, passed into the guard-house, and, as if by an invisible hand, the portcullis rose before Prin hac, the only bar to his passage, and in a moment he was on the bridge. The grate fell behind him, and he was again alone.

"And how would my master have passed there?" he said to himself, half aloud. And the same grim smile crept over his face, — "he should have asked his friend the Bishop, or our distinguished boon companion the seneschal, to give him a pass that he might send into the mountains for the doctor they have driven away." And then aloud, "Hist, hist, Barbe-Noire! You are not at Châteaudun; this is no race-course. You shall have running enough before to-day is over. But in the dark, over these rotten boats, you must step more carefully, my beauty."

And so the rough fellow began musing on the strange chance which had put him astride this horse, which, in the judgment of weavers, spinners, fullers, and dyers, of the whole of the little community indeed which found its centre in Jean Waldo's court-yard, was by far the noblest horse in Lyons. Nor were they far from right in their judgment. The noble creature had first appeared there when Jean Waldo rode him back from a long absence in Marseilles. What price he had paid, or what debts he had forgiven for him,

no man in the workshops knew. But there were rumors as to the wild life of the merchant who had been his last owner, and of fight with the Barbary corsair who had been his master before. How these things might be, Prinhac did not know. He did know that any groom who was permitted to cross Barbe-Noire's saddle for an hour, would brag for a week of that honor, and that, for his own part, he might the morning before as well have wished for the crown of Burgundy, as to have wished for the permission to ride Barbe-Noire for a day.

And so the weaver was led on, as the horse took surer foothold on the causeway, to ask himself why his master chose him from all workmen for this mission. Lucky for Jean Waldo, the man thought it, that he chose as he did. "Which of them would have seen that portcullis rise, as I did?" Ah, Prinhac, Prinhac! perhaps more of them have the talisman than you think for!

The truth was that when the Bishop John Fine-House, — Jean des Belles-Maisons, as some of the archives call him, — when John Fine-House, I say, or John Fine-Hands, as others call him, chose to banish Peter Waldo and the "Poor Men of Lyons" from his city, he strained his new-bought authority more harshly than he knew. When the Archbishop and Chapter had refused to the Poor Men of Lyons the right to assemble in the public places, or indeed anywhere, to read the gospels, they had themselves possessed for only six years what they

had long wished for, the temporal government of the city and outlying country. Before the Pope of Rome had any such power in Rome, the Archbishop of Lyons was as good as an independent prince in Lyons. In 1173 the Count of Forez and his son had sold out all their rights there, in exchange for some lands owned by the Chapter and eleven hundred marks of money. The rulers of Burgundy had too little to do with such "Counties" to interfere, and practically the Archbishop found himself a sovereign prince. The town of Lyons became his fief, and all the administration was in his name.

One of his first acts had been the prohibition of this nonsense about gospels and charity and good works, — about translating the Scriptures, and assemblies of the people to be addressed by laymen. "No Houses of Bread nor Houses of God, except such as the Chapter builds!" And one of his first victories was that which he won over Pierre Waldo when he excommunicated him and his, and when the Pope confirmed the excommunication. For, only six years before, just as Fine-House was buying his fief, Pope Alexander had embraced this barefoot beggar, and had approved his life of voluntary poverty.

But it was one thing to drive the merchant-preacher and his friends out of Lyons, and another to make the people forget them. There were too many who had been fed by their bounty, comforted by their sympathy, and taught by their

zeal, who were too insignificant for exile, but were too grateful to forget. The weaver Prinhac was one of these; and by the secret signals which they had established among themselves, he knew that many of the men-at-arms of the Chapter thought as he thought and felt as he felt. It was his confidence in their help which had brought him out over the bridge so easily.

But in truth Jean Waldo had chosen him only because he had seen that he was quick as a flash and faltered at nothing. It had been, alas, not from any deep religious feeling, but from the agony of despair, that Jean Waldo had summoned the young athlete to rise, "for the love of Christ." The man had replied to the summons so fortunately made, with the reply which, to one initiated into the mysteries of these "poor men," would have shown that he was one who was loyally tied to the teachers and friends who had done so much for Lyons, and were exiled from their homes. But Jean Waldo was not initiated, and he had no suspicion that he had made a choice so happy as he had when he sent Prinhac upon his errand.

Prinhac and Barbe-Noire crossed the causeway more slowly than either of them liked, but as fast as the rider dared to go over an icy road in the darkness. As day began to break at last, they came to a point for which Giulio's directions had not prepared him. He had crossed the river again. The valley road, which in our time is the

road always travelled, was then but a half-broken way, little better than a footpath. The beaten track turned to the left and boldly pushed up the steep hill. The footpath was stolen from the edge of the hill, which here crowds close upon the Rhone. Still, though it was narrow, and though, clearly enough, a block of ice from the river or of rock from the cliff might easily make it impassable, it was so much more level and so much more direct than the hill road, that Prinhac would have been glad to choose it. But he did not dare, without better authority than his own guess or wish.

A miserable turf hovel stood some hundred yards back from the way he had been following, on a steep slope of the hill. Unwilling to lose an instant, the young man still forced Barbe-Noire, who seemed as unwilling as himself, across the little turnip-patch, and bringing the horse close to the very door itself, knocked loud enough to waken Ogier the Dane.

No answer.

Prinhac knocked again and again. It was no deserted hovel, he knew that; and he meant that no one there should sleep later that morning.

To the fourth knock, the squeaking voice of an old woman answered: "Who is there?"

"O," said the rider, laughing, "you have turned over in the bed, have you? I am a courier from Lyons, and I want to know which is my best way to Meximieux."

"Both are the best — both are the best. Go



your way, and do not be waking honest people at midnight!"

Prinhac had played on a word in calling himself a courier. A courier was indeed a carrier of messages, and it was true that he was carrying a message; but in the phrase of the time, a "courier" in Lyons corresponded to what we now call a prosecuting attorney, and Prinhac had had the hope that he might frighten the old crone into an answer. But he reckoned quite without his host. The truth was, that she did not know the word in either of its meanings. She only guessed that here was some roysterer who was to be kept at bay, and answered as best she could, with the object of getting rid of him.

Prinhac waited a moment, but found he was to get no other answer. He knocked again and again, but there was no answer. It was half unconsciously that he said then, in no loud tone, "For the love of Christ, will no one show me the way?"

And the answer was as prompt as his own had been to Jean Waldo. The shutter of the hovel was thrown open wide. A man thrust half his body out from the window.

"Who pleads the love of Christ? If you have all day before you, take the valley; but you take the chances of having to return. If your errand is haste, take the hill road. Trust me, for I speak it

IN HIS NAME."

The rider nodded, made the Cross of Malta in the air, pushed his horse down to the roadway again, and began the tedious ascent of the hill.

As he rose from the fog of the valley, he turned uneasily in his saddle and looked back once and again to be sure what was the prospect of the weather now sunrise drew near. For if this day were to be stormy, if the hill paths were to be blocked or obscured by never so little freshly-fallen snow, little hope was there that the priest-doctor for whom he was sent would ever see little Félicie alive. Prinhac was of a hopeful mood. But he found it hard to read the signs of the times in that early morning, hard indeed to persuade himself that the rifted clouds which were beginning to catch their glory of purple and gold from the sun still concealed, were only to be painted clouds that day, and that there was no malice behind them. "The mountain will tell me," said Prinhac. "If, when I have passed the castle gate, I see the white mountain, I will lay a wager on the day; but if there are as heavy clouds before me as there are behind, it must go hard with poor Mademoiselle Félicie."

And they toiled up the broken hill, Prinhac and the horse. Prinhac was not too lazy nor too proud to save his horse, even at this early hour, as best he might. At the heaviest ascent, he was off the saddle and walked by the noble creature's side, only playing with the thick and heavy black mane, which had given to him his name. Then, without



waiting for stirrups, he was on his back again, and he indulged Barbe-Noire in a little gallop as they crossed the flat which is commanded by the castle.

The heavy square tower of the castle seemed completely to block the way. But Prinhac advanced, nothing faltering, — rode close along the wall, turned it, and opened on a vision of wonder such as he never looked upon before.

The hill which he had been mounting commands from its highest ridge a marvellous view of the valley of the Rhone. Far beneath him lay the winding course of the river, flowing between fields which were this morning white with hoar-frost. The blue of the Rhone and the white of the frost both revealed themselves to him through the exquisite purple mist which even at this hour was beginning to rise from the meadows. Like islands through this mist, Prinhac could see one and another village, — here a tower, and there a square castle, — he could see the spires of Lhuis and St. Laurent, and far away Arandon. But he did not pause to look or to wonder. He pressed his horse to the point where the prospect opens most to the eastward, and there, against the purple and the gold of the sunrise, — the sun himself not having struggled yet above the mountains, — there he saw the monarch of them all, lying purple-gray against this blazing background, without one fillet of cloud across his face, nor a wreath of mist rising from his valleys.

The weaver accepted the signal he had been

longing for. "Ah, Monsieur Mont Blanc!" he said aloud, "you are a good friend to my Mistress Félicie this day."

How little the good fellow thought that as lately as sunset on the evening before, his young "mistress" had been throwing her kisses from the hill of Fourvières over to her "dear old friend."

And now he and Barbe-Noire were fairly in for their work. More than two hours had passed since he crept out of Lyons in the darkness, and daylight must make up for the time which had been lost in the creeping. Barbe-Noire was as glad as he for the right to take a quicker pace, — and now began the real triumph of blood and good temper and good breeding. It was not long that the road held the high ground. As the sun at last rose glorious behind the Alps themselves and the thousand ranges of castellated mountains which lay against the heavy line of the Alps, the descent into the valley again began. The rider looked his last on Félicie's old friend, and let his faithful horse take as fast a pace as he dared in the descent. Once on the flats again, their pace was like flying. The country children on their way to morning mass looked with wonder, and indeed with terror, as they saw this coal-black horse, with nostrils open and eyes of fire, dash by them. The rider was no knight, they could see that. But not even when the knights from Burgundy came through to join in the crusade had these children seen such a horse or such a rider. So Prinhac passed village

after village, group after group of church-goers, and began to feel that his work was more certain of success than he had feared, and that he should find the hidden doctor, as he must find him, before noon of that day. If only back in the hills there were any horse to bring the doctor back who could compare with this brave Barbe-Noire!

Ah, Prinhac! ah, Prinhac! What says the Scripture? "The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong." As he was passing through the little hamlet of Dagnieu, nodding good-naturedly to a group of frightened children, who were huddling together by the hedge that they might be out of his way, Barbe-Noire trod with his forefoot on a sheet of ice, disguised under a cloud of slime which had flowed down on it the day before. The horse slipped, tried to rally, and lost the regularity of his pace; slipped again, brought up his hind feet on the same treacherous ice, and before his master could draw foot from stirrup, horse and rider had fallen heavily upon the stones of the wayside.

Prinhac uttered no sound. But he was fettered for the moment beneath the weight of the horse and was powerless. Poor Barbe-Noire did his best — his very best. Is the poor fellow maimed? That was Prinhac's first thought, — whether he himself were maimed would appear afterwards.

Then he made outcry enough to call to his aid, first a frightened girl, and then her brothers, and then every man and woman of the wretched ham-

let. Barbe-Noire had in the meanwhile struggled to his feet. But Barbe-Noire would never bear rider again. In that cruel fall the horse's slender fore-leg had broken just above the fetlock; and though Prinhac and the rest tried to persuade themselves that this was but a sprain, every effort the poor beast made was more painful to see, and it needed only the most tender touch at the place where the bone was broken, to know that the calamity could never be cured.

For poor Prinhac himself the fall had been as hard. "I would not say a word," he said, "if the horse could only move." But whether he chose to say a word or no, none the less was it clear that his left shoulder, on which he had fallen, was powerless. The truth was, that his arm had been wrenched from its socket by the blow.

The peasants were stupid, but were kind. One and all they offered such help as they could, and suggested this and that cabin as open to Prinhac till the priest could be sent for; or at Balan below there was a famous farrier. If the gentleman wished, Ode, here, should be sent on the gray mare for him. But Prinhac listened with little favor to any talk of the priest, nor did he seem to care much for the farrier. "This is what I want, my brave friends," he said. "I want to send a bit of vellum as big as your two fingers to the doctor who is in the hills beyond Rambert de Joux. It is not three hours' ride. Who will go there?"

Stupidly they all listened, and no one answered.

There was a look of inquiry which passed from each to each which would have been droll were not the occasion so serious. It seemed to say: "Is the man a simpleton, or does he think we are simpletons?"

"Fifty sols in silver," said Prinhac, cheerfully, "to the man who will take this bit of paper to the charcoal-burner Mark of Seyssel. Who is the man, or who is the pretty girl that will do it!" as his eye fell on a sunburned maiden. "Fifty sols to a man, or sixty to a girl."

But they stood as if he spoke Hebrew to them, and neither man nor girl replied.

"Is there nobody," said Prinhac, discouraged more by his failure than his pain,—"nobody who is willing to save a dying woman's life for the love of Christ?"

"You should have asked that before!" said a tall, lithe man, speaking in the purest Romance. He had seemed perfectly indifferent, even unconscious, until he heard these last words. "You should have asked that before. Antoine, Marie, take these brats home. Paul, Jean, Pierre, the whole troop of you, lead this poor beast to the priest's house, and groom him well. Felix, show the gentleman the way to Our Lady's stile." Then he turned to Prinhac:

"This is a noble horse, my friend, who has borne you well; but the Arab who is to take me to your doctor, can give minutes to any beast in the Abbot's stables, and shall still win the crown.

You will find me at Our Lady's stile, ready to serve you, —

'IN HIS NAME.'

Sure enough, when poor Prinhac, who walked stoutly and stiffly, leaning his whole weight, as it seemed, on the shoulder of this willing Felix, — when he came to Our Lady's stile, here was his new friend mounted on a noble Arab, of the breed which at that time was just finding its way into Southern France from the ports of the southern shore. Prinhac took from his pocket the precious missive, and whispered to the workman the directions he had received from Giulio the Florentine. The villager had a little switch in his hand with which he marked in the air the sign of the Cross of Malta. The poor, faint weaver did the same with his finger; and they parted, the one for his quick ride, the other for such comfort as he could find in the cabin of Pierre Boronne.

## CHAPTER V

### LOST AND FOUND

GUALTIER of the Mill knew every inch of the way before him, knew where and how to spare his horse, where to take a short cut by ways known to scarcely any except the charcoal-burners, where to ford a stream, and how to save a hill. So far he had the advantage for this service of



poor Prinhac, whose zeal had cost him so dearly. And Gualtier of the Mill trusted more openly to the talisman which they had both been using. As he worked his way into the mountains, he had less fear of any spies or tipstaves of the Bishop and his crew, and did not hesitate to show the flag under which he served. It happened to him, as it happened to Prinhac, to come upon one of the drawbridges which so often held the roadway where it crossed a stream. But the moment Gualtier appeared on the height above, it was enough for him to mark in the air with the sign of the Cross of Malta, and the attendants of the bridge, some sort of rural gens-d'armes known in those days, ran to let it down for the rider, who acknowledged the courtesy as he passed, by saying, gently, "It is for the love of Christ," and received, as he knew he should, the countersign, "And IN HIS NAME." The road became more and more hilly, but in an hour he had made more than three good leagues, and he came upon the picturesque height of Meximieux just as the people from village and from castle had poured into the church for the Sunday service of the day.

Gualtier looked round him and saw no man. He rode to the church door, swung himself from the horse, which he left wholly unfastened, and entered in the midst of the assembly, who were upon their knees. Gualtier knelt also, and joined in the devotions; but at the first change in the order of the service, he noted one worshipper whose white

head was still hidden in his hands, bent over him, and whispered "For the Love of Christ." The old man rose without a word, and they left the church together. A moment's conference, and he bade Gualtier wait for him where the road turns from the stable-gate of the castle, swung himself over the hedge-stile and was gone. Gualtier of the Mill walked his horse to the fork in the road which had been indicated, and at the same moment the gray-haired villager was there with the best horse from the Baron's stable. Gualtier left his own in his care, saluted as before, and was gone. "It is IN HIS NAME," said his new-found friend.

Two hours from Meximieux with riding so fast should have brought him to the charcoal-burner's hut, which had been indicated all along as the station at which he was aiming. But these were no longer ways for travellers. They were only the paths that fagot-makers or charcoal burners had made for their convenience between rocks, bushes, and trees, and which at their convenience they neglected again. Gualtier of the Mill used his sense as long as any man's sense could save him at all. He chose such paths as led a little south of east, as he had been bidden. He got a glimpse now and then of the stronghold above Rossillon, passed, as he was bidden, the castle of Vieux-Mont-Ferrand; but at last, in a tangle of low, scrubby oaks, and amid piles of rocks which seemed to have been hurled together in some



play of ogres, no path looked promising among the sheep-tracks and the traces of the feet of the asses and mules, from whose charcoal loads the litter still strewed the ground.

Gualtier of the Mill stopped, fairly confounded. He blew a shrill whistle, and had no answer. He dropped his reins on the neck of his horse, and his horse stood still. He faithfully tried the pathway which seemed to trend most to the eastward, and it led him in fifty yards distance to the place where chips on the ground showed that the woodcutters had taken out some saplings there, and had gone no farther. He came back to the "abomination of desolation," as it seemed to him, sat undecided, though he knew indecision was ruin, and it seemed to him a voice from heaven when he heard the loud laugh of a little child.

In an instant the child was hushed, and all was still again. But the sound was enough for Gualtier of the Mill. He pushed his horse to the place it came from, through a close thicket of tangled cedars which he had refused to try before, and after a steep descent came out on a group of a dozen frightened children by the side of a brook. They had been at play there, had heard his horse's footsteps, and had been frightened into silence by the sound. For in the lawlessness of those times, the havoc made by everybody who rode on horseback, whether he rated himself as knight, squire, man-at-arms, or highwayman, was such that peasant children like these, in such a wilderness

as this, had much the same notion of such travelers as had the old crone whom Prin hac had summoned in the early morning. And so the older brothers and sisters of this group had been trying to keep the little ones silent till the horseman should go by.

Gualtier of the Mill drew up his horse when he saw the pretty company, and in a cheerful way said, "Who is playing fox and goose here?" And the little children hid behind the bigger ones, and the bigger ones hung their heads, and said nothing.

"And which of you can tell me the way to the house of Mark of Seyssel, where the road from Culoz comes in?"

The little children hid behind the bigger ones, and the bigger ones hung their heads, as before.

"Now I really hoped," said the good-natured miller, "I really hoped I had found one of Mark's little girls; and I really hoped she would show me the way. At my home I have four girls and five boys, and they all know all the sheep-tracks and all the horse-tracks. And when Father Antony comes and says, 'Who will mount my mule and show me the way?' why Jean runs, and Gertrude runs, and Antoine runs, and Marie runs, and all of them want to show him."

The miller understood the way to children's hearts. But these children had been trained to hold their peace among strangers. More than once, as the older of them knew, had life depended

on their discretion; and so stolid were their faces as Gualtier of the Mill tried his seductions, that even he was deceived. He fairly thought they did not know what the words meant which he was speaking.

He drew from his pocket the silver whistle which he had blown just before. He sprang from his horse, and let the creature go at large. He sat down on the ground by the youngest child, and with the whistle, which was a flageolet indeed, of the range of a few notes, played, for the child's amusement, a little air; and then taking the little thing upon his knee, tried if he would not take the plaything. The child seemed to dread the reproof of the older children, but the bauble was too tempting to be resisted; and when the pipe gave out a shrill, sharp sound at his effort, the little thing laughed and became more fearless, and seemed more willing to be won. Gualtier followed up his victory; and in the rough dialect of the Dauphin Mountains, which he spoke as easily as the Provençal in which he had been talking, he said again:

"It is Mark of Seyssel, the charcoal merchant, whom I want to find. Mark of Seyssel has some good little girls. Do you not know his little girls? I have a bright silver sol here for each of them."

You are a cunning fowler, Gualtier, and you are a keen fisherman. But here are fish who will not bite at every bait. It is one of Mark's little boys whom you have upon your knee. And that tall,

brave child, whose hair is braided in with a strip of red ribbon, is one of his girls. But they know too well that they are to say nothing of roads unless they know they speak to friends. And not a flash of intelligence passes from one heavy eye to another.

Then the miller wondered if perhaps these oldest children, wise as he saw them to be, had been trusted with secrets more precious than the mere guarding of a roadway. Still speaking in the mountain dialect, he said, as if he were speaking to the wind, without addressing one child more than another, "This is life and death for which I am travelling. A dear, loving girl will die this night, if, before the sun is at noon, I do not find the house of Mark of Seyssel. I wonder if any one could show me his house if I asked FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST?"

The brown-haired girl, and the stupid boy, and the other boy who held the long, peeled rod, and the other tall girl who had a baby in her arms—all started at the spell. The first of the four spoke in Provençal, and said, "I will lead you gladly to my father's, now I know you come

#### IN HIS NAME."

And in a minute more he was in the saddle again; the child was sitting across it before him, he was pushing through this tangle and over that ford, scrambling up a hill-side, and then threading a low growth of underbrush, till in less than a

mile from the point where he had lost himself, the girl found voice again; and, speaking in Provençal as before, said, "There is my father's storehouse." And as she pointed, on the other side of a little clearing in the forest, he saw a rough cabin, built half of logs and half of rough stones. From a hole in the roof, quite too large, and indeed of too little architectural form, to be called a chimney, a volume of smoke was pouring. Without this token, indeed, the loud voices of the men within would have taught the traveller that the charcoal-burner's hut was not deserted.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE CHARCOAL-BURNER

THE science of the iron forges in the valley below had already reached some work so fine that the workmen there had instructed the peasants of the hills, and sent them to a separate industry of burning and packing pine, chestnut, and oak-charcoal, to be used in the manufacture of the finer steels. Many a man who was part hunter and part shepherd was willing to provide himself with his salt, with a few nails, with iron heads to his arrows, and with better pipkins and mugs than they baked in the mountains, by answering the demand. The rough fellows had found, however, that it was better to make but one business of their trade with the iron and steel men; and so now,

for a generation and more, this rough cabin, where Mark of Seyssel now presided, had become a rendezvous for the charcoal-burners, and they had been in the habit of storing here the full bags in which they had packed their coals ready for the mules.

In the middle of the cabin or hut, on an open place for fire, there were piled a dozen great logs, which made a cheerful point of union for the group, and from which, through a great, square hole in the roof, passed out the weird column of smoke which first caught the eye of the traveller. Around this, sitting and lying in every possible attitude, was the company of the lazy peasants, getting rid of the winter day as best they could.

"If you ever see Lambert this side of purgatory, call me a liar. When I saw him cross the old bay, with his new baldric on him, I said, 'Good-by, Lambert, we shall never meet again.' And I said it because I knew it."

"But why do you know it, and how do you know it?" persisted the man with whom the speaker was talking. He sat shaping a bow and letting the shavings of ash fall upon the live coals, as he made them. "How do you know it? Here at Blon I talked with the innkeeper, with all the grooms, and with Sirand himself. They all said that the Saracens would not stand the first battle with our men. They said there would be a new king at Jerusalem before Easter; and that long before another Christmas the Bishop would be at Lyons again, King Philip in Paris, King Richard



in England; and by the same token the count will be in his castle, and Lambert and Raymond and Forney and all the boys will be back here, with shells on their hats, and with gold in their pockets."

"Much does Sirand know," retorted the implacable grumbler who began. "Has he talked with the Saracens? Has their famous king, the Lord Saladin, told him that they were all going to run away at the first battle? Has he been to see Jerusalem, that he thinks it a summer day's journey to go there? As for the innkeeper at Blon, the man is a fool. The last time I was there, he would have persuaded me to my face that I did not know a walnut bow from one made of ash. I wish he may be choked with his own porridge. And if his grooms know no more of Saladin's men than they know of Burgundy horses, their talk is not worth retailing. I tell you it is a fool's errand they have all gone upon, and you will never see Lambert's face again."

"Is it a fool's errand," struck in a little, lame man who sat on the other side of the fire, so that the two could hardly see him, "to redeem the graves of our blessed Lord, and our blessed Lady, his mother, and of more saints than I could name or you can count, from these misbegotten dogs, heathen and sons of heathens? Did you hear the father tell how they flayed alive that poor Mary of Picardy when she went on a pilgrimage? Did you hear him tell how they built their cursed

fire against St. Joseph's tomb, and cracked the columns, and heaved dirt upon the stone? Fool's errand, indeed! It's well for them to call it a fool's errand who stay idling here at home. But had I two feet to walk, or a leg to cross a mule, I would not be hanging round here, throwing shame on better men."

"Limping Pierre," replied the other, good-naturedly, "I have heard you say that thing before, or what came to the same end; and, if you choose, you may say it seven times more, nay, seventy times seven, as the gospel says, and I will never quarrel with as good a fellow as you are. But two things you know and I know: one is, that Lambert cared no more for our Lady nor for St. Joseph's tomb than he cared for the snow on the top of the mountain, nor would he go one step of his lazy life to save them both from pollution. He went because he saw the others go, and he chose to be fed without working, and to sleep on linen that other men's wives had woven. He thought he should come back with gold he had not earned, and should hector over you and me and other honest people because he had a shell in his hat-band. As for making war upon people because they are dogs and the sons of dogs, because their prayers are false, and their lives mean, — why we might make war on the Bishop and Chapter of Lyons for quite as good cause as they have to make war on King Saladin and his Emirs, if that happens to be his name."



The bold effrontery of the allusion to the Bishop and Chapter was welcomed by a guffaw of laughter from some of the lazy throng; but others fairly started, not so much in anger as in terror. "Keep a civil tongue in your head, Matthew, or it will be the worse for all of us. There is treason enough and heresy enough talked in this store to give all the hamlets over to the Couriers, and we may be sent a-begging before we know it with our wives and our children."

But to this protest Mark of Seyssel himself made answer, speaking for the first time:—

"Jean Fisherman, if you do not like the talk here, you need not stay here. If you have any gossip to retail to the Courier or the Viguier you had better go and retail it, and good riddance to you. I am master of this hovel and it is my castle; when I am afraid of my guests, I will turn them outdoors. Till I am afraid of them, they will not check each other's talk. For my own part," said the burly collier, "I am quite of Black-eyed Matt's mind, and I drink his very good health. When the pot is white, it may scold the kettle for being black; but while the priests and the abbots send men from their homes because they feed the poor, when they take their houses and steal their goods to make themselves comfortable, why, even if they do go to the Holy Land with his Grace the King and his Holiness the Bishop, I am afraid they will carry no better Gospel than they left behind. For my part I wish I could see men

here live as the saints lived, before they go to whip the Saracens into living so." And the stout collier took from the settle by him a tankard from which he had been drinking, passed it to Black-eyed Matthew, as he called the bow-maker, and bade him give to the others to drink in their turn.

It was just as he had done this, that there was heard at the heavy doorway the sharp rap of the handle of Gualtier's riding-whip, and on the instant the charcoal-burner bade him enter. The man seemed a little surprised at the sight of his own daughter with the stranger. The child clearly felt that her duty was done. She dropped a courtesy, and was off to the shelter of the shrubbery in an instant. The collier offered Gualtier a seat by the fire. But the whole assembly was hushed, so that no one would have guessed that they were all in talk so eager only the moment before.

"Are you Mark the collier?" said the messenger. "I am told that you can direct me to the house of Father Jean of Lugio."

"Eh?" was the only reply of the stout collier, who but just now was so voluble, and was defending so volubly the sacred rights of volubility in others.

"I have been riding at my best, to find Father Jean of Lugio. I am told he makes his home in these parts. And he is needed, sorely needed, to-day in Lyons. I have a message for him here."

"Eh?" was the grunt again, which the fuller explanation extorted from the collier. Gualtier

was surprised. He had never seen this man, but he had not supposed him to be an idiot. And he had certainly supposed that a person who transacted so much business in the valley would have some knowledge of the Provençal. But he repeated his explanation, and more at length, in the hill dialect, in which he had spoken to the collier's children.

"Eh?" was the stupid reply as before. But then the clown looked up heavily upon the others, and in the same language said, "Boys, do you hear what the gentleman says? Do any of you know anything of this Jean of Lugio, this father whom he has come to see?"

The men looked stupidly upon each other, as if they could not understand this dialect any more than they could understand the Provençal of the miller.

Gaultier looked round to see if one face were any more intelligent than the others. Then he took from his pocket six or eight pieces of silver, tossed them in the air, and caught them again in his hand. Speaking in the same dialect, he said, "These are for any good fellow who will go to the house of the father for me; and here are as many more for any one who comes back with him." But a dead, stupid wonder, which hardly counted for curiosity, was the only emotion which seemed to be aroused, even by this unwonted display. Gaultier of the Mill felt as if, even at the last moment, he was foiled. "A tall man," he said, "with a tonsure,

and the hair around it as white as snow. He bends a little as he walks, he is so tall; he favors his right foot in walking."

"Eh?" from Mark of Seyssel, was the only answer.

Gualtier was provoked with himself that he had not kept the child. The child at least could speak, and could understand. It seemed to him that of the group of idlers there was not one, no, not the stout head of the castle himself, who seemed to take the least interest in his mission. Far less could they help him, if they had chosen.

Provoked with himself for letting the child go, he walked to the door to see if he could trace her; but she was out of sight long ago. He turned back, and the others were sitting as stolidly as he found them. On the instant, however, the inspiration came to him, and he saw that the talisman by which he had succeeded with her might be as effective with these churls. In truth, the dulness of the men had entirely deceived him. He had lost his presence of mind, and was fairly confused by the charcoal-dealer's well-acted stupidity. As Gualtier closed the door again, he took up a bit of charcoal from the floor, and, as if to amuse himself in a careless habit, on the door itself drew roughly a Roman cross, of which the vertical line was not longer than the cross bar, and then with a few touches improved upon it till it became the Cross of Malta, with its sharp points and re-entering angles at each extremity.



Beneath the cross he wrote in Latin the two words, "Amore Christi."

Before he had finished the inscription, the bow-maker had risen from the ground and was putting on his outer jerkin, as if to leave the fire. Two others of the idlers, also, seemed to have done all they had to do in the cabin, and made as if they were going away. Mark of Seyssel himself said aloud, "It's nigh to noon, and I shall sit here no longer. If François comes, bid him ask the old woman where I am." So saying he brushed out by Gualtier, and as he opened the door, said to him, "Come away from them into the air." As the miller followed him, he led the way apart from earshot, and said to Gualtier, "You should have made some signal before. There are men in that hut that would gladly put the Father in irons, and throw him into the lake of Bourget. But you can trust me, and indeed more than me, if you come

"IN HIS NAME."

Then Gualtier told the awakened savage who he was, and why he came; that he had in his hand what he was told it was of the first importance that the Father should know; that he had been bid to bring this missive "For the love of Christ," and

that he had agreed to do so, "IN HIS NAME." He told Mark of Seyssel that as token of his truth, he would trust the parchment to him, and that he might carry it to the master's hidingplace; that the master then could make his own choice whether to come or to refuse. "Only this I know," said the miller, "that if he do not show himself at this spot, ready to mount my horse when the sun is at noon, I see no use of his coming here at all; for the order is that he is to cross the bridge at Lyons before the sun goes down. You know, my friend," said he, "that he is a brave horseman who makes that distance in that time."

The collier hurried away. The rider returned into the hut and threw himself on the ground by Jean the fisherman. Jean was anxious enough to try to find out who the stranger was, and to learn more of the errand on which he had come; but Gualtier was as shrewd as he was, parried question with question, and for an hour the group was as much in doubt as to his business as they had been. He had sense enough to produce a flask of wine from behind the saddle of his horse, and offered this in token of good-fellowship to the company. They talked about the frost, about the freshet, about the price of coal, about the new mines of iron; and they had approached the central subject of the great crusade again, when Mark of Seyssel again entered the smoky cabin.

He took the place he had left by the fire, and said to the miller, "I have given to your horse all



the oats I had, and he has eaten them all." He said this gruffly; and those who were not in the secret might well imagine, as he meant they should, that his interview with the stranger had related chiefly to his horse's welfare. Gualtier thanked him with the good nature he had shown all along, counted out copper enough to pay for the oats, bade the party good-by, and said he would go farther on his journey. He crossed the opening to the place where the horse was tethered, and there under the juniper-tree to which he was fastened, he found, as he had hoped to find, Father Jean of Lugio.


## CHAPTER VII

### JOHN OF LUGIO

JOHN OF LUGIO is one of the men who did the world service well-nigh inestimable in his day, and who is to-day, by the world at large, forgotten. When one reads in the Epistle to the Hebrews of men who had trial of mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonments; who were destitute, afflicted, tormented; who wandered in deserts and mountains and dens and caves of the earth, — "of whom the world was not worthy," — one ought to remember for a moment that he owes it to a few groups of just such men, one of whom was this forgotten John of Lugio, that he is able to read those words at all, or is indeed permitted to do so.

When Peter Waldo, the prosperous merchant of Lyons, was first awakened to the value of the Gospel for all men around him, and saw their ignorance of it as well, he gave himself and his means not only to feeding the hungry and finding homes for the homeless, but to wayside instruction in the words of Christ. He found one and another version of parts of the Old and New Testament in the Romance language. The very oldest specimen of that language which we have to-day is a paraphrase, of a generation or two before Peter Waldo's time, of the Bible history. It is known by the name of the "Noble Lesson." The troubadours, whom we are wont to think of as mere singers of love songs and romances, were in those days quite as apt to sing these sacred songs, and they carried from place to place a more distinct knowledge of the Bible stories than the people gained in churches.

Peter Waldo undertook to improve the popular knowledge of the Bible thus gained. This was an important part of his enterprise. He had himself a sufficient knowledge of Latin to read the Latin Vulgate. To translate this into the language of Provence, he gained the assistance of three intelligent priests, all of them in office in Lyons. They were Bernard of Ydros, Stephen of Empsa, and John of Lugio, with whom the reader is now to become acquainted. Neither of the three supposed that there was anything exceptional in their enterprise, as how should they? They and their friend





were at work to teach the common people the "Word of God" more simply and perfectly, and what better could they do? Of the three, Stephen undertook the work of translation especially; John examined the other translations and compared them with Stephen's; he studied the critics, sought in every direction the best authorities, and made this new Bible of the people as perfect as careful scholarship and the best learning of the time could do. Bernard took the more humble part of transcribing the text agreed upon, — more humble but not less important. Probably a careful explorer in the old convent libraries of the south of France might now find his patient manuscripts, even after the ruthless destruction wrought by the persecutors of that century and the century which followed. When Peter Waldo made his journey to Rome, to ask for the benediction of the Pope on their labors, one or all of these men probably accompanied him. As has been said already, the Pope was only too glad to find that such assistance in the organization of religion was raised up among the laymen of Lyons. The scheme prepared was very much like that which St. Francis proposed only a few years later; where it differed from his, it differed in a more broad and generous understanding of the needs of the great body of the people.

If only the Bishop and Chapter of Lyons had been equal to the exigency! But, alas, they were not equal to it. To them the great reality of

religion was their newly-bought temporal power over the city and country. The interference of merchants, whether as almoners or as lay readers in the affairs of the city, was no part of their plan. They had not bought out the Count of Forez, and freed themselves from his dictation, to be dictated to now by a set of fanatics within their own wall. They therefore, as has been said, refused all approval to the far-seeing plans of Peter Waldo; they excommunicated him and his, confiscated their property, and drove them from their homes.

Such crises try men's souls, and from such fires tempered metal only comes out uninjured. Of the four men who had worked together in the distribution of the new Bible, two were taken and two were left. Peter Waldo endured the loss of all things, travelled over the world of Europe, and left everywhere his great idea of a Bible for the people, and of a church in which layman as well as priest was a minister to God. Bernard and Stephen could not stand the test. They made their peace with the authorities of the Lyonnese church, and no man knows their after history.<sup>1</sup> John of Lugio, whom we ask the reader of these lines to remember among the men of whom the world of his own time was not worthy, never turned back from the plough. He had consecrated his life to this idea of a free Bible. To this idea he gave his life. It would be hard to name any city of Central Europe, even as far as Bohemia,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix.

which did not profit by his counsels and his studies. And when John Huss went to the stake, in loyalty to the same idea, he and the men around him were willing to acknowledge their obligation to John of Lugio and to Peter Waldo.

The priest stood waiting for the miller, curious to know what manner of man he was who had so resolutely brought the message which he held. He was not himself dressed in the costume of any ecclesiastical order. Nor was he, on the other hand, dressed as any nobleman, far less as any soldier of the time would have been. He might have been taken for some merchant's messenger, sent back from Lyons into the country on a message about flax or woolen. His white hair appeared below a traveller's hat; his tonsure, of course, was invisible. His surcoat was tightly buttoned, as for a cold ride. There was nothing in the color or in the fashion of his costume such as would challenge the remark of any wayfarer.

"I am not Jean Waldo's own messenger," was the immediate reply of Gualtier of the Mill to his first inquiry; "I am only, as you see, a 'Poor Man of Lyons,' who was recognized as such by our secret password when the messenger to whom Jean Waldo gave this mission fell with his good horse almost at my house door. It was clear enough that if the message meant anything it meant speed. This Prinhac crossed the drawbridge at Lyons before daybreak, because the bridge was held by one of our people; but one cannot tell if there shall

be any such good fortune this evening. The bridge may be held by your worst enemy. Why, you have scant five hours to make these twelve leagues which have cost us well-nigh seven hours! True, you have to go down the hills, which we have had to climb. Your horses will be ready, while ours had to be groomed and saddled. But, holy father, it will not answer to have any horse fall under you; for, if I understand the message I have brought, it is not every lay-brother who can take your place to-night at yon girl's bedside."

Father John would not even smile. "The Lord will direct," he said, "and the Lord will provide. Whether my journey helps or hinders, only the Lord knows. But it seems to be His work. For the love of Christ I am summoned, and IN HIS NAME I go. Young man," he added, as Gualtier of the Mill adjusted for him the stirrups of the noble horse who was to bear him, "when I left Lyons, they burned in the public square the precious books to which I had given twenty of the best years of this little life. What I could do for God and his Holy Church, they vainly tried to destroy. They compelled me to part from my own poor; from the widows whose tears were sacred; from the orphans I had taught and had fed; from humble homes, which are as so many temples to me of God's well-beloved Son. I said then, as their mocking Vi-guier led me to the drawbridge, which I am to pass to-night, and bade me 'Begone,'—I said, I will not see you henceforth till the day in which ye

shall say, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' Young man, this Jean Waldo to whose household I am bidden lifted no hand for me that day, nor for his kinsman, my noble friend, nor for one of the Poor Men of Lyons, or her Poor Women or Children. But time brings its recompense; and to-day he is praying God that I may come in time. Father Almighty, hear and answer his prayer; and grant thy servant wisdom and strength to render some service this day somewhere to thy children."

The miller reverently said "Amen." The priest made the sign of the cross, and blessed him in parting, and then was gone.

That is a curious experience in which a man of fifty-five enters on an enterprise such as he has not tested for thirty years. He feels as young as ever, if he be a man of pure life. The spirit of man never grows old; it seems, indeed, to grow young, when it becomes as a little child every day. But John of Lugio knew that, when he was five-and-twenty, he would not have put his foot into the stirrup to spring into the saddle. He knew that he would not for such a day's adventure have girt on the surcoat he was wearing. "It is as well," he said to the spirited horse who bore him, "it is as well that you are not thirty years older than the gray stallion who bore me the last day I ever saw the great Bernard." And the memory of that day of his youth, and of its contrast with to-day, pleased him and engaged him for more than one mile.

And any leader of men who should have watched his skill in handling his horse, and making the most of every advantage in the way, would have chosen the white-haired priest as he would hardly have chosen any younger man for service like this. As physical strength declines,—and it does decline after the physical man is forty-five years old,—still experience, tact, habit of hand and eye, are all improving in a man well-governed and self-poised. And John of Lugio had not yet reached that age when the declining curve of physical strength crosses the ascending curve of experience and skill. There was not among all the crusaders who at that moment were trying a winter in Palestine, or on the way thither, one knight or squire more fit for hardy, active service than was he.

An hour's quick riding brought him to St. Rambert, where the Brevon, scarcely more than a brook, joins the larger stream called the Albarine. It was even then a quaint old town, which is just what the traveller would call it now. Its name is a corruption of that of St. Raynebert, a son of the Duke Radbert, a martyr of five centuries before John of Lugio's time and day. Before his time there had been some worship of Jupiter on the hills above, and the name of the old god lingered in the title "Joux," which hung even to the saint's name. St. Rambert de Joux was the name by which everybody knew the village. The brook plunges and rages in a series of cascades down a narrow valley, and the rider took a pathway down,



which seemed wholly familiar to him, which led him under the walls of the Benedictine abbey. As he passed the gate, two of the brethren, in the costume of the order, came out after their noonday refection, and in the narrow pathway could not but look upon the rider's face, as he on them. They recognized him in an instant.

"Whither so fast, Brother John?" This was their salutation.

It was impossible not to draw bridle. And the first welcome of the two, impelled perhaps by the very suddenness of their meeting, was so cordial, that one must have been more cynical by far than John of Lugio not to respond with warmth and kindness. "My brother Stephen, my brother Hugh, are you two here? I was thinking of the brethren, but I did not know that you were so near. Father Ambrose does not send to me to tell me the names of the new arrivals."

"Father Ambrose will never send you the names of new arrivals more. He lies behind the chapel yonder, and we shall lay his body in the grave to-morrow." This was the immediate answer; and then there was an instant's pause, as they all recognized the awkwardness of their position.

John of Lugio was excommunicate. Whether they might speak to him in friendship was almost a question. That they ought in strictness to denounce him, and report to their superiors his presence in a town from which he had been formally banished — of this there could be no question.

But the two monks were men and were Christians before they were monks, and with Jean both of them were united by old ties. "Will you rest your horse—will you rest yourself?" said Stephen, bravely. "I will take him myself into the stable, and Hugh will be only too glad to find you a cold dinner in the refectory. Your horse has travelled far; he will not be the worse for grooming."

"He must travel farther before he is groomed—and I. But I shall travel the lighter, Stephen, for the kind words you speak; and you will sleep the easier that you have spoken them. Do you, too, do your work, and I will do mine; and we will let nothing that men can do or can say part us. No—I must not stop. I would not put you two in danger by accepting your service, if I could; but I must do what few men do in these degenerate days, and cross the long bridge at Lyons before the sun goes down. Take the blessings of a Poor Man of Lyons, of a heretic, excommunicate! God bless you, my brother—and you!"

"God bless you, Jean; God bless you!" said the two, as they made way for his horse.

"It is for the love of Christ that I am speeding," said he, tenderly; "pray in your prayers today for the Father's blessing on me 'IN HIS NAME.'"

And they parted. If the monks were startled by the adventure, and they were, none the less was John of Lugio startled by it. He was not afraid of them. He had seen too clearly that the voice



of the Holy Spirit had spoken to both of them more loudly than any rule or interdict. He knew that both of them would confess the sin of concealing his presence; that both of them would loyally do such penance as was appointed. He knew as well that neither of them would betray him, while betrayal would endanger him; and that neither of them, in his heart of hearts, would ever be sorry for the silent service rendered to him that day.

The adventure set him upon other thought than sympathy with them. Had he gratified the wishes and passion of his youth, his home would have been at this hour within those walls. He would have been the senior of every man, except Stephen, in that fraternity. He knew them all, — yes, and he knew perfectly well that not one of them affected to be his equal in the scholarship and learning to which the abbey was devoted. Humanly speaking, on the Abbot Ambrose's death, he himself, John of Lugio, would have become his successor, the lord of this lovely estate, the director in these noble ministries, the first student in these happy cloisters, if — if he had only obeyed the wish of his heart thirty years ago, and given himself here to student life!

But instead of that, Jean of Lugio had given himself to the immediate help of the Poor Men of Lyons. He had turned away from the fascination of study, to make the weavers and dyers and boatmen of Lyons purer men and happier; to bring comfort and life into their homes, and to make

simpler their children's path to heaven. He had done this with his eyes open. He had turned away from the Abbey of Cornillon, and had made himself God's minister in the hovels of Lyons. And of this the reward was, that this day he hazarded his life by going back to Lyons to render one service more while he might have been waiting, as the senior in the fraternity, within those happy abbey walls, to render fit service at the Abbot Ambrose's grave.

If — and the picture of half a life came in upon that "if." But to John of Lugio that picture brought no regrets. He had chosen as his God directed him. In calmness he had foreseen what in the heat of conflict he had seen, and what he now looked back upon. Foreseeing, seeing, or looking back, it was the picture of duty bravely done. And Father Jean passed down from under the walls of the abbey without a sigh or a tear.

The road still follows the stream, and the valley is by no means straight. Its curves are picturesque enough, but they do not lead a traveller very directly. He passed along the face of Mount Charvet, left the village of Serrières on his left, and came, before he dared to hope, to the new Castle of Montferrand. By a sudden determination he rode abruptly to the castle gate; and, finding no warden, called loudly to a little boy whom he saw within, and bade him summon either a porter or some officer of the baron's household.

The truth was, that as he tried the Baron of


Meximieux's noble gray stallion on one and another pace in descending the steep slopes from St. Rambert, it became painfully clear that the horse had done his work for that day. The miller had pressed him, perhaps, harder than he meant or knew; and, whatever care he had taken, the good horse had made near ten leagues, with only the hour's rest which had been given him at the cabin of Mark of Seyssel. If the priest were to succeed in the task assigned to him, he must make better speed than in the last hour he had made. This certainty determined his bold appeal at the castle.

A summons so hearty roused all its inmates, and they appeared at one or another door or corridor with that curiosity which in all times draws out the inhabitants of a lonely country-house, when there is chance to look upon some unexpected face, no matter of what human being. The Baron of Montferrand himself made his appearance. He was not dressed as if for King Philip's court, or for the Emperor's. In truth, he had spent the morning in the occupation — not very lordly, as we count lords, but perfectly baronial in the customs of his time — of directing the servants, who flayed and cut to pieces a fat boar which they had brought in at the end of yesterday's hunting. From this occupation, in which he had himself personally assisted, the baron had been called to dinner; and he had dined without the slightest thought of revising or improving his toilet. Before dinner was fairly

over, he had fallen asleep in the chair, not uncomfortable, in which he sat at the head of the table. He was roused from his nap by the hurrying of one and another servant, as it was announced that a stranger was at the gate. A stranger in those days of December was not a frequent intruder.

John of Lugio was already talking with porter and seneschal. He was not displeased to see the baron approach him. The old man came bare-headed, and without any outer garment, beyond what he had worn at table, to protect him from the cold. The traveller knew him on the instant; had seen him more than once in one or another journey up or down this valley, and, indeed, in closer intimacies, in the ministry of more than thirty years. But the baron, not caring a great deal for priests, and not having a great deal to do with them, did not for an instant suspect that the hardy rider with whom he had to do wore a tonsure, or had more than once lifted the consecrated chalice before him at the mass. He saluted the stranger somewhat abruptly, but still courteously, and invited him to dismount and rest himself.

"I thank you for your courtesy, my Lord," was the reply. "But my errand requires haste, as you will see. I am bidden to Lyons this very night, and that on service which brooks no delay. I had hoped that this horse, which is from the stables at Meximieux, would take me thither, and there a fresh beast waits me; but I have already taken from him the best that he can give, and he will



make slow work of the long reach that is left for me. This is why I have stopped here; to ask, not your hospitality, but your help. If I may leave this good horse, and if you have another which will take me down the valley, you shall have my hearty thanks, and the blessings of the home where they need me."

"You tell your story frankly," said the baron; and with a stiff oath he added, "if I gave horses to every vagabond from the troop of Meximieux, I should have few horses left to give." Without farewell or apology, he turned to go back to his dining-hall.

"Pardon me, my Lord," persisted Father John, without the slightest passion or haste in his voice. "I am no man of the Baron of Meximieux. I am no man's man. I am sent for on a work of mercy, because one Jean Waldo thinks that I can save his child's life. If I am to serve her, I must be in Lyons to-night. If I am there, the service will be yours, not mine."

"If I should give horses to every beggar who chooses to ride out of Lyons, I should have no horses to give," said the baron. Like many men of little invention, he had been so much pleased by the cadence of his first retort, that he could not but try its force again. But the repetition of the insult gave the Father courage. A man truly resolved does not say the same thing twice. Most likely he does not speak twice at all.

"I am no beggar from Lyons, or no servant of

the Lyons merchant. Lyons does not love me, nor is there any reason but what I tell why I should care to enter Lyons. But if you had a daughter dying, my Lord Baron, and Jean Waldo could send her a physician, you would be glad to have him send; though you never saw his face, and though you do not love his craft or his city. Can you not do as you would be done by?"

He had perhaps gained his point, though the baron, with a stupid notion that he must maintain his dignity in the presence of his own servants, tried to do so by a certain delay, which would have exasperated a person of less experience and less balance than Father John.

"How am I to know," said the wavering Montferrand, "that you are the leech you say you are? What is your token? If I am to give a horse to every quack who rides between Amberieux and St. Rambert, I should have no horses left to give."

"I have no token, my Lord. A man who has spoken truth for forty years, going up and down this valley, needs no token that he does not lie." He took off his hat as he spoke, and showed the tonsure. "You have received Christ's body from this hand, my Lord. You know that these lips will not speak falsely to you." And then, watching his man carefully, and noticing a change come on his face at the mention of the Saviour, he added as if by intention, and almost in a whisper: "It is for the love of Christ that I ask the best horse in your stables."



"Saddle Chilperic! Saddle Chilperic! Why are you clowns gaping and sneezing there? Saddle Chilperic! I say, and take this gentleman's good horse where he can be cared for. Take my hand, Father, take my hand. Gently — so — you are stiff from riding. Come into the hall and let the baroness have a word with you! Chilperic will not be ready for a minute, and you will at least drink a glass of wine! If it only shows that you do not bear malice, you will drink a glass of wine! We are rough fellows, we hill barons, and we speak when we do not think, Father. But, indeed, indeed, I would have been more ready had you summoned me

'IN HIS NAME.'"

And he crossed himself as he passed the threshold.

In those surroundings, in the company in which they were, the baron did not dare question the priest further, nor explain how he had been initiated into the secret fraternity by the password of which he had been adjured. Nor did he care to say much to explain the inconsistency of his brutal refusal of one moment, when it was compared with his ready tenderness at the next. Perhaps it is best for all of us that we do not have to reconcile such inconsistencies as often as we are conscious of them. Once more he pressed the priest to refresh himself with wine, and he

called loudly on his wife to join in his rough welcome as he entered the hall.

The little woman came forward, bending somewhat with rheumatism more than age, but with freshness and quickness, and with all the courtesy and dignity of noble breeding. Whether the grooms and other servants, and the idlers in the courtyard, had guessed the secret of the baron's sudden change of purpose, or had failed to guess it, she, who had seen the whole from her open casement, understood it all in a flash. Now that Father John entered the room she recognized him in an instant, as the baron had not done. But she knew very well that his liberty and possibly even his life depended on his passing on his errand unrecognized by her servants, and her perfect manner, therefore, was exactly what it would have been had he been any other person—a friend of the Lyonnese weaver—summoned in hot haste to his daughter's bedside. She dropped her courtesy, advanced to take the hat of the traveller, begged him to sit at her husband's side at the head of the table, and with her own hand poured the wine from the coarse jug which held it, into the highly-wrought cup which the bustling baron had found for his guest. "I heard something said of a lady—a girl—a sick girl. Is there nothing I can send from our stores? I could in a moment put up maiden-wort, or rosemary, or St. Mary's herb, if your reverence will only take them."

But the Father thanked her and declined. His



friends in Lyons must have at their command such drugs as could be of service, if anything can be of service indeed.

"Ah, sir," she said, "if only you will render service to them, like the blessing you once gave to me!"

"To you!" and he looked amazed into those sharp little black eyes, which twinkled under eyebrows snow-white with the same liveliness as if she were still sixteen years old.

"To me!" she said again; and as he looked with undisguised ignorance of her meaning, it was impossible that she should not smile, and she hastily wiped away from the little eyes the tears that at first filled them. "Ah, you do not remember, my Father. It is a shame for a knight to forget a lady whose colors he has worn,—may a priest forget a lady whom he has served in the last extremity?" And she fairly laughed at his perplexity.

"Ah, Madame! you must pardon what time does, and exile. Whoever it is, I can see that you carry the secret of perpetual youth, but I lost that long ago. It is very long since I was in the castle of Montferrand, long before you were ever here, my lady."

"Chilperic will be ready before you guess me out," said she; "and as your errand presses, I will tell you, if you will promise when it is over to stay as many weeks in the castle, as you have now spent minutes here. It is fair to remind you of

the day when a girl with a scarlet cape, and a girl with a blue cape, and a girl with no cape at all, went sailing down the river with two young squires and with a very foolish page, from the home of the Barons of Braine. And have you forgotten — ”

“Alix! Alix de Braine! It is impossible that I should have forgotten! But that you are here is as strange as that I am here. Where the four others are, perhaps you know!”

“Chilperic is ready, my Lord.” This was the interruption of the groom at the door.

“Chilperic is ready, and life and death compel me to go on. Dear Lady Alix, you ask me to be your guest. You do not know, then, that if I had drunk from this cup of wine, you would share my excommunication; that if I slept under this roof, you could never enter church again; no, not to be borne there on your bier!”

“Did I not know it?” whispered the brave little woman. “Did I not know that you were journeying ‘For the love of Christ,’ and do not my husband and I beg you to stay with us as his guest and ours? Our request is made, and our welcome will be given

‘IN HIS NAME.’”

And they parted.

The baron had already left the hall. When the priest stepped into the court-yard, and as he put his foot in the stirrup, he saw to his surprise that

his host had already mounted another horse, and was waiting for him, himself ready equipped for a winter's expedition. A heavy fox-skin jacket had been thrown over the dress, none too light, which he wore before, and he had in the moment of his absence drawn on riding boots also.

The Father acknowledged the courtesy, but expressed his unwillingness to give to his host such trouble. He was glad of his company, he said, but really he needed no protection.

"Protection! I think not, while you are on or are near the territory of Montferrand." This was the baron's reply, with the addition of one or two rough oaths, untranslatable either into our language or into the habit of this page, but such as, it must be confessed, shot like a sort of lurid thread into the webwork of all the poor man's conversation. "I should not like to see poacher or peasant who would say a rough word to any man whom he saw riding on one of my horses. No, my Father, it is not to protect you that I ride, but to talk with you. We hill barons are rough fellows, as I said, but we are not the clowns or the fools that the gentry of the chapter choose to think us. Meximieux here has tried to cheat me about the fish, and has sent his falcons after my herons a dozen times, so that I have not spoken to him or to his for fifteen years before he went off on this Holy Land tomfoolery, — I beg your reverence's pardon for calling it so. But I will say of Meximieux himself, that he is neither clown nor

fool, and if I were to have to strike at King Saladin or any of his Emirs, I had rather Meximieux were at my side than any of the dandy-jacks I saw the day the bridge went down. We are rough fellows, I say," — and here he tried to pick up the thread which he had dropped a long breath before, but he tried not wholly successfully, — "we are rough fellows, I say; but when a man of courage and of heart like your reverence comes to see us, and that is none too often, we are glad to learn something of what he has learned, and we would fain answer his questions if he have any to put to us."

"But I must say to you, my Lord, as I said to the Lady Alix, that to help me on my way is to put yourself under the ban. I was recognized within this hour by two of the monks in the abbey of Cornillon yonder, old and intimate friends of mine. Perhaps they will not denounce me, but the first fishermen we meet may, or the first shepherd's boy. For I have trudged up and down this valley too often for me to be a stranger here. It is not fair that I should expose you, for your courtesy, to the punishment which is none too easy upon me."

"Punishment be ——!" said the baron, with an oath again. Nor did the excellent man even condescend to the modern foolery of asking the clergyman's pardon for such excesses. "It is no great punishment to a hill baron to tell him that he shall never enter a church. It is some little

while since I have troubled them, even now. And if it should happen that this old carcass should rot on the hill-side where it happens to fall, why that is neither more nor less than is happening this very winter to many a gallant fellow who went on their fool's errand — I beg your pardon — against the Saracen. To tell the truth, sir, I want to talk about this very business, — of your punishment, as you call it, and of what I and other good fellows are to do, who hold that you and your friends are right, and that the soup-guzzling, wine-tipping, book-burning, devil-helping gowned men down in the city yonder are all wrong." It was with a good deal of difficulty that he worked through this long explanation, even with the help which his swearing seemed to give him. But there could be no doubt that he was very much in earnest in making it. He seemed to be helped by the tremendous pace at which the two horses, who had been caged in the stables for two or three days, were taking them over a stretch of level road.

"I do not know what I can tell you," said the priest, who seemed to be as little disturbed as the baron was by the rapidity of their pace, and rode as if he had been born on horseback. "I cannot tell you what to do, because I hardly know what I am to do myself — except wait. I wait till the good Lord shall open brighter days, as in His Day he will. Meanwhile, from day to day, I do what my hand finds to do, 'For the Love of Christ,' or

'IN HIS NAME.'"

"All very fine of you, my Father," said the other, a little chastened, perhaps, by his temperance of tone. "All very fine of you, who have something to do for the 'love of Christ.' You can go hither or thither, and every man has, as my wife Alix there had, some story to tell of the cure you have wrought or the comfort you have given. But that is nothing to me. It is not every day that I have a chance to beard the damned rascals in their own hell-hole, by giving a horse from my stables to one of these men they are hunting. I wish to God it were!" And the baron's rage rose so that he became unintelligible, as the horses forged along.

When the priest caught his drift again, he was saying, "If it had not been such damned nonsense, all nursery tales and chapman's stuff and priest's gabble, — I beg your pardon, sir, — I would have left the whole crew of them. Thirty men in good armor can I put on horseback, Sir Priest, and though they should not be all as well mounted as is your reverence, yet not one of the dogs should cross a beast but was better than those which that hog of a Meximieux rode and led when he followed the Archbishop to the Holy Land. Enough better," he added, with a chuckle, "than that waddling oil-sack that I saw the Archbishop himself ambling out of Lyons upon. I tell you I would have gone to these wars gladly, if I could have thought there were fewer archbishops in the armies, and more men with heads upon their shoulders. But I told



Alix, said I, 'They are all fools that are not knaves, and all knaves that are not fools; and, if King Saladin eats them all, the world will be the better for it.' No matter for them, your reverence. Now the Archbishop is gone, could not a few of us, — perhaps Servette yonder, Blon, I think, and very likely Montluel, no matter for names, — suppose we put two hundred good men in saddle, and take down as many more spearmen with tough ash lances. Suppose we raised a cross of our own, such a cross as this, your reverence," and he made the criss-cross sweep up and down, and then from right to left, by which all these affiliated men and women denoted the cross of Malta. "Suppose we rode into Lyons some moonlight evening, shouting that we came 'For the Love of Christ,' do you not think that there are as many stout weavers and dock-men and boatmen and other good fellows there, who would turn out

'IN HIS NAME'?"

Then, when he saw that the priest did not answer, he added, "I tell you, Father, we would send their seneschals and their Viguiers and their couriers and their popinjay men-at-arms scattering in no time; we would smoke the old pot-bellies out of their kitchens and refectories, and we would bring the Poor Men of Lyons home to their own houses, to the House of Bread and the House of God, quite as quick as they were driven out." All this, with a scattered fire of wild oaths, which added to the

droll incongruity of what the good fellow was saying.

If John of Lugio had been a mere ecclesiastic, he would have said, "Ah, my friend, they who take the sword must perish with the sword." And then the poor baron, who had perhaps never spoken at such length in his life before, would have shrunk back into his shell, cursed himself for a fool and his companion for another, and never would have understood why an offer so promising was refused. But John of Lugio was not a mere ecclesiastic, nor was he any other sort of fool. He was a man of God, indeed, but he showed in this case, as in a thousand others, as in his whole life he showed, that he knew how to tell God's messages to all sorts of men. "My Lord," said he, "perhaps you are right in thinking that these kings and barons and archbishops and bishops, and all the rest of the pilgrims who have gone to the Holy City, will never get there. Perhaps you are right in thinking that if they ride down fifty thousand Saracens and burn the houses of fifty thousand more, they will not teach the Saracens any very good lesson of God's love or of God's son. I believe you are right, or I would have gone when my old friend the Archbishop went. But suppose we rode into Lyons in the same fashion; suppose we drove out the chapter, as the chapter drove us out; suppose we stole their horses, as they stole ours, — why all the world would have a right to say worse things of the 'Poor Men of Lyons,' than it has ever said till



now. No! no! my Lord," he said, after a moment; "leave it to time and to the good God above there. No fear that this archbishop will prosper too long, or this chapter; and for me, what more can I ask than as good a friend as I have found this day? And for you, what more can you ask than such a home as Montferrand, and such a wife as the Lady Alix?"

But the baron was hardly disposed to turn off, with a laugh, the plan which seemed to him so promising. He began upon it again; he even showed to his friend that he had thought it out in detail. He knew how large a guard was here and how large there; how many of the best men-at-arms were in Syria with the Archbishop; and how poor were the equipments of those who were left at home. "In old times," he said, "the Count of Forez would have been at our backs, but now, who knows but he would strike a stout blow on our side? There is not a man this side Marseilles who would be more glad than he to see these black-bellied hornets smoked out of their hives."

The Father listened as courteously as before, but as firmly. He seemed to think that a little authority might well be exerted now, and he said simply: "My Lord, I warn you that you are thinking of what you must not think of. If what you propose were the right thing to do, you would have been warned of it before now by those in authority. Till you are, and till I am, we must let monks, priests, and bishops alone."

And Montferrand supposed, perhaps he supposed rightly, that somewhere the "Poor Men of Lyons" had a council and a master, wiser than he was, who would some day give him a signal when he might gallop on this road on the back of Chilperic, with every man whom he could put in the saddle, ready for a raid into Lyons. The baron was not yet trained enough in trusting Providence to know that the only authority to which John of Lugio would ever defer, was an authority far above chapter, archbishop, king, or pope.

He turned the subject, therefore, a little uneasily, to the eternal question of the crusade. Did his reverence think the troopers would soon be home again? and did he think they would find the sword of Saladin so weak? and all the other questions of the home gossip of the day. Meanwhile, on all the road which did not absolutely forbid speed, the two horses flew along, much as Barbe Noire had flown that morning, and with no such fatal issue. The ride was a short one, indeed, before they entered the court-yard of the Castle of Meximieux. Here was the horse of Gualtier of the Mill, saddled, bridled, and waiting for his rider.

"Sixteen years since I saw the inside of this court!" said Montferrand, as he swung himself off his horse, and as he wiped his forehead. "The tall tree yonder has been planted since then. As I remember the court, my man, there was not a green twig in it."

The servant bowed, and said that the trees which

the baron saw had all been there when he came into the stable service, but, as the baron saw, they were not very old.

"Sixteen years!" said the rugged old chief again. "It was fifteen years ago at Michaelmas that I asked Meximieux if he would make the fish good to me, and he swore he would do no such thing. And I have not spoken to him from that day to this. And now he is lying under some fig-tree yonder, and I am standing in his castle court. Your reverence, I should have said this morning, that all the devils in hell could not bring me into the shadow of Meximieux's walls. And see what you have done."

"Ah, my Lord," said the other, who had already mounted; "a messenger from heaven, though he be a very humble one, can do a great deal that the devils in hell cannot do. And now, my Lord, goodbye. Give a poor priest's best salutations to the Lady Alix. And, my Lord, when Meximieux comes home, win a greater victory than he has done. Ask him if, 'For the love of Christ,' he will not make it right about the fish, and see what a pilgrim like him will answer, 'In His Name.'"

He gave the baron his hand, and was gone. "As good a horseman," said the old man, "as ever served under King Philip. And I wonder how many of them all are doing as good service as he is this day!"

Gualtier of the Mill had not exaggerated the worth of the horse which the priest now mounted,

and the horse had never had a better rider. From Meximieux to Lyons, the road was and is more than seven leagues, but the rider knew that it was by far the easier part of the way, and, thanks to Chilperic and the baron, he had still full half the time allotted for his journey. He had the hope also, which proved well founded, that he might not have to rely on the miller's horse alone, but that he might find at Miribel, or some other village on the road, a fresh horse sent out to meet him by Jean Waldo.

In this hope he rode faster than he would have dared to do, were he obliged to use one horse for the whole journey. And at a rapid rate, indeed, and without companionship or adventure, he came to the hamlet which the miller had left that morning, where poor Prinhac's enterprise had come to a conclusion so untimely. The horse neighed his recognition of some of his companions, as they entered the wretched hamlet, and, in a moment more, the father saw Prinhac himself, evidently waiting for him, in the shadow of the wall of the miller's garden.

The weaver stepped forward into the roadway as John of Lugio approached, and, with his little willow switch, made in the air the mystic sign. The priest drew bridle, and the horse evidently knew that he was at home. Prinhac and the priest had never met before. The weaver eagerly asked the other if he were the physician so much desired, and thanked God as eagerly when he knew that, so

far, his mission had not been in vain. "I would break my collar-bone a dozen times if I could save my young mistress so easily. And there is not another boy on the looms or in the shops but would say the same thing." He told the priest hastily that he knew little about the girl's disaster. He described to him his own route and progress, and the miserable accident by which he had been delayed. He added, "Nothing was said about fresh horses, but I have been watching for them all day. You ought to meet some one at Miribel, or, at the worst, when you cross the river the first time."

The priest asked him what he could tell him about the girl's illness.

"Nothing — nothing. I know she was as well as a bird at sunset; I saw her and spoke to her as she came singing down the hill. The next I knew was, that my master woke me in the dead of the dark, and asked me for the love of Christ to bring to you this message. Forgive me, Father, but if he had asked me to do it for love of Mademoiselle Félicie, I should have done it as willingly."

"Hast thou done it unto one of the least of these, thou hast done it unto me!" Such was the half answer of the priest, which, perhaps, the crippled weaver understood. "I must not stay, my good fellow; if I am to be of any use, I must go. I shall tell the child how faithful a messenger she found in you. God bless you, and farewell."

The weaver was right in supposing that a relay would await the physician at Miribel. He found

there another of Jean Waldo's men with another of his horses. The man did not, of course, recognize the physician, nor the horse he rode; but it was not difficult for the priest, who was on the look-out for him, to persuade him that it was for him that Cœur-Blanc had been saddled. The man had left Lyons two hours before noon. His tidings of his young mistress were scarcely encouraging. She was no better, he was sure of that. The Florentine doctor had not left her all the day, nor her father or mother; he was sure of that. His directions were simply to wait for the priest at Miribel, and to bid him mount Cœur-Blanc, while he was to bring home Barbe-Noire as soon as might be. So the good Father rode on alone. The child was alive. So far was well. For the rest, he had carried with him all day that sinking of heart which any man feels when he is called to struggle with death, only because all others have so far failed in that very encounter.



## CHAPTER VIII

### THE TROUBADOUR

FRESHLY mounted, and well mounted too, the tired man bade the groom good-by, and entered on his last hour with that comfortable feeling, which, even to the most tired man, the last hour brings. Alas! it was the old story, Prinhac's story of the morning. He was, as it proved, in more danger in this last hour, than he had been through all the rest of the day.

He was pushing over the meadows of the valley at a sharp trot, when he met a rider coming out from the city, on a sorry-looking beast, in the rather jaunty or fantastic costume which indicated that he was one of the *trouvères*, or troubadours. The man nodded good-naturedly, perhaps a little familiarly. John of Lugio, absorbed in the old-time memories which the day had renewed, acknowledged the salutation with less familiarity, but with a sort of reserved courtesy, taking, indeed, but little real notice of the traveller as he did so. The man pushed on cheerfully, but, in a moment, stopped his horse, turned, and scrutinized the priest with care, and then making a speaking trumpet of both hands, hailed him with:

"Hola! hola! there; will you halt a minute?"

Halting was not in John of Lugio's schedule for that afternoon, if he could help himself. He heard the cry distinctly, but knew no reason why he should stop at the demand of a troubadour. On the other hand, he would not seem to avoid the other. He did not turn for an instant, therefore; he did not spur his horse on the other hand, but he let him hold to the sharp, rapid trot that he was pursuing.

The troubadour saw his haste, and shouted only with the more eagerness:

"Hola! hola! there; halt! halt!"

But the well-mounted rider swept along.

The stranger screamed once more, but saw that the other halted his speed not by a second. He was, indeed, out of any fair ear-shot by this time.

The troubadour fairly groaned. He looked anxiously at the declining sun, and resolved, on the instant, to go in pursuit of the fugitive, even with the wretched brute which he had under him, who was but the poorest competitor in a match with Jean Waldo's powerful Arab on which the priest was mounted.

For the priest himself, he did not once turn round. It was not his part to show anxiety, and, indeed, he did not know that he was followed, but if he were followed he did not mean to be readily overtaken.

There is a little elevation in the road, as it crosses the slope of a spur of one of the northern hills, and the moment that John of Lugio knew



that he was shielded by it from the sight of any one on the flat ground behind, he pressed his horse even to a gallop, and flew over the ground at a speed which almost defied pursuit. Had this rate of going lasted he would soon have found himself at the Rhone again.

But no; he had to draw bridle in less than a mile, that his unusual rate of travel might not challenge the curiosity of the loungers in a little hamlet before him as the road turned. Two or three horses were tethered on the outside of a wine-shop, a boy seemed to be watching them, and one or two idlers stood by. John of Lugio hoped that he might get by without attracting attention.

No! As he nodded civilly to the by-standers, two men, half soldiers, half gens-d'armes, if these modern words explain at all a race of officers now existing no longer, stepped out from the tavern. They were in the livery worn by the servants of police of the archbishop and chapter of Lyons.

"Where's your haste, my tall friend?" said the one who was rather the more tipsy of the two. "Where's your haste to-day? Stop and have something — something to drink with Jean Gravier here. His wine is bad, the worst wine I ever drank, but it is better wine than none."

The priest's business at this moment was, not to preach, nor warn, nor convert drunkards from the error of their ways, but to get to Lyons before sunset. He showed no sign of annoyance, but laughed good-naturedly, and said:

"Thank you kindly; I will pay the scot if the rest will drink. But I have just mounted at Miribel yonder, and I must be in Lyons before the sun goes down."

"Sun!" said the drunken tipstaff, "sun be hanged! The sun has two good hours yet in the sky, and with that horse of yours, you will see the guard long before sunset. Come and try Jean Gravier's red wine."

The priest would not show uneasiness. But again he declined, proposing that a stoup of wine should be brought out that all the company might share; judging, not unwisely, that he should do well to enlist as many of them as he might upon his side. At this, another of the officers came out from the tavern. Unfortunately for the priest's errand, he was much more sober than his companion. Unfortunately, again, he was no foreign hireling, as the others were, but was a Lyonnais born. The moment he looked upon John of Lugio he recognized him, or thought he did, and he addressed him in a mood very different from that of his noisy companions. The man looked jealously at Father John, as men of his craft were and are apt to look at all strangers. He did not drop or turn his eye either; after the first glance he surveyed the whole figure of the rider, and his horse as well.

"You are riding one of Jean Waldo's horses," he said, gruffly.

"I am," said the priest; "he sent it out to

meet me by one of his grooms. I left my own horse at Miribel."

"You are a friend of Jean Waldo's then?"

"I am a friend of a friend of his," said the priest, with an aspect of courage and frankness, "and I am eager to be in Lyons at to-morrow's festival at his house. That is why I cannot tarry with our friends here. I must pay my scot and begone."

"Not quite so fast," said the officer; "have you any pass to show if you are asked for one at the bridge?"

"Pass,—no," said the priest, laughing. "I had a pass years ago, signed by the Viguiers, but it was worn out long since, while I waited for somebody to ask me for it. I think the Viguiers will not turn out any of Jean Waldo's friends. What is my scot?" he said, as if impatient, to the tavern-keeper. "All the passes in the world will not serve me if I come to the long bridge after sundown. And I should be glad to be there before the crowd."

The tavern-keeper took the copper coins which the priest paid him, and Father John, on his part, saluted the others, and turned as if he would go away, when the persistent officer stopped him.

"Not so fast, my friend. You know very well that I have good right to question you, and you must not wonder if I suspect you. If you take a little ride to-night with me and my friends here to the château of Meyzieux where we are going, I

promise you as good a bed there as Messer Jean Waldo will give you. Then you can ride into Lyons with us in the morning, and can make a little visit to the Viguiier with me, before you go to your Christmas dinner. That will give him a chance to give you another parchment pass, and I am quite sure he will be glad to do so, unless he wants your closer company."

And he gave a loud guffaw of laughter, in which his two companions joined.

For the peasants and the tavern-keeper, they were too much accustomed to such acts of petty tyranny on the part of petty officials to show surprise. Indeed, they hardly felt it. John of Lugio knew that, though he might have their sympathy, they would not render to him any sort of help if he defied in the least the authority of his persecutors.

With that same unperturbed manner which he had shown all along, he laughed good-naturedly, and said at once, what was perfectly true:

"The Viguiier is an old friend of mine, and will remember me very well." Then he added, "Suppose I meet you and your friends as you come into town to-morrow, and go round there and see him. I give you my hand on it that I will be at the draw-bridge at any time you name."

And he offered his bare hand.

"No," said the other, sternly and slowly. "We are not such fools as to take men's hands, unless to put handcuffs on them. You will go to Meyzieux

with us in half an hour. Till then you may come into the house and drink with us, or you may stay out here and freeze, as it pleases you. Michel, Antoine, keep your eyes on him, and see that he does not leave." And he turned to go into the tavern. But he saw that the priest made no resistance. On the other hand, he dismounted at once, and occupied himself in looking for something which had clogged the shoe of the noble horse which he was riding.

At this moment the attention of all parties was engaged by the arrival of a new-comer upon the scene. The surly officer himself loitered on the steps of the inn, when he heard the clear, loud voice of the troubadour who had been pursuing:

"Who will listen yet again  
To the old and jovial strain,  
The old tale of love that 's ever new?  
She 's a girl as fair as May.  
He 's a boy as fresh as day,  
And the story is as gay as it is true."

The voice was a perfectly clear and pure tenor. The air was lively without being rapid, and the enunciation and emphasis of the singer were perfect. The poor beast he rode came panting into the crowd, his sides wet and dirty; and the singer, with undisguised satisfaction, sprang from his back, and threw the rein to a stable-boy.

"Your servant, gentlemen, — your servant, gentlemen, — are there no lovers of the gay science

in this honorable company?" And in that clear, powerful tone he began again:

"Who will hear the pretty tale  
Of my thrush and nightingale, —  
Of the dangers and the sorrows that he met?  
How he fought without a fear  
For his charming little dear,  
Aucassin and his loving Nicolette."

"A beautiful song, and a story that will make you laugh and make you cry, gentlemen, both together.

"Will you hear the pretty tale, or is it too gay for you? We are not always gay. We trouvères have fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers like the rest of you. We have to lay our little babies in the ground sometimes, as you do." All this he said perfectly seriously and reverently. "We love the good God as you love him, and we can tell you the stories of the saints and of the prophets; may God bless us all as we do so."

And then in a minor key, and with a strain wholly different, he sang slowly, and almost in tears it seemed, —

"For the Love of Christ our Saviour along the road I came,  
And what I stop to sing you, I sing it IN HIS NAME."

It need hardly be said that John of Lugio caught the indication given to him that this was a friend, from whom he had been so rashly escaping. The poor brute before him was still panting from the efforts which the rider had made to overtake Cœur-



Blanc before he reached the trap into which the priest had fallen. In that the singer had failed. But none the less had he bravely pressed on and entered that trap himself. And by the little scrap he sang, he revealed himself as a friend to the other,—one friend who could be relied upon in the midst of indifferent spectators and avowed enemies. John of Lugio did not dare reply, even by a glance. The singer needed no reply, and looked for no glance. He went on, as they all sat down in the one room of the tavern, as if he were rattling on in the fashion of his craft:

“Or I have the new song, which won the golden violet last year.

“In a pretty little meadow, in a country that I know,  
A pretty little flower did burgeon and did grow,  
Its root was in a dunghill, but day to day would bring  
Fresh food and fragrance to the weed, all through the  
days of spring.”

His clear resonant voice was fairly triumphant as the words rolled on. But he stopped and said, “Boy, bring me my little guitar; if I am to sing to the gentlemen, I must play to them too. Only tell me what it shall be, gentlemen.”

“Let it be,” said John of Lugio, boldly, “the song you sing ‘For the Love of Christ and in His Name.’” And thus he opened his communication with the other.

The chief of the officers turned with an undisguised sneer upon his prisoner. “So,” said he,

"we are coming the godly, are we? That's old chaff for such as we, Mr. Friend's friend. Sing one of your love songs."

"Love songs be hanged!" said the keeper of the inn; "the girls here say they have heard about Nicolette and Aucassin till they are tired; they want the new song, the song of the violet. Can you teach it to them, Messer Trouvère?"

"I can sing it, and I can teach it too, to such apt scholars as Mademoiselle Anne," said the singer, rising and bowing as the buxom girl came into the room rather shyly, with one or two of her village companions. The troubadour, with some exercise of authority, cleared a place for them where he sate himself, — made the boys rise from their seats on a settle that the young women might have them, ran over the air once or twice on the guitar, and sang again:

THE SONG OF THE VIOLET OF GOLD.

I.

In a pretty little meadow in a country that I know,  
A pretty little flower did bourgeon and did grow,  
Its root was in a dunghill, but every day would bring  
Fresh food and fragrance for the flower, all through the days  
of spring.  
But when the spring was over, and because it was not  
strong,  
The cruel wind came winding down, and did it wretched  
wrong,  
And then came winter's frost, and stretched it on the earth  
Above the dirty dunghill on which it had its birth.



## II.

By the pretty little meadow beneath the sunny skies,  
Is meant this wicked world of ours which lures us with its  
lies,  
For evil takes away the light of life from me and you,  
And brings us wicked tales to tell, and naughty deeds to do,  
We live along our little lives all foolish and forlorn,  
Nor turn to look a minute on the place where we were born,  
So comes it that through winding ways in which our souls  
are tried,  
We stumble stupid onward, with wickedness for guide.

## III.

I say the little flower, which in the meadow grew,  
Grew fair and then grew foul, just like me and just like you :  
We're gayly clad and bravely fed, when first our lives begin,  
Before the enemy of man seduces us to sin.  
So God has made the sight of heaven above the sunny sky,  
As the blue flowers of spring-time bloom bright before the  
eye;  
But then the fool of petty pride forgets where he was born,  
And dies the death of sinful shame, all foolish and forlorn.

## IV.

And the dunghill where the flower did flourish and did fade  
Is the dust of earth from which the Lord our father Adam  
made,  
His children's children lived the lives of sinfulness and  
shame  
From which the breath of being to our fathers' fathers came.  
We climb the mountains high, and valleys low descend,  
We toil and moil, and crowd with care our lives unto the  
end;  
And when we die, all this we have is treasure thrown away,  
And nothing's left us for the tomb, except a clod of clay.

## v.

The cruel wind which bent the flower and crushed it like a  
weed  
I say, is grasping pride of life, — is avarice and greed,  
Which teaches us to hide our heads, and steal and cheat and  
lie,  
And so it is that wicked folks torment us till we die.  
And then, again, this winter wild which sweeps away the  
flower,  
I say, is false and cruel death exulting in his power.  
He grasps us in his hard embrace until all life is fled,  
And throws us on the dunghill, when he knows our flesh is  
dead.<sup>1</sup>

The girls were nodding to the air, and were much more interested in that, perhaps, than in the words, — but the leader of the gens-d'armes, if we may again use the modern word, expressed his scorn for the whole.

“Bring him some wine, Jean; wet his whistle for him. Dunghills and death, indeed, is that the best he has to sing of? Give him some wine, and give me some; give everybody some. Mr. Friend's friend's friend, take some wine to show you bear no malice. Girls! have some wine; all drink, and then let him tell us his love story.”

With a good deal of bustle and readjustment of the company, with much fuss at serving wine for so many, these arbitrary orders were executed. The troubadour, meanwhile, was thrumming on

<sup>1</sup> The author hastens to admit the anachronism of introducing here this little poem. It received the Violet of Gold in the year 1345.

his guitar, — tuning it, — and striking chords, or trying one or another bit of the tune. When the Captain gave word, at last, that they were all ready, he began again with the same song with which he had at first arrested their attention:

## I.

Who will listen yet again  
To the old and jovial strain,  
The old tale of love that's always new?  
She's a girl as fair as May,  
He's a boy as fresh as day,  
And the story is as gay as it is true.

## II.

Who will hear the pretty tale  
Of my thrush and nightingale, —  
Of the dangers and the sorrows that they met?  
How he fought without a fear,  
For his charming little dear,  
Aucassin and his loving Nicolette.

## III.

For, my lords, I tell you true  
That you never saw or knew,  
Man or woman so ugly or so gray,  
Who would not all day long  
Sit and listen to the song  
And the story that I tell you here to-day.

“THE STORY OF NICOLETTE AND AUCASSIN.

“Now you must know, my lords and my ladies, that the Count Bougars of Valence chose to make war with the Count Garin of Beaucaire. And the

war was so cruel, that the Count never let one day go by, but what he came thundering at the walls and barriers of the town, with a hundred knights and with ten thousand men-at-arms, on foot and on horseback, who burned all the houses, and stole all the sheep, and killed all the people that they could.

“Now the Count Garin de Beaucaire was very old, and was sadly broken with years. He had used his time very ill, had the Count de Beaucaire. And the old wretch had no heir, either son or daughter, except one boy whose name was

“AUCASSIN.

“Aucassin was gentle and handsome. He was tall and well made; his legs were good and his feet were good, his body was good and his arms were good. His hair was blond, a little curly; his eyes were like gray fur, for they were near silver and near blue, and they laughed when you looked at them. His nose was high and well placed; his face was clear and winning. Yes, and he had everything charming, and nothing bad about him. But this young man was so wholly conquered by love, — who conquers everybody, — that he would not occupy himself in any other thing. He would not be a knight, he would not take arms, he would not go to the tourneys, he would not do any of the things he ought to do.

“His father was very much troubled by this, and he said to him one morning:

“‘My son, take your arms, mount your horse, defend your country, protect your people. If they only see you in the midst of them, this will give them more courage; they will fight all the better for their lives and their homes; for your land and mine.’

“‘Father,’ said Aucassin, ‘why do you say this to me?’

“‘May God never hear my prayers, if I ever mount horse, or go to tourney, or to battle, before you have, yourself, given to me my darling Nicolette, — my sweetheart whom I love so dearly.’

“‘My son,’ said the father to him, ‘this cannot be.

“‘Give up forever your dreams of this captive girl, whom the Saracens brought from some strange land, and sold to the Viscount here.

“‘He trained her: he baptized her; she is his godchild.

“‘Some day he will give her to some brave fellow who will have to gain his bread by his sword.

“‘But you, my son, when the time comes that you wish to take a wife, I will give you some king’s daughter, or at least the daughter of a Count.

“‘There is not, in all Provence, a man so rich that you may not marry his daughter, if you choose.’

“So said the old man. But Aucassin replied:

“‘Alas, my father; there is not in this world the

principality which would not be honored if my darling Nicolette, my sweetest, went to live there.

“ ‘ If she were Queen of France or of England ; if she were Empress of Germany or of Greece, she could not be more courteous or more gracious ; she could not have sweeter ways or greater virtues.’ ”

At this point the troubadour nodded to the girl Anne, who, as she had said, knew the airs and the songs of the little romance. One of the village girls joined her, and thus in trio the three sang :

All the night and all the day  
Aucassin would beg and pray :  
“ O, my father, give my Nicolette to me.”  
Then his mother came to say :  
“ What is it that my foolish boy can see ? ”  
— “ Nicolette is sweet and gay.”

“ But Nicolette’s a slave.  
If a wife my boy would have,  
Let him choose a lady fair of high degree.”  
“ O, no ; my mother, no !  
For I love my darling so.  
Her face is always bright  
And her footstep’s always light,  
And I cannot let my dainty darling go !  
No, mother dear, she rules my heart !  
No, mother dear, we cannot part ! ”

The commander of the squad of policemen had not been mistaken in his estimate of the attractive powers of fiction, sentiment, and religion in such an

assembly as that around the tavern. As the little love-story went on with the song belonging to it, groups of idlers outdoors pressed into the great doorway of the tavern. The grooms left with the horses arranged that one boy only should hold them all ; and he, getting hint of what was passing, made shift to knot the bridles together, to fasten them all to a halter at the corner of the house, and to crowd in after the rest. From the other cottage, which was used as a kitchen in the establishment, two or three more women appeared, — older than Anne and her companions, — and for these, as before, seats were provided on a settle. This last arrangement made a little delay, but so soon as the women were seated, the brisk troubadour went on.

“ When the Count Garin of Beaucaire saw that he could not drag Nicolette out from the heart of Aucassin, he went to find the Viscount, who was his vassal, and he said to him :

“ ‘ Sir Viscount, we must get rid of your god-child, Nicolette.

“ ‘ Cursed be the country where she was born, for she is the reason why I am losing my Aucassin, who ought to be a knight and who refuses to do what he ought to do.

“ ‘ If I can catch her, I will burn her at the stake, and I will burn you too.’

“ ‘ My Lord,’ replied the Viscount, ‘ I am very sorry for what has happened, but it is no fault of mine.

“‘I bought Nicolette with my money; I trained her; I had her baptized, and she is my godchild.

“‘I wanted to marry her to a fine young man of mine, who would gladly have earned her bread for her, which is more than your son Aucassin could do.

“‘But since your wish and your pleasure are what they are, I will send this godchild of mine away to such a land in such a country that Aucassin shall never set his eyes upon her again.’”

The little audience of the troubadour, quite unused to “sensation” of this sort, many of them fresh as children to the charm of a well-told story, pressed closer and closer to him. With the rarest of gifts, and that least possible to gain by study, the trouvère fairly talked to them in tones of perfect conversational familiarity. His eyes caught sympathizing eyes as he glanced from side to side of the room, and his animation quickened, and his words became more confidential. At last, indeed, he addressed himself personally to the Captain; when he was fully satisfied that, in the confusion which accompanied the entrance of the women, John of Lugio had risen from his quiet seat behind the inner door, and had, unnoticed, left the room.

The troubadour continued in his most confidential narrative tone:

“‘See that you do so,’ cried the Count Garin to the Viscount, ‘or great misfortunes will come to you.’

“ So saying, he left his vassal.





"Now the Viscount had a noble palace, of high walls, surrounded by a thickly planted garden. He put Nicolette into one of the rooms of this palace, in the very highest story.

"She had an old woman for her only companion, with enough bread and meat and wine, and everything else that they needed to keep them alive.

"Then he fastened and concealed the door, so that no one could go in, and he left no other opening but the window, which was very narrow and opened on the garden."

Again the story-teller nodded to the two girls, and they sang all together.

Nicolette was put in prison ;  
And a vaulted room,  
Wonderfully built and painted,  
Was her prison-home.

The pretty maiden came  
To the marble window-frame ;  
Her hair was light,  
Her eyes were bright,  
And her face was a charming face to see.  
No ; never had a knight  
A maid with such a charming face to see.

She looked into the garden close  
And there she saw the open rose,  
Heard the thrushes sing and twitter,  
And she sang in accent bitter :  
"O, why am I a captive here ?  
Why locked up in cruel walls ?  
Aucassin, my sweetheart dear,  
Whom my heart its master calls,

I have been your sweetheart for this livelong year!  
That is why I 've come  
To this vaulted room,  
But by God, the son of Mary, no!  
I will not be captured so,  
If only I can break away, and go!"

Then the troubadour continued: —

"So Nicolette was put in prison, as you have just heard, and soon a cry and noise ran through the country that she was lost. Some said that she had run away; others said that the Count Garin de Beaucaire had killed her.

"All in despair at the joy which this news seemed to cause to some people, Aucassin went to find the Viscount of the town.

"‘Lord Viscount,’ he asked him, ‘what have you done with Nicolette, my sweetest love, the thing in all the world which I love best?’

"‘You have stolen her!’

"‘Be sure, Viscount, that if I die of this, the blame shall fall on you.

"‘For, surely, it is you who tear away my life in tearing away my darling Nicolette!’

"‘Fair sir,’ answered the Viscount, ‘do let this Nicolette alone, for she is not worthy of you; she is a slave whom I have bought with my deniers, and she must serve as a wife to a young fellow of her own state, to a poor man, and not to a lord like you, who ought to marry none but a king’s daughter, or at least a Count’s daughter.

"‘What would you be doing for yourself if you

did make a lady of this vile creature, and marry her?

“‘Then would you be very happy, indeed, very happy, for your soul would abide forever in hell. And never should you enter into Paradise.’

“‘Into Paradise?’ repeated Aucassin, angrily. ‘And what have I to do there? I do not care to go there if it be not with Nicolette, my sweetest darling whom I love so much.

“‘Into Paradise! And do you know who those are that go there, you who think it is a place where I must wish to go? They are old priests, old cripples, old one-eyed men, who lie day and night before the altars, sickly, miserable, shivering, half naked, half fed; dead already before they die! These are they who go to Paradise, and they are such pitiful companions that I do not desire to go to Paradise with them.

“‘But to hell would I gladly go; for to hell go the good clerks and the fair knights slain in battle and in great wars; the brave sergeants-at-arms and the men of noble lineage. And with all these would I gladly go.’

“‘Stop,’ says the Viscount; ‘all which you can say and nothing at all, are exactly the same thing; never shall you see Nicolette again.

“‘What you and I may get for this would not be pleasant, if you still will be complaining.

“‘We all might be burned by your father’s command,—Nicolette, you, and I myself into the bargain.’

“‘I am in despair!’ murmured Aucassin, leaving the Viscount, who was no less angry than himself.”

The company gathered nearer and nearer together, eager not to lose one word. Nor was any one roused from the interest of the story, till a new traveller stopped at the wretched tavern.

“Hola! hola!” he cried. “Is there no one to care for my horse?”

Antoine, the stable-boy, rushed out, and to his shame and horror all the horses were gone.

But with the agony and falsehood of despair, he took the stranger’s horse, as if nothing had happened, and said to him: —

“I will see to the horse, Monsieur, give yourself no care. Will you step into the house? There is the best *trouvère* singing there, who travels all over this country. He is telling the story of Nicolette. I will take good care of your horse, sir; never fear me.”

For poor Antoine’s only fear was, that the master of the newly arrived beast would stay outside.

In fact that worthy did loiter a moment, and gave one or two directions about his horse. Poor Antoine was dying to ask him if he met five saddled horses as he came. But he did not dare disgrace himself; and he thought, wisely enough, that if the stranger had seen any such cavalcade, he would surely have mentioned it.

At last, by repeated solicitation, he induced the

man to enter the tavern, and, with solicitude wholly unusual, the stable-boy drew the door to, after the traveller had passed in. He could hear the trio again, as the two girls joined with the troubadour.

But the poor stable-boy cursed Nicolette and Aucassin both, with adjurations and anathemas which they had never learned, and wished all troubadours were on the other side of the sea. If those horses could not be brought back before his master, or before the Viguier's officer found they were gone, he, Antoine, would be well flogged before he went to bed. That was certain. No Christmas holiday for him, — that was certain also. And whether, at the beginning of a cold winter, he were not put in handcuffs and carried to one of those horrid prisons which he had heard the officers talking of, — of this the frightened boy was by no means certain.

So soon as he had closed the door, instead of leading the hot and wet beast intrusted to him to the stable, as he knew he should do, he fastened him by the rein firmly but quickly, and at his best speed ran up the road, where he might gain the view from the hill, and get a survey of the whole meadow.

"For the cursed brutes," he said; "are all fastened together, wherever they have gone."

And then he reflected, with profound satisfaction, that the tale of Nicolette and Aucassin was very long, — or that one of the girls had told him so in a whisper. Perhaps they would stay in the tavern

longer than the Captain had said, if only the troubadour could make it entertaining enough.

Ah! Antoine, you need not fear the troubadour! He is making it as entertaining as he knows how, — and that is what he is there for, — that he may keep them all for the precious minutes that shall take Cœur-Blanc into Lyons.

So Antoine pressed up the road to the little swell of land over which it passed, from which, as he approached, John of Lugio had first seen the group standing at the tavern.

The poor boy came up the hill, all out of breath, and scanned the wide meadows. A few cows here; a stray traveller or two there; clouds of dust on the highway, which might conceal this or that or something else, — who should say? But no definite sign of the horses.

The wretched boy climbed a tree; but he only lost time, and saw nothing. He could see that Philip of Fontroyes, the lame man, was hobbling home with his sorry cow.

The boy rushed to meet Philip. Philip was very deaf, and, like other dull people, could not answer the square question put to him, till he knew who he was that asked it, why he asked it, and for what purpose he asked it. When he was at last secure on these points, he ventured to say:

“Horses, no horses; no, no horses. There was a span of mules that a man with a red jerkin drove by, that was two hours ago. But no horses.”

As Antoine knew that if Philip had had any eye,



or any memory, he must have reported at least, the passage of Cœur-Blanc, and that of the troubadour and that of the stranger whom he had just left; three horses, certainly; this assurance that no horses had passed on the road was anything but encouraging.

Poor boy! he looked back a moment on the tavern; he thought of the pretty, pleasant way in which Lulu had spoken to him only that morning, and of the blue ribbon he had ready to give to her the next day; he thought, shall we confess it in this connection, of his own feast-day suit of clothes, which were in his box in the wretched attic where he slept.

But he thought also of the flogging which was so sure if he were detected. He would never see Lulu again, nor his gay garments again! He looked his last on the tavern, and fled along the high road — away from it and from Lyons — as fast as his feet could carry him.

The troubadour, who saw everything, saw or knew or felt or comprehended the entrance of the new-comer, and heard Antoine as he closed the outer door of the tavern. The troubadour did not pause a moment in his story. The stranger with a courteous gesture, intimated that he would not interrupt it, and took the seat by the great fire, which Dame Gravier, with a good deal of fuss and pretence of hospitality, cleared for him.

The Captain of the officers started, as if he had perhaps dozed a little in the last refrain of the

singers, but really gave some attention to the story-teller, as he went on without any pause — as the story required him to do — after another little song:

Then Aucassin went home,  
But his heart was wrung with fear  
By the parting from his dainty dear:  
His dainty dear so fair,  
Whom he sought for everywhere,  
But nowhere could he find her, far or near.  
To the palace he has come,  
And he climbs up every stair, —  
He hides him in his room  
And weeps in his despair.

“O, my Nicolette,” said he,  
“So dear and sweet is she!  
So sweet for that, so sweet for this,  
So sweet to speak, so sweet to kiss,  
So sweet to come, so sweet to stay,  
So sweet to sing, so sweet to play,  
So sweet when there, so sweet when here,  
O, my darling! O, my dear,  
Where are you my sweet? while I  
Sit and weep so near to die,  
Because I cannot find my darling dear.”<sup>1</sup>

To a modern ear it is difficult to give the impression of the effect of the long closing line, as the

<sup>1</sup>The original is very pretty, and can be guessed out, even by the unlearned reader:

“Nicolette biax esters,  
Biax venir et biax alers  
Biax déduis et dous parlers,  
Biax borders et biax jouers,  
Biax baisiers, biax acolers.”



three voices, in strict unison, closed the little song, — with perfect spirit, running up rapidly in a whole octave, and closing an octave higher than the keynote, to which they would naturally have returned.

The narrative then continued:

“Meanwhile, I can tell you, the fighting went on. For the Count Bougars pressed hard on the Count Garin. He had a thousand men-at-arms in one camp, and he had a thousand in another. And while Aucassin was shut up in his chamber, and lamenting his dear Nicolette, the Count was bringing up great battering-rams to hammer down the walls of the city.”

“Ah, yes,” grunted the Captain, “let us hear about the battering-rams. I was sergeant in a battering-train at Gron, myself, I was!” And he drank off another good draught from his tankard, and then, dropping back in his chair, gave attention in the manner of those people who can hear a preacher better when their eyes are closed.

“He brought up one battering-ram, with a very brave sergeant in charge of it, on one side the city; and, on another side, he brought up another, with two counts and a duke in charge of it.

“At last he thought all was ready, and on each side of the town he gathered all his footmen and all his horsemen for the assault.”

“What did he want horsemen for, to storm a breach with?” growled the sergeant.

“I beg your honor’s pardon,” said the trouvère, who had not made the blunder without a purpose,

"but the troubadour who told this story to me had not seen so many sieges as your honor."

"I should think not; I should think not," grunted the drunken critic, well satisfied with the success of his interruption, and the trouvère continued as confidentially as before, and as if the sergeant was his only auditor.

"Everybody in the city was called to arms to defend the walls. They supposed that the attack would be made on the eastern side, because the breach was there."

"Yes, yes," grunted the experienced soldier, "of course the attack would be made where the breach was."

And he nodded complacently upon the inn-keeper and upon his own companions, as if he would say, "Of course we know more of war than these singing fellows do."

The troubadour continued:

"The principal attacking party might have gone quite wrong had it been left to the dukes, but the brave fellow I told you of before —"

And it is impossible to tell what wonders the sergeant on his side might have wrought, or the duke and the count on theirs, in vain rivalry with a sergeant so puissant. For at this fatal moment, the horse whom Antoine had left to freeze, thinking it was quite time that his needs should be attended to, gave an ominous neigh.

"Neigh-eigh-eigh-eigh."

The sound rang through the crowded room; and

Jean the innkeeper himself started from his seat and looked around, and, seeing that all the servants were rushing outdoors, followed them. The master of the horse, of course, followed, and the officers; and the troubadour and the girls were left in the confusion alone.

"Where's Antoine? Where's Antoine?" Cries of "Antoine!" "Antoine!" resounded everywhere. To tell the truth, the tavern was not unused to such clamor. Poor Antoine was the man-of-all-work, always summoned.

"Don't come out into the cold, sir!" said Jean Gravier, perfectly used to making up the scanty resources of his wretched tavern by the boldest lying. "Go back into the inn, if you please. My wife has supper ready. Antoine has taken the horses to water them."

"Water them?" said the stranger, with an oath; "and why has he not taken mine to groom him and give him a bed, as he said he would? The beast is well-nigh frozen already, while you and your people are singing your love-songs."

"Certainly, certainly," said Jean Gravier. "I shall rub him down myself." And he led the poor wretch to the stable, wondering where Antoine was with the other horses, and beckoning to Ode, one of the hangers-on, to follow.

"Jean Gravier, come back; what is all this row about, and what are you doing with the horses of the honorable men-at-arms of the Bishop and Chapter of Lyons?"

With many oaths, some hiccoughs, and other interruptions, the Captain of the policemen, standing upon the step, thus hailed the tavern-keeper.

Jean Gravier pretended not to hear.

"Come back, you dog, come back, and answer to the charge made against you." This was the second appeal of the drunken fool, who doubted a little his own ability to run after the delinquent vintner, and made up in grandeur of words for whatever failure of bodily force he was conscious of.

Jean Gravier did not dare go on.

"For God's sake, find the horses, Ode. Send Pierre up the road, and send André down; unless, indeed, which God grant, that brute of an Antoine has had the grace to put them all into the stable."

And, with the happy thought of a new lie, he turned to the stranger, who was following him in a rage, and said:

"I did not understand, monsieur. The boy has taken them all to the stable, it was so cold."

"Took them to the stable! Why did he not take mine to the stable? What do I care for other people's horses? I will groom my own!"

And, with little comfort, Jean Gravier was left to take the rage of the drunken sergeant.

But this rage, and the rage of the two officers, who abetted and applauded the threats and abuse of their chief, need not be written down. Jean Gravier bent before the storm, acknowledged that it was natural that his guests should be indignant,

but explained that they were wholly mistaken. He repeated eagerly his lie that the horses were in the stable, praying to all the saints in the calendar that they might prove to be so. In a moment more he was relieved from the necessity of inventing any more lies by a shout from André, who appeared in the roadway, leading out four of the five horses from behind an old mill, which stood perhaps a furlong along the Lyons road, in the direction exactly opposite that which Antoine had taken.

Ah me! if Antoine had dared ask the stranger if he met five horses saddled, he would have gone the right way when he did go wrong; he would have found the horses; he would have brought them back undetected; he would have given Lulu her ribbon on Christmas day, and would have worn his own fine clothes. And now the poor boy is flying, as if for life, across the meadows.

André came leading along the cofile of horses. For a moment no one observed that there were but four, and should be five; but the moment he came to the tavern with them, the loss of Cœur-Blanc was evident.

"It is that damned horse-thief from Meyzieux!" cried Jean Gravier, the tavern-keeper; "and he has stolen the best horse of them all." And Jean Gravier went sadly back into the tavern, to think what lie he should invent to satisfy the quiet gentleman with white hair who sat behind the door.

But, as the readers know, the quiet gentleman with white hair had taken leave long before.

All this time he had been increasing the distance between him and the tavern as rapidly as Cœur-Blanc's longest stride would take him. The sun was yet more than half an hour high, though he had lost certainly half an hour in that miserable altercation and in the enforced delay in the tavern.

At the moment when he found himself free, he had not mounted Cœur-Blanc; he had only cut the long halter at the place where it was fastened to the house, and by it had led along the five horses together, as if to the trough where they were used to be watered. If any one within the room heard their tread, he supposed the stable-boys were leading them to the trough, and to the cover which, as evening drew on, they all required. As the other horses drank, John of Lugio mounted his own. Not losing his hold of the halter, he walked carefully two hundred yards or more into the shelter of a little copse and of a deserted mill. Here he stopped, eager for time though he was, and once more securely tethered them all. Then was it that he gave Cœur-Blanc his head; and for the next fifteen minutes he rode like the wind.

He understood then, what the reader understands, that the troubadour, whose salutation he had acknowledged, but whose call he had not regarded, had been acting as his true friend, in an emergency when he had no other.

The man was one of the affiliated "Poor Men of Lyons." That was made certain by the signal he had given.



He had recognized John of Lugio, but in that uncertain way that a minute had passed before he was sure of his man. Then was it that the good fellow had been certain that the priest, whom all the "Poor Men of Lyons" loved and honored, was riding into danger; and then was it that he had turned and hailed him, in the hope that he might in time save him from the inspection and inquiry of the officers, whom the troubadour had passed just before at the tavern. In truth, he had gladly evaded them himself; for the reputation of the Lyonnais officers was so bad that any man of peace was glad to keep out of the way when it was in his power.

And now, as Father John saw, the good fellow had boldly come to the rescue, and had taken the chances of sharing his fate, that he might also take the chance of coming to his relief. The priest did not dare think he was safe himself till he crossed the long bridge. But he heard no outcry behind him; and every minute, as Cœur-Blanc flew, was two or three furlongs gained.

Fortunately the high road was, for a while, quite clear of passengers; so that the tremendous rate at which he rode challenged but little attention.

Fifteen minutes may have passed before he dared take a pace less noticeable; and by that time the spires of Lyons were in sight in the distance. He satisfied himself that the sun was still high enough for him to pass without challenge at the drawbridge. And then, still keeping up a bold

trot, he joined with one and another group of those who were going into the city, and even ventured to chat with some of them as to the festivities which were in preparation. The Chapter was giving more distinction than ever to Christmas celebration, perhaps to signalize the advantages which the people of Lyons and the neighborhood were to gain from the new arrangement of affairs, which made them temporal masters of the city and suburbs, as well as their spiritual guides.

Father John felt a little sheltered when he rode chatting by the side of a well-to-do farmer, who was coming in by invitation to spend the holiday with his brother in the city. In front of them was a rude cart, covered with canvas, in which were the farmer's daughters and his wife. The talk fell, as it always did, on the crusade; and the man showed ignorance of the deepest dye as to its geography and its causes, which the priest did his best to enlighten.

"And will the knights be back, with the heathen hounds by Easter?"

"The good God knows," replied the priest, reverently.

"Yes; the good God knows, but what do you think? They have been gone long."

"It is a long journey," said the priest.

"Not so long, though, as those fine Englishmen had come, I suppose?"

"O," said Father John, surprised a little, "much longer!"



"Longer than they had come? Why did they cross the sea at all then? Why not go by land?"

Father John explained that England was on an island; that if the king of England left his dominions at all he must cross the seas.

"And do King Saladin, and the foul fiend Mahomed,—do they live on another island? I believe," said the stout farmer, "I should have gone to the Holy War myself, if I could have gone by land."

Father John exclaimed again that the Holy City was not on an island; that it could be reached by land.

"In the old war," said he, "many of the knights went by land. They rode their good horses all the way. But so many perished that the kings have taken ship this time, to go thither more quickly."

"O!" cried his friend, "they are all wrong. Many men would go by land who never would go by sea. I am one. Philippe there is two. Jean, Hubert, Joseph, — I could tell you seven men who would go were there no sailing."

The priest listened kindly, but the pace to which the good farmer held him was such that he dared not loiter long. He bade him good-by, and pressed on, to join one and another group of people, who were attracted in the same way to the city.

But always he was expecting to hear the challenge from behind of the Viguiers' officers.

The last obstruction of all was, as he waited in a corner of the road, that a company of a hundred or more mounted soldiers might march past him, who were the men for whom his persecutors had ridden in advance, that they might provide their quarters for the night at Meyzieux. The priest waited till the last of them had gone, and then boldly crossed the causeway over the meadow before they came to the temporary bridge, where he was to pass the Rhone for the last time, — the bridge which poor Prinhac had crossed so fortunately in the morning. The sun was glowing, red and angry, above the height of Fourvières, and Father John had again so far relaxed the rate of speed to which he had held the horse, that his more decorous trot did not attract the attention of the town-servants, who were farmers' boys and were going out of the town that they might enjoy the festival of the next day at their fathers' homes, or that of the groups of peasants who were pressing in to see the great solemnities by which the Chapter celebrated the Saviour's birth, and amused their subjects at the same time. There were, indeed, so many of these parties now, and they proceeded at a rate so confidently slow, that, had the priest any doubt whether he should find the gates open, the number of travellers would have reassured him.

At the bridge itself there was not even the pretence of any examination or detention. So many of the townspeople and of the peasants were passing in or passing out, that it seemed to be taken

as an exceptional day, when the usual forms of military order might be relaxed, and the sentinel, who was lazily sitting on a bench by the portcullis, with his halberd lying by his side, did not so much as challenge the passers-by. Father John, who had heard from Prinhac the story of the secret of his passage, looked rather curiously into the face of this man, and of his officer also, who was lounging in the guard-house behind him. But he recognized neither of them. They certainly were none whom he had known among the clients of his "Poor Men of Lyons," and probably both belonged to some hireling company of soldiers whom the Chapter had imported from another province.

The priest had picked his way across the bridge slowly and with caution, and now entered upon ground where every house was familiar to him, and had some story of grief or joy in his old memories. The streets were more alive than usual, because the eve of the festival of Christmas was almost as much a holiday as was the Christmas day proper. And Father John was well aware, that, had he been dressed in the proper uniform of his profession, any fifth person he met would have recognized him as one of the proscribed men. Recognition was dangerous at the best; but to-night an arrest by some officer of the Viguiers would make delay long enough to defeat any hope of his rendering the service he had been sent for. He had, therefore, in the little

distance left to him, as he threaded the streets of the town, a greater risk to run than he had incurred the whole day through. His risk was his patient's risk, and he must avoid it as best he could.

The priest looked eagerly among the groups of people who were gathered at the street corners, in the hope that there might be some one known to him as belonging to the affiliated "Poor Men of Lyons," whom he should dare withdraw from the crowd by a signal, who would take the well-known horse he rode quietly to its master's stables, while he himself found his way to the house on foot, and so escape observation. But the handful of the "Poor Men" who were in Lyons did not care much for such street gatherings, nor, indeed, were they greatly interested in such celebrations of Christmas as the Abbot had prepared. The priest was obliged to turn from the public square into a narrow by-street, less crowded with curious idlers. He dismounted from his horse, and led him by the bridle, and so approached a group of boys who were lounging in the open gateway of a tradesman's courtyard. He held out a copper coin in his hand, and said, "Which of you will take my horse across the little bridge for me? This is for him."

"That is not your horse. That is Messer Jean Waldo's horse, and no one rides him honestly, but Jean Waldo or his groom."

This was the impudent reply of the largest boy of the group. And all of them seemed, not in-

different to his money, but afraid of the errand. To be found with a stolen horse, as Lyons was then governed, might cost any boy his Christmas holiday, and, very likely, more.

The priest's imperturbable balance did not leave him. "It is Jean Waldo's horse, and it is to Jean Waldo's stable that I ask you to take him. Do I not pay enough? Here is another of the Archbishop's croziers." And he took out another piece of money.

The bribe was a temptation. But the fear of the Courier was stronger; and the second boy answered, with a coarse oath, that the traveller had better take his own horses, and groom them too. And both these precocious young rascals, as if they were compromising the dignity of Lyons by so long talk with a dusty countryman, then gave a loud battle-howl known to the other gamins of their section, and rushed wildly to the square from which John of Lugio had just now turned. Two smaller boys, who made the rest of the group, seemed disposed to follow them, when the priest, perhaps because he must run some risk, perhaps because the purer faces of these boys attracted him, bent down, and said, almost in a whisper, "Could you take this horse to Jean Waldo's 'for the love of Christ'?"

"I will go anywhere," said the brave fellow, clambering into the saddle, "when I am summoned

'IN HIS NAME.'

"You are to say, boy, that he who was sent for is close at hand."

"I am to say that he who was sent for is close at hand. Farewell."

The boy was gone; and the priest, through court-yard and arched ways where he could not have ridden, hastily crossed the peninsula, crossed the bridge which spanned the narrower river of the two, and, in two or three minutes after the boy had given warning of his approach, he met Giulio the Florentine at Jean Waldo's door.

NOTE.—This is no place for an essay on the troubadours or their poetry. But the author may be permitted to say in a few words that they are not to be dismissed, as they are perhaps too often, as if they had no important place in the rapid changes and curious development of the time in which they lived. Every new manuscript disinterred and edited in France tends to raise rather than lower the estimate which is to be formed of their power and their merit.

It has already been said that the earliest specimen of their written language which we have is a Scripture poem, and that they were largely occupied in giving a general knowledge of Scripture to the people. In this regard they rendered, perhaps, more efficient service than their successors, to whom we give a French name also, — the "colporteurs."

Mr. Hallam says, "No romances of chivalry and hardly any tales are found in their works." But since Mr. Hallam wrote the "Middle Ages," many of the troubadour books have been discovered and edited. Among them is this curious Aucassin and Nicolette, of which I have transferred the beginning without hesitation to my story, because the critics assure us that the earlier versions of it belonged to the twelfth century.

Mr. Hallam's estimate of the troubadour poetry is in these words :

"Their poetry was entirely of that class which is allied to music, and excites the fancy or feelings rather by the power of sound



than any stimulatory of imagery and passion. Possessing a flexible and harmonious language, they invented a variety of metrical arrangements, perfectly new to the nations of Europe. The Latin hymns were striking, but monotonous; the metre of the Northern French unvaried; but in Provençal almost every length of verse from two syllables to twelve, and the most intricate disposition of rhymes, were at the choice of the troubadour. The canzoni, the sestina, all the lyric measures of Italy and Spain, were borrowed from his treasury. With such a command of poetical sounds, it was natural that he should inspire delight into ears not yet rendered familiar to the artifices of verse; and even now the fragments of these ancient lays, quoted by M. Sismondi and M. Ginguené, seem to possess a sort of charm which has evaporated in translation. Upon this harmony, and upon the facility with which mankind are apt to be deluded into an admiration of exaggerated sentiment in poetry, they depended for their influence. And however vapid the songs of Provence may seem to our apprehensions, they were undoubtedly the source from which poetry for many centuries derived a great portion of its habitual language."

Mr. Pater has published an interesting essay on this little romance of Aucassin and Nicolette. He says :

"Below this intenser poetry (of Provence) there was probably a wide range of literature, less serious and elevated, reaching by lightness of form and comparative homeliness of interest, an audience which the concentrated passion of those higher lyrics left untouched. This literature has long since perished, or lives only in later French or Italian versions. One such version, the only representative of its species, M. Fauriel thought he detected in the story of Aucassin and Nicolette, written in the French of the latter half of the thirteenth century, and preserved in a unique manuscript in the national library of Paris; and there were reasons which made him divine for it a still more ancient ancestry.

... "The writer himself calls the piece a *cante-fable*, a tale told in prose, but with its incidents and sentiment helped forward by songs, inserted at irregular intervals. In the junctions of the story itself there are signs of roughness and want of skill, which make one suspect that the prose was only put together to connect a series of songs, — a series of songs so moving and attractive that people wished to heighten and dignify their effect by a regular framework or setting. Yet the songs themselves are of the

simplest kind, not rhymed even, but only imperfectly assonant, stanzas of twenty or thirty lines, all ending with a similar vowel sound. And here, as elsewhere in that early poetry, much of the interest is in the spectacle of the formation of a new artistic sense.

"A new music is arising, the music of rhymed poetry, and in the songs of Aucassin and Nicolette, which seem always on the point of passing into true rhyme, but which halt somehow, and can never quite take flight, you see people just growing aware of the elements of a new music in their possession, and anticipating how pleasant such music might become.

"The piece was probably intended to be recited by a company of trained performers, many of whom, at least for the lesser parts, were probably children. The songs are introduced by the rubric 'Or se cante,' 'ici on chante,' and each division of the prose by the rubric, 'or dient et content et fablioient,' 'ici on conte.'"

## CHAPTER IX

### CHRISTMAS EVE

THE master and his pupil fell on each other's necks, and kissed each other without one word. It was five years since they had met, and communication by letter or by message was most infrequent. And then the first words of both were for their patient.

"How does she bear herself?" These were the priest's first words.

"She is living. At least I can say that. I do not know if I can say anything more. At every hour her pulse is quicker and weaker, and her breathing worse. But there are now hardly any of the convulsions of agony. Do you remember that night with the boatmen at Anse? This girl has suffered as those men did not suffer."



"Does she know you?"

"She knows no one, and no thing. But she talks now to her 'dear mountain,' now to some old lame beggar, now to King Saladin, now to her cousin Gabrielle."

"She is living over the life of the hour before she took the drug. That is the way with these poisons."

These few words passed as they entered and crossed the courtyard, and mounted the stairway to the poor sufferer's pretty room.

In that day of the infancy of medical science, the distinctions among poisons now observed were quite unknown, even to the most learned. Poisons are now distinguished as irritants, narcotics, narcotic acrid or septic, according as they act by one or another method of injury on the human organization. The wild hemlock-like parsley which grows abundantly in the meadows of Southern France, and which had been so carelessly substituted for some innocent root by Goodwife Prudhon, is one of the poisons known as narcotic acrid. In the eagerness of Mistress Waldo to make her preparation strong, she had even let the powder of the root itself remain in her decoction; and the child, in her conscientious desire to do all her mother wished, even because the medicine was so nauseous, had, alas, drank all the dregs of the preparation, as well as the more innocent liquid. The Florentine would be called only an empiric by the science of to-day; that is

to say, only a person who acts on the remembrance of the results of his observations. He would himself have confessed that he was little more. But his observations had been wide and intelligent. Since he was a child, the laws of life and the methods of life had fascinated him. And what he had seen of sickness and of health he had noted with absolute precision, and he had remembered thoroughly. When he wrote to his master that he suspected that the women had mixed one of the poisonous mushrooms of the valley of the Rhone in with their hemlock-brewing, it was because he had already detected symptoms, which were not to be accounted for by the mere action of the root which he had identified in the mother's stores. These anomalous symptoms had, through the day, asserted themselves. And the Florentine, as it would seem, had varied his treatment somewhat from that with which he began. None the less, however, was the patient sinking. The balance and force of her admirable constitution and her life of perfect purity asserted themselves all along. But every symptom showed that she had less strength with every hour.

John of Lugio came to the bedside, and received silently, with a kind bow, the eager and profoundly respectful salutation of the child's father. Jean Waldo was surprised indeed. It seemed that this master of the young Giulio, this man so much hoped for and longed for, in this day of agony and of prayer, was one of those daily companions of

his kinsman, Peter Waldo, whom he had, fifty times, seen with him at his home or at his storehouse. For all of those companions, Jean Waldo's contempt had been even more bitter than that with which he regarded his kinsman. For he looked upon these men as being the tempters who lured the merchant into the follies outside his vocation. And now, as God ordered, it was this very man for whom he had sent his servants and his horses, for whom he had defied the law of Lyons, and for whose coming he had been hoping and praying all that day!

Madame Waldo rose from her chair at the bedside, and yielded it to the stranger, with a respectful courtesy. But, for a minute, no word was spoken in the room.

The new physican did not put his chilled hand upon pulse or forehead. He bent his ear close enough above the child's heart to listen to her faint breathing. He tried to catch the odor of her breath as it passed from her nostrils. He brought the candle closer to her that he might note the complexion of her face; and even threw it upon the open and rather rigid eye, which looked upon him so unnaturally.

Then he turned to his pupil, and asked in detail what he had tried to do for her.

The reader knows something of this already. Madame Waldo and her neighbors knew enough of the not mistaken medical practice of their time to give to the suffering child full potions of oil

stirred in with hot water as soon as they found that she had swallowed poison. Nor had they been unsuccessful in relieving her stomach from much of the decoction, and from a part even of the dregs of the draught which she had taken. But, as Giulio had found, the root and whatever was mingled with it had so long lodged themselves in her system, that the poison was, in a measure, absorbed by her organization; and the convulsions which made her father and mother so miserable, were the proof that they had not succeeded in removing all or most of the cause of her suffering.

"The convulsions never lasted long," said the young man to his master, "but they left her deadly pale, her face all haggard, and they came again as if we did nothing. Once and again I found it hard to open her mouth, so firmly set were her jaws. I have been all day long keeping up this warmth and rubbing, on which the women had begun. Her pulse seemed to me so exceptional that at noon, and again three hours after noon, I ventured to draw blood, which we have saved for you to see. It is here. And it is now six times, at intervals of an hour perhaps, that I have given to her this boneblack which I had ready. I made it myself by the burning of sea-gulls' bones, and I know that it is unmixed, and that there is no vegetable in it. But whether it has absorbed anything, I dare not say. I have hesitated about giving wine to one from whom I was drawing

blood. But when I could hardly find her pulse, and could hardly see her breath upon the mirror, I gave her Bordeaux wine, such as you see here, and it seemed to me to do no harm. I renewed this twice therefore. And I have given her also, three or four times to-day, this camomile which her mother has served for me."

The Master nodded sympathetically, in approval or in assent, and, when his pupil showed to him the camomile, drained the bowl himself. He returned it to Dame Waldo with a smile, the first smile which any one had seen in that room for twenty-four hours, and the first indication which he had given that he was not wholly discouraged by the situation. The mother at least was encouraged. The new physician had thus entered on his work at that point, which is by no means the least important of a physician's duties, the care of the family of his patient. The good woman suddenly recollected that a man who had ridden fifteen leagues on a winter day, might be in want of some refreshment, and, only delighted that there was anything that she could do, retired instantly to her maids and her kitchen, to do what she then reflected she should have done before, and take order for his evening meal.

John of Lugio himself crossed to the open fireplace, and sat opposite the blaze, warming his cold hands over the embers. He asked the young Florentine one and another questions, called, himself, for the barks and leaves which the women

had used in their pharmacy, and which still lay on broad salvers in a little antechamber. So soon as he was sure that his cold touch would not chill the girl, he went back to the bedside, assured himself as to the circulation in her feet and hands, listened for the beating of the heart, and noted the wiry pulsation of her wrists, and then with his own hand poured into the silver cup five times as much of the wine of Bordeaux as his pupil had dared to use. He then administered the whole draught to the girl, with a practised hand, and a sort of command in his manner which, even in her torpor, she obeyed.

"Do not disturb her. Let her lie," he said. And they both withdrew again to the fire.

"You relieve me more than I can say," said the young man. "I have been haunted all the afternoon with the remembrance of Gerbert's axiom —"

"Which you have had the good sense to violate. Perhaps the child owes her life to your rebellion. The Pope Sylvester has learned something since he wrote out his axioms, and you and I must not be frightened by dead popes more than by living ones.<sup>1</sup> Your stimulant has done her no harm that I can see. And if she is to rally, we must help her if we can. Let me see your hamper there, and let us be ready to follow up your treatment with some elixir a little more prompt than my good friend's sour wines."

<sup>1</sup> Gerbert, distinguished as a French naturalist, was afterwards Pope Sylvester the Second.



The blackamoor drew to the side of the fireplace a small table, and with his master's help brought from the basket a varied collection of flasks and bottles, which he set in order on it. The master looked at the labels on these in their order,—sometimes unstopped a flask and poured a few drops into the hollow of his left hand, and tasted them, set aside two of the phials, and then bade the black repack the others, and take them all away. Then turning to Giulio with a renewal of the sweet and half-quizzical smile, which had lighted up his face when he drank off the potion of camomile, he said, "Have you gone back into the Dark Ages? I have not seen such medicines since our great Bernhard died, because he had no better. I should think we were Adam and Eve in Paradise, and that Adam drank what Eve brewed."

"Dear master," said the Florentine, "remember where you are, and, first of all, speak lower. We are in the Dark Ages again, and, under the shadow of this cathedral, we are in the darkest centre of the Dark Ages. Why, my dear master, to speak of Averroes in any presence where one should be reported to the Courier, would be to sign the order for one's own exile to your mountains. And, though I might speak of Abulcasis, it is because no one in Lyons but yourself has ever heard of his name. No, we are to live and die by Eve's simples, exactly as we are to be saved or to be damned by Pope Alexander's theology. I have hoarded my essences and elixirs, drop by drop.



And the little phials you have set aside here, are all that are left of the stores I rescued, the day when the tipstaves of the Viguiers emptied your work-room into the street. I would fain have carried away your precious alembics, but the Archbishop's men were before me, and they all went to the palace."

"To the palace?"

"I suppose they went to the palace; perhaps they went to the dung-heap; perhaps they went as a present to Muley Pasha. There is not a man in Lyons outside this room who knows their inestimable worth, nor how to handle them!"

"To the palace?" said Father John again, quite regardless of his pupil's last words, and almost as if he were dreaming himself. "To the palace! yes; to the palace!" Then, he turned to Madame Gabrielle, who came in gently, and placed on the disencumbered table at his side a salver covered with a napkin and crowded with warm drinks, savory soup and meat hot from her broiler. "I hope your worship is not faint," she said.

"My worship is better," he answered, with that same tender smile, "because I think that your darling here is no worse. Such prayers as you have offered for her, and, I think, such prayers as she has offered for herself, are profiting her well, and such care as you and my friend have given her this day are fit companions to such prayers." As he spoke these gentle words, none the less did the physician-priest turn to the potage which the good



dame had prepared for him. And he ate it with the appetite, not of a scholastic, but of a hunter or a soldier. As he ate, he went on in his talk with the Florentine, wholly regardless of the presence of the mother, who stood with her napkin on her arm as if she were a servant, noting every spoonful and every salt-grain of his hasty repast.

"To the palace, you say—to the palace! Do you mean to tell me, Giulio, that there is nobody here who cares for the Eternal Truth of things? Is there nobody who cares for the way God made the world? Where are all the old set—Lambert, Étienne, Suger, Montereau, Marly, and le Laboureur—where are they all? And your friends, the 'sacred five,' as you youngsters called yourselves? Alas! I answer my own question. Étienne and Marly were dead before the bad times came. Lambert and Suger are in Bohemia with our friend, because these people here know not The Truth, and The Truth knows them not. Montereau, they told me, went to the Holy War. He will come back knowing something more perhaps. Would God they all had gone thither with as noble purpose!"

"And le Laboureur, sir, has burned his books and broken his instruments, and joined the Benedictines yonder in Cornillon. Of the sacred five you asked for, I only am left to tell you. George is under the Mediterranean. Hugh is with the Emperor, the others are at Acre, I hope,—they are in the East, as I had well-nigh been myself this day.

"No, my master; Lyons, I tell you, is the darkest spot of the Dark Ages."

The nurse at the bedside spoke at this moment, and the priest crossed to his patient. The child was more restive, and her stomach seemed likely to reject the draught which he had given her. He gave to her mother some direction as to her position, and the clothes upon her stomach, and, with quite another tone, came back to his pupil. "Give her thirty drops from this," he said, giving to him one of the reserved phials upon the table, "but it is a sin that we must poison her with sour wine, when we want to give her an elixir. Do you tell me that if love will not give us two hundred drops of the Elixir of the formula of Arnould or Abulcasis, money will not do it? Has no man flask, phial, jar, or nutshell filled with it?"

"No one, my master, since the tipstaves broke into the warehouse of Simon Cimchi, and poured his precious elixirs into the gutter."

"No one," repeated the other, slowly; "no one, except — in the palace. The Archbishop knows his right hand from his left, and knows an elixir from a decoction. He has gone on the fool's errand. Who is in his place?"

The Florentine was not expert in ecclesiastical matters, and called Jean Waldo himself, who had sat silently at his daughter's bedside, to put to him his master's question: "Who holds the primacy of Lyons in the Archbishop's absence in the East?" Giulio would have said that morning that,

whether it were one priest or another, it mattered nothing to him.

Jean Waldo replied respectfully, that Father Stephen of St. Amour was the dean of the chapter, and acted as the Archbishop's substitute. But he said that he was now absent in Burgundy on a visit with his family, and that the senior canon, one Father William, held his place. Jean Waldo knew that it was he who took the Archbishop's place in the high solemnity of Christmas.

"William of St. Bonnet, perhaps; William of Roux, perhaps; William of Chapinel, perhaps; William of Cologne, perhaps. I remember them all, and there is not one of them all but will know my sign-manual. Giulio, will you take a message to this *locum tenentem*, this Archbishop *pro tempore*?" And as he spoke he wrote rapidly on his tablets.

"You would not dare, my master?"

"The child's stomach will not bear your watery wine. But all the child wants is as much stimulant within as you have been giving to her skin without. In the archbishop's medicine-chests are doubtless my precious elixirs, and Cimchi's, I do not doubt, as well. Oh! if the Archbishop himself were here, there would be no danger. He can handle an alembic as well as I can.

"As for daring, boy, to the child of God there is no danger. I came here 'for the love of Christ.' 'For the love of Christ' I shall bid this servant of Christ send to this child this elixir. You will not

refuse to go, he will not refuse to give; if, then, the Lord pleases to give his blessing to our stumbling endeavor, all will be well. At the least, we will do our best, and make our endeavor

IN HIS NAME."

The Florentine said no other word, but rose, bowed, and took the parchment. There was written there this missive:—

*For the Love of Christ.*

TO MY BROTHER WILLIAM, CANON IN THE CATHEDRAL  
OF ST. JOHN:

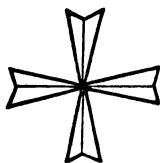
I write these words by the bedside of one of your flock, the child Félicie Waldo. The child is dying because we need for her the Elixir of Cordova, of the second formula of Abulcasis. Send it to us, my brother,

IN HIS NAME.

Your brother in Christ,

JEAN OF LUGIO.

And at the bottom of the letter was the rough design of the cross of Malta.



Giulio the Florentine took the letter, crossed the courtyard, and, as he went, threw over him the black student's gown, which he had left in the

hall as he came up to the ministration which had held him here all day. He was amazed, himself, at the confidence with which he undertook an office so strange. Had anybody told him he was to go on such an errand, he would have said that the errand was absurd, and that success in it was impossible. But now that he had it to do, the confidence of his master gave him confidence, — nay, even the absolute necessity of success made him sure that he should not fail. It was clear that the master thought that unless this Elixir of Cordova could be found, and found soon, their battle was lost; that the child would not rally unless some stimulant could be used, more precisely adjusted, and more highly concentrated than any he had had at command.

On the strangest duty, therefore, as he knew, that ever he had been engaged in, the student left the weaver's courtyard; but still with the certainty of success. A few steps uphill, and he was within sound of the evening chant, as in the newly-finished nave of the Cathedral church of St. John the whole chapter and the great company of subordinate priests were engaged in the first of the series of services of the great festival. The nave itself, the porch and the street in front, were crowded with people, and the young man saw that entrance there was impossible. He passed round the church to a little side portal, which gave entrance to a vestry which adjoined the chancel, and there he pressed for entrance.

He did not find it difficult to enter the room itself. For in the general enthusiasm and general confusion, all the minor clergy, and all the attendants and sacristans, of one tribe and another, had passed up to doorways and other openings, where they could see the pageant within, — and the Florentine soon found himself in the back of this throng, one of a crowd of half-official spectators. He chose his man instantly among these, and chose, as it proved, not unwisely. He whispered to a tall priest, who stood looking over the heads of the crowd in front, and spoke to him in that dialect of rustic Latin which was already passing into Italian in his own country. It proved that the priest was, as he suspected he was, his countryman, and understood him.

"I need," whispered Giulio, "to speak, at this moment, to his reverence the Dean."

"Impossible!" said the other, amazed at his presumption; "you see it is impossible. Yonder is the acting Dean in the Archbishop's chair. A moment more, and he will advance to the Eagle."

"*Apud homines hoc impossibile est; apud Deum autem omnia possibilia sunt*," replied the bold Florentine, still in a whisper. "It is impossible with men; but with God all things are possible." The good-natured priest turned, with surprise, to see what man he was who quoted Scripture so happily and reverently.

"I tell you, my friend," persisted Giulio, eagerly, "I tell you I have that for the Canon William to



see which is life and death, — perhaps for him, for aught I know, — certainly for others. He will not thank the man who keeps me away from him ! ”

“ Who keeps thee away ! ” said the other, almost with scorn. “ Enter if you can. You see it is impossible, at least for you and me. Hush, now, hush, you see he is kneeling at the Eagle.”

The Eagle was the gilded Eagle, on whose outstretched wings lay the beautiful missal book, from which the Senior Canon, in place of the Dean and the Archbishop, was about to read his part in the service. With a clear and earnest voice he began.

“ For the love of Christ, my friend,” said Giulio, speaking almost aloud to his companion, “ let us press in together. We two can reach his reverence with this missive. What is there that two of us cannot do if we attempt it

#### IN HIS NAME.”

The eagerness with which he spoke, in truth, and the invocation which he used, swept the other away. Scarcely knowing what he did, scarcely knowing that he exercised authority upon those that stood around, the father touched one and another of them, with command, as if he also had a part in the appointed service, — as, indeed, he had, if ever any man had special part in sacred ritual. So decided was his manner, that those in front of him instinctively obeyed. To his own surprise, and to Giulio's indeed, they were standing, in a moment more, in the front rank of the

crowd of clergy who were looking in reverently upon the solemnity. The Florentine, at the instant, was inspired. One of those great impulses seized him which do not often come to a man in a lifetime, — when he is swept away by a Life and Power larger than his own, and acts without fear or hesitation, though on a stage which he has never trodden before, and in a scene to which he has never looked forward. Taking his unknown guide by the hand, Giulio boldly walked across the brilliant chancel in face of the immense assembly, passing confidently among the kneeling priests, who were in their several places, till he came to the Eagle, and to the side of the Arch-Canon William as he knelt there. The priest instinctively fell on his knees at one side, while the student knelt on the other. To the clergy, each in his appointed place, this movement was of course inexplicable, and it was a surprise. To the great body of the assembly, however, it was equally inexplicable; but it was no surprise. To them it was only a part of the great pageant, of which all the solemnity impressed and awed them, while they did not pretend to know the purpose of its several details.

The acting Archbishop himself was not aware of the neighborhood of these two new-comers. Completely carried away by the spirit of the service in which he was engaged, scarcely conscious of the presence of any of those around him, simply eager to carry to the multitude before him the true sense

of the Scripture he was reading, and in his heart praying all the time for Divine Help that he might so render those sacred words that, even in this ancient Latin, these people might, in a measure, understand their import, the good father passed from point to point of the lesson, and only paused for the interludes which had been arranged to be played on the great organ, whose notes in this new-built cathedral were still a novelty. The priest on one side, and the Florentine on the other, offered no interruption to his sacred service.

But, in a moment, the prelate had finished his reading, and the "organists of the Hallelujah," four priests who sang, in parts, a portion of the mass arranged for them, took up their service. As the prelate, awed by the solemnity of his own words, lifted his head from the bent attitude in which he had been reading, the Florentine touched him lightly on the shoulder, and said to him in Latin:

"It is 'For the Love of Christ' that I am here and speak to you. A dying girl needs your help, and I am bidden to come to call you

IN HIS NAME."

There was not a priest of the lesser degree in the great circle around but was chafing with indignation and amazement as he witnessed the utterly unauthorized intrusion which had been made in the very crisis of the great solemnity. But to Wil-

liam, who was the central officer in it all, whose whole heart was glowing with one eager wish that this people might understand how a child born in a manger might yet be the Prince of Peace, how the Lord of lords and King of kings might yet minister in the humblest offices, it seemed in this interruption as if the Holy Spirit had sent the immediate present answer to his yearning prayer; and when, in the language of Holy Writ itself, with the great invocation which had worked all miracles from the beginning, this man spoke to him, he answered immediately:

"Ecce adsum, Domine;" and, to the Florentine, he added, "quo ducas sequar,"—"Lord, I am here; where thou leadest, I will follow." At the moment, seeing the priest Alexander at his other side, he counted his presence also as a part of the vision or miracle which surrounded him; he touched him, in turn, and pointed to him the place of the reading on the open missal-book on the Eagle; intimated to him that he was to go on with the service when the organists of the Hallelujah were done, and so followed the Florentine out from the brilliant chancel, threading his way among the kneeling ranks of the amazed clergy, and came with him into the narrow crypts of the darker vestry. A crowd of officers of the church, from sacristans up to canons, of those waiting at the doors, turned and pressed around them; but their chief waved them back to the chancel. "Leave me alone with the messenger," he said, "and let

the service of Noël not be abated, not in one syllable of the office."

Then he turned to the Florentine, and almost whispered to him, "Adsum et sequar," — "I am here, and I will follow."

"Your grace need not follow," said the young man, who was only surprised that he was not surprised at all that was passing. The truth is, that any actor in one of those waves of inspiration, in which true men are buoyed up together by the Holy Spirit, only feels that the whole is entirely what must be and should be; and his only wonder is that such strength and simplicity are not the law of all life. "Your grace need not follow. If your grace will read this message, that is all."

Father William glanced at the scrap of vellum which the young man gave him, looked from the top to the bottom, saw the invocation "For the Love of Christ," and the appeal "In Nis Name"; saw the signature of the old companion of his novitiate, John of Lugio, and saw the Cross of Malta, the significance of which among the initiates he well knew. The awe, which had controlled him from the beginning of the appeal made to him, was not diminished as his eye caught these words. He still felt that he was under Sacred Guidance, and read the letter once and again.

"O, my brother!" he said then, with a sad sigh, "our brother asks what I am powerless to give. If our brother Stephen of St. Amour were here, he understands the Archbishop's alembics and


elixirs. Even William of Cologne has some novice's notion of them. But I—I am but a child—nor do I even dare open the cloister room where these things are, lest I wake spirits that I cannot lay."

"If your worship will pardon me, I have studied of these elixirs with the very men with whom the Archbishop has studied." In that sacred presence, the Florentine would not name paymin sounds like Abulcasis and Averroes. "If your grace will only lead to the cloister, I will decide. 'Ecce adsum, quo ducas sequar,'" citing his own words of the moment before.

"As the Lord will. 'For the Love of Christ' I do what you bid me. And service cannot be mistaken which is rendered 'In His Name.'"

So saying, the prelate took from the sconce one of the large consecrated candles which furnished the light to the dim vestry, and bade the student take the other. They left the room in darkness, and, with these strange flaring torches, they crossed the courtyard, to the amazement of the grooms in attendance, and entered by the Archbishop's private door to the corridor of his apartments, to the equal astonishment of the porter on duty there. The palace of the Archbishop was one of the grandest and most beautiful buildings then in France.

As the young man stood in the magnificent hall of entrance, he wondered at the richness and beauty of its sculptures. After a moment's pause the Canon joined him again, coming out from his



chamber with a heavy bunch of keys, and led the way to the corridor to the very end. He quickly turned the key in the lock, and said to Giulio, with a sweet smile:

"To this moment, I have believed that I might be in a dream — *nesciebam rem veram esse quod fiebat per angelum, sed putabam me visum videre.*"<sup>1</sup>

"We are both guided by angels and archangels whom we cannot see, my lord." This was the young man's reverent reply.

The heavy door of the Archbishop's private laboratory swung open. The Canon himself, who had unlocked it, had never entered the chamber before. And the man of science was himself surprised when he saw how extensive was the apparatus of mystery and of alchemy which was collected there. He recognized one and another implement of infant chemistry, which he had himself used in his master's workshop, and which the Archbishop had rescued from destruction when his master fled. He saw also in an instant that, as he had supposed, the stores of the Jew Cimchi had found their way to this collection. The place itself, with its collection of unknown machines, had a little of the look of that curiosity shop, represented by Albert Dürer, some centuries later, in which his weird Melancholia sits brooding. In the Archbishop's den, however, neither prelate nor physician had

<sup>1</sup>"Nor deemed that it was true which was spoken by the angel, but thought I saw a vision."



time to lose. The young man cast his eye around, and, seeing an exquisite cabinet of Venetian inlaid work on one side, asked his companion if there were no Venetian keys upon the chain which he had brought with him. A few experiments threw open the little case, and a series of choice phials — some of silver, some of glass — stood before them both, which the younger of the two visitors recognized at once as being of the most careful Saracen workmanship of the time.

He brought his tall candle to the little shelves, and read the names marked upon the several elixirs, tinctures, spirits, and “humors.” To his eye, some of the flasks before him were worth a king’s ransom. But at this moment they had not kings to ransom, but Félicie to save. And, in an instant, he showed to the prelate what they wanted. Marked first in Arabic, and beneath in Latin, was the “Elixir of Cordova, of the second formula of Abulcasis.”

“Your reverence sees that here is what we need. Am I to take the flask to the child?”

The prelate bent, and read the second inscription. “It is in his grace’s own handwriting,” he said. “How strange that these Saracens whom we are riding down in the field are those who send to us the elixirs of life in our homes. Let it be as the Lord wills. If my lord did not deem the elixir precious, he would not have saved it. But it is written that the paynim also shall serve. ‘Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for

thine inheritance.' Take what is needed, my son, 'For the Love of Christ,' and may the Holy Mother give the blessing which is promised to those who serve

'IN HIS NAME,'"

Unconsciously the father had twice used the first and last passwords of the initiated Poor Men of Lyons. The proficient started as he did before, when he heard the two phrases together, and felt, indeed, that the true minister before him had used them wisely and well. The permission once given him, he took the precious flask from its companions. The prelate locked the cabinet, locked the door of the cell, and then offered to go with the other to the child's bedside. "I will administer extreme unction, if you think her case so desperate."

"My father, the child is unconscious. But, at the least, her breath will not pass away for hours. You can be ill spared from yonder service. If, when it is over, she needs your care, you shall find me waiting at the door of the chapel."

And so they parted: the Florentine with the priest's blessing, the prelate with the other's thanks. With his great candle flaring, he crossed the street in the darkness, passed rapidly up to the great cathedral door, and bade the throng open, that he might enter. At the sight of the great chief of the whole solemnity in his full robes of ceremony, the crowd in street and porch rolled back reverently, and the holy man, still wondering at all

which had passed, walked up the nave, where all made room for him, bearing his flambeau still, and as if he were in a dream. To the multitude, this seemed a part of the ceremonial. To the canons and the other clergy, it was all amazing. He came to the altar as his humble substitute was chanting the words, —

“The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see the salvation of our God.”

And never had those words seemed to Father William to mean so much as they meant now. He knelt at Father Alexander's side. He gave to him the candle which he bore, still burning, and assumed again his part in the sacred office.

And so the service of triumph went on, the Communion and the Post Communion. And, at the close, Father William offered the prayer:

“Grant us, O Lord, we pray, that we may live in the new life of thine only begotten son, in whose heavenly mystery we eat and drink this night. Through that same Lord, we offer our petitions.”

And it seemed to Father William that never had he known, as now, what that New Life was. And as, upon his knees, he thought how a Gospel of Love was lifting Félicie from the dead that night, and who should say how many more of the sick and suffering, the priest felt as he had never felt before, on the Vigil of the Nativity, that “the Lord had visited his people.”

## CHAPTER X

## CHRISTMAS DAWNS

THE blackamoor was waiting at the outer doorway for the Florentine's return. The master, he said, was in Madame Waldo's kitchen, and thither the young man carried to him the precious elixir.

"Thank God that you are here!" said his master who, with his outer garments off, was at work as a cook might be, over the coals. "And thank God again, that you have this that you are sent for." He held the dark-red elixir to the light, and smiled graciously and sweetly again, as he saw its perfect clearness and the richness of its color. "Dear child, these sour watery wines would not lie upon her stomach. You were right in using them so sparingly. I left her just now, after another of these spasms you described to me. I do not know but I myself brought it on. Yet I could not have seen her die before my eyes, in lipothymy, for want of stimulant and reaction. Now we can quicken the beating of her heart, without flooding her stomach with sour grape juice.

"My faith began to fail me. I knew she was lost if they had seized you," he continued, as they mounted the stair. "I was at work with the dame's pipkins and pans trying to make a little spirit pass over upon the bit of earthenware you

saw me holding. But it was a poor alembic I had made, compared to that in which this spirit was distilled."

And so they entered the child's room once more.

The Florentine was amazed himself, to see how much she seemed to have withered away since he was gone. He had been in that chamber twenty-seven hours continuously, before he left it. From minute to minute he had watched her face, and so gradual had been the decline which that time had wrought in it, that, from the very watchfulness of his care, he did not enough appreciate it. But the hour of his absence had changed her terribly. And because he had been absent, he now noted every detail of the change.

Ready for his use, John of Lugio had three or four silver spoons lying heated on the hearth, close to the embers. With a gloved hand he took one of these, dropped into it what he thought enough of his precious Christ-sent elixir, partially cooled it, for an instant, on the surface of a full cup of water, and then poured the spirit with a firm hand between the close lips of the child, who never seemed to struggle when he dealt with her. Jean Waldo, from the other side of the bed, and Madame Gabrielle, from the foot of it, sadly watched the whole.

The adept placed his hand upon the heart of his patient, counting the pulsations with his eyes closed, and then, crossing the room, set Giulio's

pendulum again in motion. There stole over the girl's face an expression which all of them construed as that of relief from pain. No one of all those watching her said a single word, as a space of time which might have been five minutes went by. But in that time the dear child twice turned her head on the pillow, as if she would say, "I can sleep now," and her whole expression certainly came to indicate the absence of pain. The Florentine once and again renewed the motion of the pendulum; and his master, again by the bedside, as often noted the pulsation of the sufferer's heart, and counted the heaving of her lungs.

He said nothing. None of them now said anything. But at the end, perhaps, of ten minutes, not dissatisfied, as it would seem, with the experiment, he heated again a few drops of the elixir, and again poured them into her mouth, which opened now without any of the spasmodic struggle which had, sometimes, checked their efforts for her. The master put his hand upon her forehead, smiled with that tender smile which they had now all come to look for and hope for, and then whispered to her mother, "Now for your hot cloths at her stomach and hot water for her feet again. If she sleeps she shall do well.—*Si dormit salva erit,*" he said to Giulio again; "there is better authority for that than for any of Pope Sylvester's maxims."

And then, rather in following his example than in obedience to any formal directions, they all

seated themselves,—the two physicians by the fire, the father and mother by the sides of the bed, the one attendant in the corner, and no one spoke a word. The last thing had been done that their skill or energy could command. Every one of the group had done, in his best way, what he could in bringing it about, and every one of them knew that now life or death was, in no sense, in their hands. In his own fashion, probably, each of them prayed: even the poor silent blackamoor, to such God as he knew; the mother, to the Virgin and St. Félicie and St. Gabrielle; the father, with a wretched consciousness that he had hitherto conceived that his wife and daughter could do all the praying needful in that house, or that he could pay for what more might be needed; the Florentine as to the Spirit of Life, that that living spirit would so purify and quicken the child's spirit, that flesh and blood, drug and poison, might obey its requisition and command: and the priest, because the wisest of them all, with the very simplest prayer of all, "Father of all of us, come to us all."

There was no method of noting the passage of time, unless they had counted the beatings of their own hearts, now that the pendulum of the Florentine had been left unmoved. But, after a longer space than any, in which either the girl's stillness or their own anxiety had permitted them to sit silent before, the master crossed to the bed again, felt of her head and of her heart again, and then, with his pleased smile, nodded to his assistant, and,



in a whisper, bade him bring a larger draught than they had given of the cordial. He only nodded and smiled, as he caught the anxious and eager, questioning look of Madame Gabrielle. But those signals were enough,—and she, poor soul, was on her knees at the bedside, in the most voluble prayer, though wholly silent.

The master indulged her for a few moments in these grateful devotions, then walked round and touched her on the shoulder, and made her supremely happy by summoning her to duty. It was simply that she should place a fresh pillow on the bed, and then, with her stoutest maid, should lift the child from the one side of it to the other, that she might have the best chance for the sleep which seemed now to be nature's best restorative. These cares ended, he banished Madame Gabrielle absolutely from the room, and her husband as well. He bade the maid prepare a bed for the Florentine, as if he were her master, and sent them both away. He told the blackamoor to renew the heap of wood by the fire, and then to wait in the corridor till he was called. He extinguished all the candles which they had been using in their several cares, so that he could remove from the girl's bedside the screens which had kept the light from her eyes. And then, as the only watchman by the flickering fire of her earthly being, he threw himself into one of the deep armchairs which Madame Gabrielle had provided, and, in the absolute stillness of the night, waited the issue of their efforts and their prayers.

As he looked into the waning embers of the fire, and saw, once and again, a spark running in its wayward course, up and down and everywhere on the back of the chimney, telling what the children called prophetic tales to the looker-on,—as he looked back, were it only on the events of that day, since he was interrupted by the charcoal-dealer, as he was comparing the various readings in St. Jerome's Evangelistaries, but just before noon, it was as if in to-day's experience his whole life took order before him. The master was not much in the habit of raking over the embers of his past life, but it was almost impossible not to look into them in the midst of the reminiscences of such a day as this.

Of the two Benedictines whom he had met so unexpectedly by the postern gate of the abbey at Cornillon, one was the companion even of his childish life, the son of his father's nearest neighbor. The master's memory did not go back to a time before that, when, with a little boy of just his own strength and size, he dug in the sandheaps by the roadside, or made ineffectual traps for the sparrows. With that boy he had grown,—had worked in the simple farm-life of the fields around Lugio,—had, when they were older, learned his letters, and learned to write at last. The parish priest had taken a fancy to both these boys, who discouraged the noisy and mischievous urchins of the town, as they all sat together in the church and wondered when the mass would be over. As

the little fellows grew bigger, the worthy man selected these two to be robed in little robes, and to carry, in the service, bell and book and incense. He loved nothing better than to walk with them and talk with them, now of saints and their battles and victories, now of birds and snakes and frogs, or of flowers and fruits, as they found them in the fields and woods and marshes. And, by this selection of his, and by their own natural bent, it had happened that, when the other boys around them became masons, or vineyard dressers, or sometimes carriers and merchants' men, when some of them went into the service of one or another of the neighboring gentry, and so showed themselves, on the first holidays, in new jerkins or hauberks, to the wonder of the boys less smartly dressed, Jean and François had too much to do in the service of the church, or in studying with the priest, or in one or another message of his, sometimes taking them as far as the Cathedral and into high intimacy with archdeacons and canons,—had too much of this dignified and grateful service, for them to think or care for the more carnal lines of life in which their companions were engaging. François, his companion, under the ecclesiastical name of Stephen, was the older of the Benedictines he had met that day. It was in one of those early journeys, when he was yet hardly more than a boy, that he had gone on some errand to the great monastery of Clairvaux, a place not unfamiliar to him, and had been actually there, awaiting the answer

to a message, when the great Bernard died,—the man to whom all Europe deferred more, as it owed more, than to any other. And as the master looked back, he knew that it was the lesson of that hour, sad and solemn, which had determined him then and there to give up his life to the service and help of other men. Then came on years of life,—impatient enough at the time, very likely, but, as he looked back upon them, sunny indeed, and crowded with incident and enjoyment. The sailing down the river with his lively companions, of which the Baroness of Montferrand had reminded him, was a fair enough illustration of that life. And there was a wrench at his heart now, renewing many and many a march of many a night of struggle at that time, as he asked himself now, for the thousandth time, *if—?*

“If he had then and there given up his determination to make himself a priest, if he had then and there asked his mother’s goddaughter, Anne of Thoisse, — so brave and true and loyal as she was, and so beautiful withal,—to share life with him; and If—

“If she had said, what it sometimes seemed that she might say; and they two together had given themselves to the service of God and ministry to man, might it have been that they could have rendered wider service, and made their own lives and other lives more godly than had happened as it was?” He had torn himself from her, and with so many of these men, with whom to-day was mixing

him again, had entered on his priestly training. And she,—at this moment she was abbess in the Convent of Montmerle. Was she happier and better—and was he?

Then there was all his earlier training of manhood, and the taking of his vows. And the memories of all those young men who then surrounded him: they were now canons and deacons and bishops and archbishops; they were with Philip and Richard in the East; they were the heads of houses here in the West; yes,—and so many of them were in heaven! How strangely had every one of them falsified every prediction which, in those days of their novitiate, they would have been sure to make regarding each other!

And so he came down to the period of a man's activity, to what one of our poets calls "the joy of eventful living." Those happy days here in Lyons, when he never looked back, and scarcely ever looked forward; when he found, at his right hand and at his left hand, noble men and noble women from every grade in life, only eager to serve God as God should show them how. The practical enthusiasm of Peter of Waldo! The discovery of new truth and higher Life which each day made, as they studied gospel and epistle! The strength they all gained in sympathy; sometimes from the droll beggars who came to them in travel; sometimes from women and children who seemed inspired in the very proportion of their ignorance of books; waifs and strays these,

who came to light, as the "Poor Men of Lyons" assembled the troops from highways and byways, from hedges and ditches, at their houses of bread and houses of God! In the midst of this, as if it were almost another man whose life he was recalling, came the memories of all those studies in physical science, the fruits of which he was this night using; his journeys to Cordova and Seville; his interviews with the Cimchis and Abulcasis; the enthusiasm which even Guichard, now Archbishop, showed, as in the cell of Abulcasis he and Jean of Lugio together saw for the first time what seemed almost the miracle of distillation, and their first success in repeating that experiment with the humble apparatus which they two had made for themselves! And to think of what had passed since then! Guichard, an archbishop, Lord of the fief of Lyons, and John of Lugio, an exile, with a sword hanging over his head!

And so his memories ran down through all the days of trial. First, there was the happy work over Scripture with Peter Waldo, with Bernard of Ydros, and with Stephen of Empsa. Then, the journey to Rome with Peter Waldo, and the welcome by Pope Alexander, more than cordial — the welcome which gave such wings and such courage to their return. Then, John of Balmeis's scorn, as he received the Pope's letter, his pretended inquiry, and his bitter and cruel excommunication. Then, the wretched years of suspense, more wretched than those of certainty in exile;

John looked out to know the moment called by nature and to hasten the change against the system and the other mother and rejoined, "Oh, no! not John of Lugo again." "It is always a new one in the beginning." The mother's sleep went again to welcome in the Temple music and a better night. He was reassured and rejoined of rest.

How he disturbed his patient by speaking?

She turned on her pillow and said, "Mamma! Mamma!"

John of Lugo gently crossed the room, removing the bottle from its station as he did so, that she might see him distinctly and then he said, as he had loved her all her life and was her dear friend, "Your mamma is asleep now, dear child, and she has left me to take care of you. She left this bunch of grapes for you to wet your lips with."

"Bunch of grapes — wet my lips," said the girl, almost laughing at the oddity which supposed that she, of all people, needed nursing in the middle of the night; and then she tried to rise upon her elbow, and then found she had not just the balance that she needed, and dropped back upon her pillow. "Where am I? what is it?" she asked, more doubtfully.

"You have been very ill, my dear child, but you are better now; wet your lips with the grapes; that will please mamma; or let me give you a little of the broth which she left for you."



"Broth which she left for me? Did not I drink some — herb drink which she made for me? or — or — is that — all that — a horrid dream? O, sir, I have had such dreams." And she sank quite exhausted on the pillow.

"Dear Félicie, you shall forget them all. Take mamma's broth, and take with it a little of this cordial, and try to sleep again." There was little need for persuasion. The child lay almost impassive as he fed her; thanked him then with the same prettiness and sweetness with which she spoke to beggar or worshipper on the hill or in the church of St. Thomas, and, in a moment, was asleep again. But sleep now was so beautiful and so regular, her pale face had lost so entirely the lines of agony and struggle, that the priest, as he looked on, thanked God in his heart of hearts for the greatest of blessings, the return of health, and for the sight most beautiful of all His gifts, — the sight of a sleeping child.

As he returned to his watch by the fire, the silence of night was broken by the chimes of the cathedral. In an instant more he heard the rival chimes of the Abbey of Île Barbe, and then the chimes of Ainay, and then the ringing of bells that could not be named, as Sts. Machabees and St. Nizier and St. Paul, and the tower of the Augustins, and every church and abbey and convent in all the country around broke out with joy to announce that the Lord of Life was born into the world.

"Unto us a child is born," said John of Lugio, reverently.

Hour after hour his quiet watch went by. Wise as he was, he did not dream that only on the other side of the doorway, crouching on a mattress, through all these hours, was Madame Gabrielle, waiting for sound or signal which might give her permission to return to her post at her child's side. No! The house was so still, that the wise man thought that all had obeyed his orders, and that all were sleeping. From hour to hour he took such occasion as the child's occasional restlessness gave him, to feed her with her mother's broth, and to give the precious stimulant of the Archbishop's elixir. And she, dear girl, fairly smiled in her sleep, once and again, as happier dreams came over her, and as Nature asserted herself now, that the poison was so nearly gone from her. At last, as the priest supposed, this night had nearly sped. He drew the curtain, and he was right; there was a gray light spread over the east, in the midst of which the morning-star shone with beauty preternatural, with a light so bright that he could see it reflected in the river below. The light was so gentle that he thought it would not disturb the child. He crossed to the door to bid the black call Madame Gabrielle. And lo, she was already there! He led her to the bedside, that he might show to her the glow of new life upon Félicie's face. And just as they approached, the child opened her eyes again, and looked wistfully

around, and even sat up and began to speak, "Mamma, mamma."

And he delivered her to her mother.

With that gift of Life new born, the Christmas Day of that home began.

## CHAPTER XI

### TWELFTH NIGHT

WHEN Twelfth Night came, the great hall of Jean Waldo's workshop had been cleared from all its looms.

In their places were three long tables, which stretched from end to end of the long room, and across the top a fourth table, which united these together.

All through the day the great kitchen was crowded by the eager servants of the household, and all the neighbors' kitchens were put into requisition as well, to furnish forth the most noble feast which had been seen in Lyons for many, many years. Men even whispered that the great feast when the Archbishop entertained King Richard and King Philip was not so grand.

That morning Félicie, and her mother and father, and her cousin Gabrielle L'Estrange, and many others of the family — "too many for to name," — had all gone together in a little pilgrimage of thanksgiving to the cathedral. Félicie had begged

that they would take her to her own little eyrie church of St. Thomas, on the top of the hill; but no, that was quite too far, even though Félicie rode in the chariot which appeared in public so seldom. At the cathedral, also, they could be present while the good Father William said mass, and their solemnity would hardly be complete without him.

After this offering they had all returned together to the house, and there the grand salon was opened, the room which seemed to Félicie almost mysterious, so seldom did it see the light of day. And when it did, she found that it was like most other mysteries, for there was very little in it. But to-day, dear old Eudes, who had been a sort of major-domo, or servant-master, in Madame Waldo's household, even before Félicie was born, had done his best to make it seem cheerful. At each end a lordly fire, made of great oak logs, blazed cheerfully. Eudes had sent the lads everywhere to bring laurel and other evergreens to hang above the chimney-pieces and between the windows and around the sconces; and after they had come home from mass, when one and another of the guests began to appear, whom Jean Waldo had summoned from far and near — as they gathered, at first a little shyly, around one fireplace or another, but soon unbending before the genuine hospitality of all who were at home, and as people will unbend, in France of all nations, when old and young meet in the same company, — the great hall

was then cheerful indeed. The talk was loud and the merriment contagious. Dear little Félicie sat in a great armchair, with her feet lifted upon a footstool, but she did not look as if this care were in the least needful. Only her mother and her father seemed to feel that unless they were taking care of her, in some visible fashion, at every moment, all might escape again, and be gone. But Félicie had her aids, to fetch and carry for her, and to run hither and thither with her messages. She said she meant to play at being queen upon her throne; and, indeed, she was so, pretty creature, in the midst of all that assembly. Gabrielle L'Estrange took great airs as being a lady in waiting, and came and whispered, and ran hither and thither, as if her sovereign's commands were most difficult of execution. And for the first hour, that shy, pretty Fanchon, the daughter of Mark of Seyssel, stood almost constantly at the side of Félicie's chair. She was dressed in a holiday costume, such as the peasants of the hills were fond of wearing, so simple and pretty and quaint that she attracted everybody's notice in the midst of the Lyonnaise girls, in their more uniform costume. Fanchon felt at ease with Félicie from the very first kiss. It took her longer to adjust herself to Gabrielle's busy, active, diplomatic managing of the party. But Fanchon, also, melted at last to the simple courtesies and hospitalities of the place. And as the afternoon began to come in, and the winter sun crept in a little at the western

windows, Félicie had the joy to see all her guests — for her father said that this was her party, and only hers — obeying the sound of pipe and tabor and harp, and dancing merrily, from one end of the hall to the other. Always there was a little court clustered around her throne. But always she would order them away, in such couples as it pleased her Majesty to select, and send them out again “to try the adventure” of the dance, she said. “To try” this or that “adventure” was the standard phrase of the romances of the troubadours, with which Félicie and her young friends, and, indeed, all the company, were wholly familiar.

And, before the early winter sun went down, others joined in the festival, so that when Eudes came bustling in, to tell Madame Waldo that all was ready at the tables, Father John of Lugio was one of her guests again. And she brought him to her daughter, and, in that sweet, courteous way of his, he told her Majesty that he was bidden to take her to the supper-room, and asked her to lead with him the procession. And then, even to Félicie's amazement, and almost to her terror, Father William appeared also, whom she had not seen before, and Father William followed close on Father John, giving his hand to Félicie's mother. And then the order required that Giulio the Florentine should lead in Madame L'Estrange, who wondered indeed herself at finding herself so provided for, and then the other guests followed, in many a combination quite as strange. In a few minutes all were



ordered: Félicie at her mother's side, and on their right and left the two priests; the Florentine and Madame L'Estrange; the Baron of Montferrand and the Lady Alix. Even the two monks, Stephen and Hugh, had obtained some sort of dispensation from their convent, and were here; Gualtier of the Mill was here; Mark of Seyssel and his wife and all his children, down to Hubert, were here; poor Prinhac was here, with his arm in a sling; the officer of the night, who threw up the portcullis so promptly, was here, and the sentinel who held the gate. Here was the farmer of the hillside. Here was every groom that had cared for the horses who that day sped so well; here was the boy who rode Cœur-Blanc into the stable when Father Jean was afraid to be seen; here was Father Alexander; who crossed the blazing chancel so fearlessly with the Florentine. Here was every messenger who had been sent on that sad night for Félicie's father and for the doctor; every neighbor who had brought in oil, or snow, or herbs, for her relief; every maid who had warmed a plate for her. Here were the trouvère and Antoine. Seven score guests were assembled, of every degree,—gentlemen and grooms, ladies and scullion-maids. The invitations had been given with diligent care to every one who had done anything, in that night of trial, which had helped our darling Félicie, and to every one who had tried to do so.

Father William asked God's blessing on the feast; and, with great merriment and joy, it went

forward. The young men and the girls had every sort of joke about the Twelfth-Night presents, which they had secretly brought for each other; and at the last there was great ceremony and rivalry as to who should have the sacred bean, which was baked in the Twelfth cake which Felicie presented to eat and which was, in truth, cut by the strong right arm of John of Logia. Now there was no manner of shamming or faking, and the bean fell to the pretty Fanchon — Mark's daughter, — who blushed almost as red as her own bright ribbons when Philip L'Evesmange brought to her the bean in a silver plate, and made to her a low bow and a flattering speech, in which he said that her Majesty Queen Felicie sent to with her royal regards to her Majesty Queen Fanchon. The feasting went on, and the fun went on, and no one seemed to enjoy the feasting or the fun more than Jean Waldo himself, though he sat in neither table, but passed about from guest to guest, with a napkin to his arm, as one of the servants, bringing here a plate and there a cup, and urging all to eat and drink, and only happy as he saw that his guests were happy, and were provided for.

And, when the feasting seemed to be nearly ended, not because the bountiful stores provided had failed, but because there is an end even to a Twelfth-Night appetite, Jean Waldo came round, and stood by John of Logia, and whispered to him, and then the Father rose, and asked for silence, which awaited him, of course. And he



said, nearly what I have said, that this was Félicie's feast, and that her father had given it for her, as his simplest way of showing honor to all who had prayed for her and toiled for her on the terrible night when her life was in danger. "He wants to thank you all, and to promise you his best prayers for your welfare in all your lives. He is afraid he cannot say what he would fain say," said the master, "and so he bids me say it for him to you all." And there was great clapping of hands from all the guests at all the tables, and they all cried "He is welcome, he is welcome," and some cried, "Long life to the lady Félicie." And poor Félicie was crying, as if her heart was breaking, though her face seemed so happy all the while. And her mother held her hand, and cried as if her heart was breaking too.

And then Jean Waldo waved his hand, and said, "I do not know how to speak as these Fathers do. But I must try. I must thank you all, all of you, with all my heart, that my darling is here, and that we are all so happy. Ah, my friends," he said, "you know me for a hard man, who has said to you a thousand times, that I would take care of my affairs, if other people would take care of theirs. O, my God, I have said it again and again,—I know not how often I have said it to those who are in this company. But I learned everything, I think, on the eve of Noël. In those terrible nights I learned that I wanted others—O, how many others—to take care of me and of

my dearest concerns, yes, though they risked their lives for it, as my friend here did so bravely. And as those slow hours went by, I prayed to my God, and I promised him, that whether my darling lived or died, — whether she lived with me here, or with his angels there, — for me, I would live from that day forward for all my brothers, and all my sisters, for you, and for you, and for you; yes, for all his children, if I could help them. But, dear friends, I could not begin to do this, without asking him to forgive me, and you to forgive me, that so often I have said I would care for myself, if the others for themselves would care. I could not begin to live for the rest, without asking the rest to pardon me that I had lived for myself before. And so, at little Félicie's feast, I ask her, and I ask you, as I ask the good God, to show me how to take care for others, and to show others how to take care of me."

Some of the guests were weeping, and some of them were clapping their hands, and some of them were shouting "Long life to our Host, long life to Master Jean." But Father William, who was standing with the tears running down his cheeks, waved his hand; and they were all so amazed that he who acted as Archbishop should be here at all, most of all that he should sit and stand so near to John of Lugio, that they all stopped their shouting, that they might listen. And he smiled drolly, and as if he had a secret, upon them all, till he saw that all were very curious; and then, with his

finger, he drew in the air the sign of the Cross of Malta; and then he said, "I will teach our brother how to forget himself, and how to live for others. What he does, let him do 'For the Love of Christ,' and whom he welcomes, let him welcome

'IN HIS NAME.'"

And then, passing behind Madame Waldo and little Félicie, he threw his own arm about John of Lugio's neck, turned him, all surprised as he was, so that he was face to face with him, and kissed him.

O, the cheering and clapping, the tears and the surprise! To those who were initiated, the wonder was how the reigning prince of Lyons had come upon their secret. To those whose eyes were only partly opened to what Jean Waldo had seen so clearly in those visions of his terrible night-watches, it was as if Saladin and Philip had kissed each other on the Mount of Olives. To those initiates, who were as bigoted in their way as was Montferrand, it was all amazement that an Archbishop of Lyons, or any one who sat in an Archbishop's throne, should have any heart, or should speak aught but evil. To the churchmen, as to Alexander and Hugh and Stephen, it was relief unspeakable. For here was their chief, doing more than they had done to express sympathy and love which they were yearning to offer to all.

Jean of Lugio himself did not seem surprised.

With an eager embrace he returned the embrace, — with a second kiss upon William's cheek, he returned the kiss. "Ah!" said he, "the Kingdom of God has truly come. The City of God is rescued, and we are in it now. Heaven can offer us nothing sweeter than we have here. You will never misunderstand us, William; we shall never misunderstand you. What you ask of us we shall perform; for you will ask, 'For the Love of Christ,' and we shall answer

'IN HIS NAME.'"

## CHAPTER XII

### THE WHOLE STORY

MY uncle Adrian had brought us home this story, which you have been reading, from the city of Lyons. He had walked over every inch of the ground that Félicie had tripped over, that Giulio and Jean Waldo had hurried over, that the Canon William had passed over as he bore his weird candle through the darkness; he had crossed the short bridge and the long bridge; he had seen the site of Jean Waldo's workshops; had climbed to the church of St. Thomas, which is now "Our Lady of Fourvières;" he had crossed himself there, and had seen there the fresh votive offerings, which young soldiers have hung there, whom our Lady saved from wounds in the Prussian war. My uncle had looked across the valley

of the Rhone, to see the distant Mont Blanc near thirty leagues away.

He had been through those Dauphin Mountains, and the scarped hills to the north of them; down the valley of the Brevon and the Alberine, and along the Rhone, crossing it back and forth, twice, just as Father John of Lugio did. He would not say that he had found the charcoal hut of Mark of Seyssel, but he would say that he had been on the place where it might very well have been.

Then he had spent a happy day, how happy, in that quiet but cheerful old library at Lyons, where nobody cared about Peter Waldo, but where all were as ready to serve my uncle as if he had been Henry Fifth himself. He is about the age of the Fifth Henry. And here he studied Claude Francis Menestrier's ponderous civil or consular history of Lyons, while the full-length portrait of the benevolent Claude Francis Menestrier smiled on him from the wall above. He studied Montfalcon's "Monuments of Lyons," magnificent in its apparel and precision. And was it, perhaps, M. Montfalcon himself, who showed such courtesy to my uncle, though his French was so bad, and he a stranger without introduction? Then he studied pamphlet upon pamphlet of indignant men who had to reply to M. Montfalcon for this and for that, for which this reader need not care, so that my uncle well understood that the flame which Peter Waldo and John of Lugio, and the other Poor Men of Lyons, lighted, was not a flame

which burned out in one century, nor in two, nor in five. Nay, when my uncle went into the street, and found that the City Council were trying to lock out the Government Prefect from their own old town hall, he thought the old flame seemed to be burning still.

And many a map of brook and river and mountain had my uncle brought home, — and many a sketch and photograph which we have not shown to you. He had many a story of those who befriended John of Lugio and Peter Waldo, in their time. And long stories he had to tell us of this hidden valley, and that defended cave, in which one or another of the Poor Men of Lyons, or of those Waldenses, who, for centuries after, defended the same faith, had hidden; but these things had nothing to do with our little Félicie's Christmas and Twelfth Night, so that, as my uncle writes out her story for you, they are not written down.

It was on two warm September evenings, as we were all at the New Sybaris, by the sea-shore, — two of those evenings when we can have every window open, but when, so early is the sunset, there are two or three hours after tea before it is bedtime, — it was on two such evenings that my uncle read to us the story of Félicie, of Jean Waldo, of Giulio the Florentine, of the ride to the hills, and the charcoal-burner's hut, of John of Lugio, and of Christmas eve, as poor Félicie spent it, and as the Canon William spent it; and then of Christmas morning, and of Félicie's Twelfth-Night

Feast, — the story which you have just now read dear reader, to which you and I give the title,

“ IN HIS NAME.”

My boy Philip had been permitted to sit up later than usual, to hear the end of the Twelfth-Night Feast. When it was finished, his mother bade him take his candle, but he lingered a moment to ask his uncle the inevitable question, “ Is it true, Uncle Adrian? ”

“ I do not know why not,” said my uncle. “ Peter of Waldo was driven out, just thus and so, and John of Lugio with him, — two men of whom the world was not worthy. Richard and Philip went to the Crusade just there and then, and broke down the bridge as the story tells you. Averroes and Abulcasis, and a dozen others like them, had just then set every man of sense in Europe on the studies which turned the old quackeries of medicine upside down. And the ‘ Poor Men of Lyons,’ and their associates in the mountains, had to protect themselves with all their wits, I can tell you, and with more passwords than the story tells you of, as they went back and forth from city to mountain. Which Canon William took the dean’s place when he was away, the story does not tell, and I do not know, but it was some Canon William. Whether Cœur-Blanc’s feet were white or black, the story does not tell, and I do not know; nor whether Mark’s daughter Fanchon were fifteen or sixteen. But this is true, I am sure, that none of



them in the end failed who did anything 'for the Love of Christ,' if they could find anybody to join them 'In His Name.'"

"My dear Philip," said his Aunt Priscilla, "there has been just the same story going on in this last week, here under your nose, only you have been too busy with your boat and your gun to see it or hear it."

"Going on here, dear aunt?"

"It is always going on, Philip. Jesus Christ is giving life more abundantly, and awakening the dead now, just as he said he would. When Dr. Sargent gets up at midnight, and rides behind the old gray twenty miles before morning, to poor old Mrs. Fetridge's bedside, do you suppose he does it because he thinks the town will pay him half-a-dollar for going? He does it because Jesus Christ bade him do it, though very likely he never says he does it, 'for the love of Christ,' or 'In His Name.' When Mr. Johnson sent down the mustard that I put on Mary's chest last night, sharp mustard and fiery, instead of sending sawdust, colored with turmeric; do you suppose he did it to save your father's custom? He did it because he would rather die than cheat any man out of the shadow of a penny. And that comes from what your Father John would have called 'the love of Christ,' and working 'In His Name.' Or when the expressman came in afoot last night, with the telegram from Kingston, when his team had broken down, because he was afraid it was important,



do you think he walked those five miles because anybody hired him? He did not make any cross of Malta, and he did not speak any password at the door; but, all the same, the good fellow did his message for 'the love of Christ,' and never would have done it if he had not lived and moved, his life long, among people who are confederated 'In His Name.'

"Five hundred years hence, dear Phil, they will publish a story about you and me. We shall seem very romantic then; and we shall be worth reading about, if what we do is simple enough, and brave enough, and loving enough, for anybody to think that we do it 'for the love of Christ,' or for anybody to guess that we had been bound together

'IN HIS NAME.'"



## CHRISTMAS WAITS IN BOSTON



## CHRISTMAS WAITS IN BOSTON

### I

**I** ALWAYS give myself a Christmas present. And on this particular year the present was a Carol party,—which is about as good fun, all things consenting kindly, as a man can have.

Many things must consent, as will appear. First of all there must be good sleighing,—and second, a fine night for Christmas eve. Ours are not the carollings of your poor shivering little East Angles or South Mercians, where they have to plod round afoot in countries where they do not know what a sleigh-ride is.

I had asked Harry to have sixteen of the best voices in the chapel school to be trained to eight or ten good Carols without knowing why. We did not care to disappoint them if a February thaw setting in on the 24th of December should break up the spree before it began. Then I had told Howland that he must reserve for me a span of good horses, and a sleigh that I could pack sixteen small children into, tight-stowed. Howland is always good about such things, knew what the

## 206 Christmas Waits in Boston

sleigh was for, having done the same in other years, and doubled the span of horses of his own accord, because the children would like it better, and "it would be no difference to him." Sunday night, as the weather nymphs ordered, the wind hauled round to the northwest and everything froze hard. Monday night things moderated, and the snow began to fall steadily, — so steadily; — and so Tuesday night the Metropolitan people gave up their unequal contest, all good men and angels rejoicing at their discomfiture, and only a few of the people in the very lowest *Bolgie* being ill-natured enough to grieve. And thus it was, that by Thursday evening there was one hard compact roadway from Copp's Hill to the Bone-burner's Gehenna, fit for good men and angels to ride over, without jar, without noise, and without fatigue to horse or man. So it was that when I came down with Lycidas to the chapel at seven o'clock, I found Harry had gathered there his eight pretty girls and his eight jolly boys, and had them practising for the last time:

"Carol, carol, Christians,  
Carol joyfully;  
Carol for the coming  
Of Christ's nativity."

I think the children had got inkling of what was coming, or perhaps Harry had hinted it to their mothers. Certainly they were warmly dressed, and when, fifteen minutes afterwards, Howland came round himself with the sleigh, he had put in

as many rugs and bear-skins as if he thought the children were to be taken new-born from their respective cradles. Great was the rejoicing as the bells of the horses rang beneath the chapel windows, and Harry did not get his last *da capo* for his last carol. Not much matter indeed, for they were perfect enough in it before midnight.

Lycidas and I tumbled in on the back seat, each with a child in his lap to keep us warm; I was flanked by Sam Perry, and he by John Rich, both of the mercurial age, and therefore good to do errands. Harry was in front somewhere, flanked in likewise, and the twelve other children lay in miscellaneously between, like sardines when you have first opened the box. I had invited Lycidas, because, besides being my best friend, he is the best fellow in the world, and so deserves the best Christmas eve can give him. Under the full moon, on the snow still white, with sixteen children at the happiest, and with the blessed memories of the best the world has ever had, there can be nothing better than two or three such hours.

"First, driver, out on Commonwealth Avenue. That will tone down the horses. Stop on the left after you have passed Fairfield Street." So we dashed up to the front of Haliburton's palace, where he was keeping his first Christmastide. And the children, whom Harry had hushed down for a square or two, broke forth with good full voice under his strong lead in

"Shepherd of tender sheep,"

singing with all that unconscious pathos with which children do sing, and starting the tears in your eyes in the midst of your gladness. The instant the horses' bells stopped, their voices began. In an instant more we saw Haliburton and Anna run to the window and pull up the shades, and, in a minute more, faces at all the windows. And so the children sung through Clement's old hymn. Little did Clement think of bells and snow, as he taught it in his Sunday school there in Alexandria. But perhaps to-day, as they pin up the laurels and the palm in the chapel at Alexandria, they are humming the words, not thinking of Clement more than he thought of us. As the children closed with

"Swell the triumphant song  
To Christ, our King,"

Haliburton came running out, and begged me to bring them in. But I told him, "No," as soon as I could hush their shouts of "Merry Christmas;" that we had a long journey before us, and must not alight by the way. And the children broke out with

"Hail to the night,  
Hail to the day,"

rather a favorite, — quicker and more to the childish taste, perhaps, than the other, — and with another "Merry Christmas" we were off again.

Off, the length of Commonwealth Avenue, to where it crosses the Brookline branch of the Mill-



## Christmas Waits in Boston 209

Dam,—dashing along with the gayest of the sleighing-parties as we came back into town, up Chestnut Street, through Louisburg Square,—we ran the sleigh into a bank on the slope of Pinckney Street in front of Walter's house,—and before they suspected there that any one had come, the children were singing

“ Carol, carol, Christians,  
Carol joyfully.”

Kisses flung from the window; kisses flung back from the street. “ Merry Christmas ” again with a good-will, and then one of the girls began

“ When Anna took the baby,  
And pressed his lips to hers ” —

and all of them fell in so cheerily. O dear me! it is a scrap of old Ephrem the Syrian, if they did but know it! And when, after this, Harry would fain have driven on, because two carols at one house was the rule, how the little witches begged that they might sing just one song more there, because Mrs. Alexander had been so kind to them, when she showed them about the German stitches. And then up the hill and over to the North End, and as far as we could get the horses up into Moon Court, that they might sing to the Italian image-man who gave Lucy the boy and dog in plaster, when she was sick in the spring. For the children had, you know, the choice of where they would go; and they select their best friends, and will be more apt

to remember the Italian image-man than Chrysostom himself, though Chrysostom should have "made a few remarks" to them seventeen times in the chapel. Then the Italian image-man heard for the first time in his life:

"Now is the time of Christmas come,"  
and

"Jesus in his babes abiding."

And then we came up Hanover Street and stopped under Mr. Gerry's chapel, where they were dressing the walls with their evergreens, and gave them

"Hail to the night,  
Hail to the day;"

and so down State Street and stopped at the *Advertiser* office, because, when the boys gave their "Literary Entertainment," Mr. Hale put in their advertisement for nothing, and up in the old attic there the compositors were relieved to hear

"Nor war nor battle sound,"  
and

"The waiting world was still."

Even the leading editor relaxed from his gravity and the "In General" man from his more serious views, and the Daily the next morning wished everybody a merry Christmas with even more unction, and resolved that in coming years it would have a supplement, large enough to contain all the good wishes. So away again to the houses

of confectioners who had given the children candy, — to Miss Simonds's house, because she had been so good to them in school, — to the palaces of millionnaires who had prayed for these children with tears if the children only knew it, — to Dr. Frothingham's in Summer Street, I remember, where we stopped because the Boston Association of Ministers met there, — and out on Dover Street Bridge, that the poor chair-mender might hear our carols sung once more before he heard them better sung in another world where nothing needs mending.

“ King of glory, king of peace ! ”  
 “ Hear the song, and see the Star ! ”  
 “ Welcome be thou, heavenly King ! ”  
 “ Was not Christ our Saviour ? ”

and all the others, rung out with order or without order, breaking the hush directly as the horses' bells were stilled, thrown into the air with all the gladness of childhood, selected sometimes as Harry happened to think best for the hearers, but more often as the jubilant and uncontrolled enthusiasm of the children bade them break out in the most joyous, least studied, and purely lyrical of all. O, we went to twenty places that night, I suppose ! We went to the grandest places in Boston, and we went to the meanest. Everywhere they wished us a merry Christmas, and we them. Everywhere a little crowd gathered round us, and then we dashed away far enough to gather quite another crowd ;

## 212 Christmas Waits in Boston

and then back, perhaps, not sorry to double on our steps if need were, and leaving every crowd with a happy thought of

“The star, the manger, and the Child!”

At nine we brought up at my house, D Street, three doors from the corner, and the children picked their very best for Polly and my six little girls to hear, and then for the first time we let them jump out and run in. Polly had some hot oysters for them, so that the frolic was crowned with a treat. There was a Christmas cake cut into sixteen pieces, which they took home to dream upon; and then hoods and muffs on again, and by ten o'clock, or a little after, we had all the girls and all the little ones at their homes. Four of the big boys, our two flankers and Harry's right and left hand men, begged that they might stay till the last moment. They could walk back from the stable, and “rather walk than not, indeed.” To which we assented, having gained parental permission, as we left younger sisters in their respective homes.

## II

LYCIDAS and I both thought that the welcome of those homes was perhaps the best part of it all, as we went into these modest houses, to leave the children, to say they had been good, and to wish a “Merry Christmas” ourselves to fathers,

mothers, and to guardian aunts. Here was the great stout sailor-boy whom we had not seen since he came back from sea. He was a mere child when he left our school years on years ago, for the East, on board Perry's vessel, and had been round the world. Here was brave Mrs. Masury. I had not seen her since her mother died. "Indeed, Mr. Ingham, I got so used to watching then, that I cannot sleep well yet o' nights; I wish you knew some poor creature that wanted me to-night, if it were only in memory of Bethlehem." "You take a deal of trouble for the children," said Campbell, as he crushed my hand in his; "but you know they love you, and you know I would do as much for you and yours," — which I knew was true. "What can I send to your children?" said Dalton, who was finishing sword-blades. (Ill wind was Fort Sumter, but it blew good to poor Dalton, whom it set up in the world with his sword-factory.) "Here's an old-fashioned tape-measure for the girl, and a Sheffield wimble for the boy. What, there is no boy? Let one of the girls have it then; it will count one more present for her." And so he pressed his brown-paper parcel into my hand. From every house, though it were the humblest, a word of love, as sweet, in truth, as if we could have heard the voice of angels singing in the sky.

I bade Harry good-night; took Lycidas to his home, and gave his wife my Christmas wishes and good-night; and, coming down to the sleigh

again, gave way to the feeling which I think you will all understand, that this was not the time to stop, but just the time to begin. For the streets were stiller now, and the moon brighter than ever, if possible, and the blessings of these simple people and of the grand people, and of the very angels in heaven, who are not bound to the misery of using words when they have anything worth saying, — all these wishes and blessings were round me, all the purity of the still winter night, and I didn't want to lose it all by going to bed to sleep. So I put the boys all together, where they could chatter, took one more brisk turn on the two avenues, and then, passing through Charles Street, I believe I was even thinking of Cambridge, I noticed the lights in Woodhull's house, and, seeing they were up, thought I would make Fanny a midnight call. She came to the door herself. I asked if she were waiting for Santa Claus, but saw in a moment that I must not joke with her. She said she had hoped I was her husband. In a minute was one of these contrasts which make life, life. God puts us into the world that we may try them and be tried by them. Poor Fanny's mother had been blocked up on the Springfield train as she was coming on to Christmas. The old lady had been chilled through, and was here in bed now with pneumonia. Both Fanny's children had been ailing when she came, and this morning the doctor had pronounced it scarlet fever. Fanny had not undressed herself

since Monday, nor slept, I thought, in the same time. So while we had been singing carols and wishing merry Christmas, the poor child had been waiting, and hoping that her husband or Edward, both of whom were on the tramp, would find for her and bring to her the model nurse, who had not yet appeared. But at midnight this unknown sister had not arrived, nor had either of the men returned. When I rang, Fanny had hoped I was one of them. Professional paragons, dear reader, are shy of scarlet fever. I told the poor child that it was better as it was. I wrote a line for Sam Perry to take to his aunt, Mrs. Masury, in which I simply said: "Dear mamma, I have found the poor creature who wants you to-night. Come back in this carriage." I bade him take a hack at Barnard's, where they were all up waiting for the assembly to be done at Papanti's. I sent him over to Albany Street; and really as I sat there trying to soothe Fanny, it seemed to me less time than it has taken me to dictate this little story about her, before Mrs. Masury rang gently, and I left them, having made Fanny promise that she would consecrate the day, which at that moment was born, by trusting God, by going to bed and going to sleep, knowing that her children were in much better hands than hers. As I passed out of the hall, the gaslight fell on a print of Correggio's "Adoration," where Woodhull had himself written years before,

"Ut appareat iis qui in tenebris et umbra mortis positi sunt."



"Darkness and the shadow of death," indeed, and what light like the light and comfort such a woman as my Mary Masury brings!

And so, but for one of the accidents, as we call them, I should have dropped the boys at the corner of Dover Street and gone home with my Christmas lesson. But it happened, as we irreverently say, — it happened as we crossed Park Square, so called from its being an irregular pentagon of which one of the sides has been taken away, that I recognized a tall man plodding across in the snow, head down, round-shouldered, stooping forward in walking, with his right shoulder higher than his left; and by these tokens I knew Tom Coram, prince among Boston princes. Not Thomas Coram that built the Foundling Hospital, though he was of Boston too; but he was longer ago.<sup>1</sup> Not Thomas Coram, I say, but Tom Coram, who would build a hospital to-morrow, if you showed him the need, without waiting to die first, and always helps forward, as a prince should, whatever is princely, be it a statue at home, a school at Richmond, a newspaper in Florida, a church in Exeter, a steam-line to Liverpool, or a widow who wants a hundred dollars. I wished him a merry Christmas, and Mr. Howland, by a fine instinct, drew up the horses as I spoke. Coram shook hands; and, as it seldom happens that I have an empty

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Coram, the philanthropist who erected the Foundling Hospital in London, made his fortune in trade with us.



carriage while he is on foot, I asked him if I might not see him home. He was glad to get in. We wrapped him up with spoils of the bear, the fox, and the bison, turned the horses' heads again, — five hours now since they started on this entangled errand of theirs, — and gave him his ride. "I was thinking of you at the moment," said Coram, — "thinking of old college times, of the mystery of language as unfolded by the Abbé Faria to Edmond Dantes in the depths of the Château d'If. I was wondering if you could teach me Japanese, if I asked you to a Christmas dinner." I laughed. Japan was really a novelty then, and I asked him since when he had been in correspondence with the sealed country. It seemed that their house at Shanghai had just sent across there their agents for establishing the first house in Edomo, in Japan, under the new treaty. Everything looked promising, and the beginnings were made for the branch which has since become Dot and Trevilyan there. Of this he had the first tidings in his letters by the mail of that afternoon. John Coram, his brother, had written to him, and had said that he enclosed for his amusement the Japanese bill of particulars, as it had been drawn out, on which they had founded their orders for the first assorted cargo ever to be sent from America to Edomo. Bill of particulars there was, stretching down the long tissue-paper in exquisite chirography. But by some freak of the

"total depravity of things," the translated order for the assorted cargo was not there. John Coram, in his care to fold up the Japanese writing nicely, had left on his own desk at Shanghai the more intelligible English. "And so I must wait," said Tom, philosophically, "till the next East India mail for my orders, certain that seven English houses have had less enthusiastic and philological correspondents than my brother."

I said I did not see that. That I could not teach him to speak the Taghalian dialects so well that he could read them with facility before Saturday. But I could do a good deal better. Did he remember writing a note to old Jack Percival for me five years ago? No, he remembered no such thing; he knew Jack Percival, but never wrote a note to him in his life. Did he remember giving me fifty dollars because I had taken a delicate boy, whom I was going to send to sea, and I was not quite satisfied with the government outfit? No, he did not remember that, which was not strange, for that was a thing he was doing every day. "Well, I don't care how much you remember, but the boy about whom you wrote to Jack Percival, for whose mother's ease of mind you provided the half-hundred, is back again, — strong, straight, and well; what is more to the point, he had the whole charge of Perry's commissariat on shore at Yokohama, was honorably discharged out there, reads Japanese

better than you read English; and if it will help you at all, he shall be here at your house at breakfast." For as I spoke we stopped at Coram's door. "Ingham," said Coram, "if you were not a parson, I should say you were romancing." "My child," said I, "I sometimes write a parable for the *Atlantic*; but the words of my lips are verity, as all those of the Sandemanians. Go to bed; do not even dream of the Taghalian dialects; be sure that the Japanese interpreter will breakfast with you, and the next time you are in a scrape send for the nearest minister. George, tell your brother Ezra that Mr. Coram wishes him to breakfast here to-morrow morning at eight o'clock; don't forget the number, Pemberton Square, you know." "Yes, sir," said George; and Thomas Coram laughed, said "Merry Christmas," and we parted.

It was time we were all in bed, especially these boys. But glad enough am I as I write these words that the meeting of Coram set us back that dropped-stitch in our night's journey. There was one more delay. We were sweeping by the Old State House, the boys singing again, "Carol, carol, Christians," as we dashed along the still streets, when I caught sight of Adams Todd, and he recognized me. He had heard us singing when we were at the *Advertiser* office. Todd is an old fellow-apprentice of mine, — and he is now, or rather was that night, chief pressman in the *Argus* office. I like the *Argus* people,

— it was there that I was South American Editor, now many years ago, — and they befriend me to this hour. Todd hailed me, and once more I stopped. "What sent you out from your warm steam-boiler?" "Steam-boiler, indeed," said Todd. "Two rivets loose, — steam-room full of steam, — police frightened, — neighborhood in a row, — and we had to put out the fire. She would have run a week without hurting a fly, — only a little puff in the street sometimes. But there we are, Ingham. We shall lose the early mail as it stands. Seventy-eight tokens to be worked now." They always talked largely of their edition at the *Argus*. Saw it with many eyes, perhaps; but this time, I am sure, Todd spoke true. I caught his idea at once. In younger and more muscular times, Todd and I had worked the Adams press by that fly-wheel for full five minutes at a time, as a test of strength; and in my mind's eye, I saw that he was printing his paper at this moment with relays of grinding stevedores. He said it was so. "But think of it to-night," said he. "It is Christmas eve, and not an Irishman to be hired, though one paid him ingots. Not a man can stand the grind ten minutes." I knew that very well from old experience, and I thanked him inwardly for not saying "the demnition grind," with Mantalini. "We cannot run the press half the time," said he; "and the men we have are giving out now. We shall lose all our carrier delivery." "Todd," said I, "is this a

night to be talking of ingots, or hiring, or losing, or gaining? When will you learn that Love rules the court, the camp, and the *Argus* office? And I wrote on the back of a letter to Campbell: "Come to the *Argus* office, No. 2 Dasset's Alley, with seven men not afraid to work;" and I gave it to John and Sam, bade Howland take the boys to Campbell's house, — walked down with Todd to his office, — challenged him to take five minutes at the wheel, in memory of old times, — made the tired relays laugh as they saw us take hold; and then, — when I had cooled off, and put on my cardigan, — I met Campbell, with his seven sons of Anak, tumbling down the stairs, wondering what round of mercy the parson had found for them this time. I started home, knowing I should now have my *Argus* with my coffee.

### III

AND so I walked home. Better so, perhaps, after all, than in the lively sleigh, with the tinkling bells.

"It was a calm and silent night! —  
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
 Had Rome been growing up to might,  
 And now was queen of land and sea!  
 "No sound was heard of clashing wars, —  
 Peace brooded 'o'er the hushed domain;  
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars  
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago!"

What an eternity it seemed since I started with those children singing carols. Bethlehem, Nazareth, Calvary, Rome, Roman senators, Tiberius, Paul, Nero, Clement, Ephrem, Ambrose, and all the singers, — Vincent de Paul and all the loving wonder-workers, Milton and Herbert and all the carol-writers, Luther and Knox and all the prophets, — what a world of people had been keeping Christmas with Sam Perry and Lycidas and Harry and me; and here were Yokohama and the Japanese, the *Daily Argus* and its ten million tokens and their readers, — poor Fanny Woodhull and her sick mother there, keeping Christmas too! For a finite world, these are a good many "waits" to be singing in one poor fellow's ears on one Christmastide.

" 'Twas in the calm and silent night! —  
The senator of haughty Rome,  
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,  
From lordly revel, rolling home.  
Triumphal arches gleaming swell  
His breast, with thoughts of boundless sway.  
What recked the *Roman* what befel  
A paltry province far away,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago!

" Within that province far away  
Went plodding home a weary boor;  
A streak of light before him lay,  
Fallen through a half-shut stable door  
Across his path. He passed,—for naught  
Told *what was going on within*;

## Christmas Waits in Boston 223

How keen the stars, his only thought,  
The air how calm and cold and thin,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago ! ”

“ Streak of light ” — Is there a light in Lycidas’s room? They not in bed! That is making a night of it! Well, there are few hours of the day or night when I have not been in Lycidas’s room, so I let myself in by the night-key he gave me, ran up the stairs, — it is a horrid seven-storied, first-class “apartment” house. For my part, I had as lief live in a steeple. Two flights I ran up, two steps at a time, — I was younger then than I am now, — pushed open the door which was ajar, and saw such a scene of confusion as I never saw in Mary’s over-nice parlor before. Queer! I remember the first thing that I saw was wrong was a great ball of white German worsted on the floor. Her basket was upset. A great Christmas-tree lay across the rug, quite too high for the room; a large, sharp-pointed, Spanish clasp-knife was by it, with which they had been lopping it; there were two immense baskets of white papered presents, both upset; but what frightened me most was the centre-table. Three or four handkerchiefs on it, — towels, napkins, I know not what, — all brown and red and almost black with blood! I turned, heart-sick, to look into the bedroom, — and I really had a sense of relief when I saw somebody. Bad enough it was, however. Lycidas, but just now so strong and well, lay



pale and exhausted on the bloody bed, with the clothing removed from his right thigh and leg, while over him bent Mary and Morton. I learned afterwards that poor Lycidas, while trimming the Christmas-tree and talking merrily with Mary and Morton, — who, by good luck, had brought round his presents late, and was staying to tie on glass balls and apples, — had given himself a deep and dangerous wound with the point of the unlucky knife, and had lost a great deal of blood before the hemorrhage could be controlled. Just before I entered, the stick tourniquet which Morton had improvised had slipped in poor Mary's unpractised hand at the moment he was about to secure the bleeding artery, and the blood followed in such a gush as compelled him to give his whole attention to stopping its flow. He only knew my entrance by the "Ah, Mr. Ingham," of the frightened Irish girl, who stood useless behind the head of the bed.

"O Fred," said Morton, without looking up, "I am glad you are here."

"And what can I do for you?"

"Some whiskey, — first of all."

"There are two bottles," said Mary, who was holding the candle, — "in the cupboard behind his dressing-glass."

I took Bridget with me, struck a light in the dressing-room (how she blundered about the match), and found the cupboard door locked! Key doubtless in Mary's pocket, — probably in



pocket of "another dress." I did not ask. Took my own bunch, willed tremendously that my account-book drawer key should govern the lock, and it did. If it had not, I should have put my fist through the panels. Bottle of bedbug poison; bottle marked "bay rum"; another bottle with no mark; two bottles of Saratoga water. "Set them all on the floor, Bridget." A tall bottle of Cologne. Bottle marked in MS. What in the world is it? "Bring that candle, Bridget." "Eau distillée. Marron, Montreal." What in the world did Lycidas bring distilled water from Montreal for? And then Morton's clear voice in the other room, "As quick as you can, Fred." "Yes! in one moment. Put all these on the floor, Bridget." Here they are at last. "Bourbon whiskey." "Corkscrew, Bridget."

"Indade, sir, and where is it?" "Where? I don't know. Run down as quick as you can, and bring it. His wife cannot leave him." So Bridget ran, and the first I heard was the rattle as she pitched down the last six stairs of the first flight headlong. Let us hope she has not broken her leg. I meanwhile am driving a silver pronged fork into the Bourbon corks, and the blade of my own penknife on the other side.

"Now, Fred," from George within. (We all call Morton "George.") "Yes, in one moment," I replied. Penknife blade breaks off, fork pulls right out, two crumbs of cork come with it. Will that girl never come?

I turned round; I found a goblet on the washstand; I took Lycidas's heavy clothes-brush and knocked off the neck of the bottle. Did you ever do it, reader, with one of those pressed glass bottles they make now? It smashed like a Prince Rupert's drop in my hand, crumbled into seventy pieces, — a nasty smell of whisky on the floor, — and I, holding just the hard bottom of the thing with two large spikes running worthless up into the air. But I seized the goblet, poured into it what was left in the bottom, and carried it in to Morton as quietly as I could. He bade me give Lycidas as much as he could swallow; then showed me how to substitute my thumb for his, and compress the great artery. When he was satisfied that he could trust me, he began his work again, silently; just speaking what must be said to that brave Mary, who seemed to have three hands because he needed them. When all was secure, he glanced at the ghastly white face, with beads of perspiration on the forehead and upper lip, laid his finger on the pulse, and said: "We will have a little more whiskey. No, Mary, you are overdone already; let Fred bring it." The truth was that poor Mary was almost as white as Lycidas. She would not faint, — that was the only reason she did not, — and at the moment I wondered that she did not fall. I believe George and I were both expecting it, now the excitement was over. He called her Mary, and me Fred, because we were all together every day

of our lives. Bridget, you see, was still nowhere.

So I retired for my whiskey again, — to attack that other bottle. George whispered quickly as I went, "Bring enough, — bring the bottle." Did he want the bottle corked? Would that Kelt ever come upstairs? I passed the bell-rope as I went into the dressing-room, and rang as hard as I could ring. I took the other bottle and bit steadily with my teeth at the cork, only, of course, to wrench the end of it off. George called me, and I stepped back. "No," said he, "bring your whiskey."

Mary had just rolled gently back on the floor. I went again in despair. But I heard Bridget's step this time. First flight, first passage; second flight, second passage. She ran in in triumph at length with a *screw-driver*!

"No!" I whispered, — "no. The crooked thing you draw corks with," and I showed her the bottle again. "Find one somewhere and don't come back without it." So she vanished for the second time.

"Frederic!" said Morton. I think he never called me so before. Should I risk the clothes-brush again? I opened Lycidas's own drawers, — papers, boxes, everything in order, — not a sign of a tool.

"Frederic!" "Yes," I said. But why did I say "Yes"? "Father of Mercy, tell me what to do."

And my mazed eyes, dim with tears, — did you ever shed tears from excitement? — fell on an old razor-strop of those days of shaving, made by C. WHITTAKER, SHEFFIELD. The "Sheffield" stood in black letters out from the rest like a vision. They make corkscrews in Sheffield too. If this Whittaker had only made a corkscrew! And what is a "Sheffield wimble"?

Hand in my pocket, — brown paper parcel.

"Where are you, Frederic?" "Yes," said I, for the last time. Twine off! brown paper off. And I learned that the "Sheffield wimble" was one of those things whose name you never heard before, which people sell you in Thames Tunnel, where a hoof-cleaner, a gimlet, a screw-driver, and a *corkscrew* fold into one handle.

"Yes," said I, again. "Pop," said the cork.

"Bubble, bubble, bubble," said the whiskey. Bottle in one hand, full tumbler in the other, I walked in. George poured half a tumblerful down Lycidas's throat that time. Nor do I dare say how much he poured down afterwards. I found that there was need of it, from what he said of the pulse when it was all over. I guess Mary had some, too.

This was the turning-point. He was exceedingly weak, and we sat by him in turn through the night, giving, at short intervals, stimulants and such food as he could swallow easily; for I remember Morton was very particular not to raise

his head more than we could help. But there was no real danger after this.

As we turned away from the house on Christmas morning, — I to preach and he to visit his patients, — he said to me, "Did you make that whiskey?"

"No," said I, "but poor Dod Dalton had to furnish the corkscrew."

And I went down to the chapel to preach. The sermon had been lying ready at home on my desk, — and Polly had brought it round to me, — for there had been no time for me to go from Lycidas's home to D Street and to return. There was the text, all as it was the day before:

"They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil."

And there were the pat illustrations, as I had finished them yesterday; of the comfort Mary Magdalen gave Joanna, the court lady; and the comfort the court lady gave Mary Magdalen, after the mediator of a new covenant had mediated between them; how Simon the Cyrenian, and Joseph of Arimathea, and the beggar Bartimeus comforted each other, gave each other strength, common force, *com-fort*, when the One Life flowed in all their veins; how on board the ship the Tent-Maker proved to be Captain, and the Centurion learned his duty from his Prisoner, and how

they "*All* came safe to shore," because the New Life was there. But as I preached, I caught Frye's eye. Frye is always critical; and I said to myself, "Frye would not take his illustrations from eighteen hundred years ago." And I saw dear old Dod Dalton trying to keep awake, and Campbell hard asleep after trying, and Jane Masury looking round to see if her mother did not come in; and Ezra Sheppard, looking, not so much at me, as at the window beside me, as if his thoughts were the other side of the world. And I said to them all, "O, if I could tell you, my friends, what every twelve hours of my life tells me, — of the way in which woman helps woman, and man helps man, when only the ice is broken, — how we are all rich so soon as we find out that we are all brothers, and how we are all in want, unless we can call at any moment for a brother's hand, — then I could make you understand something, in the lives you lead every day, of what the New Covenant, the New Commonwealth, the New Kingdom is to be."

But I did not dare tell Dod Dalton what Campbell had been doing for Todd, nor did I dare tell Campbell by what unconscious arts old Dod had been helping Lycidas. Perhaps the sermon would have been better had I done so.

But when we had our tree in the evening at home, I did tell all this story to Polly and the bairns, and I gave Alice her measuring-tape, — precious with a spot of Lycidas's blood, — and

Bertha her Sheffield wimble. "Papa," said old Clara, who is the next child, "all the people gave presents, did not they, as they did in the picture in your study?"

"Yes," said I, "though they did not all know they were giving them."

"Why do they not give such presents every day?" said Clara.

"O child," I said, "it is only for thirty-six hours of the three hundred and sixty-five days that all people remember that they are all brothers and sisters, and those are the hours that we call, therefore, Christmas eve and Christmas day."

"And when they always remember it," said Bertha, "it will be Christmas all the time! What fun!"

"What fun, to be sure; but, Clara, what is in the picture?"

"Why, an old woman has brought eggs to the baby in the manger, and an old man has brought a sheep. I suppose they all brought what they had."

"I suppose those who came from Sharon brought roses," said Bertha. And Alice, who is eleven, and goes to the Lincoln School, and therefore knows everything, said, "Yes; and the Damascus people brought Damascus wimbles."

"This is certain," said Polly, "that nobody tried to give a straw, but the straw, if he really gave it, carried a blessing."



## 232 Christmas Waits in Boston

And perhaps,—no, I need not say perhaps,—and certainly the same thought came into a score of households which had been brought closer to each other that day, as they met at their Christmas feast, or as they scattered their Christmas presents. And as they learned, and when they learned that it is not riches or learning or stone houses or the memory of things which gives happiness to the people around, but that the mouse can help the lion, or the lion can help the mouse, they learned the right lesson for their Christmas day.

**THEY SAW A GREAT LIGHT**



# THEY SAW A GREAT LIGHT

## CHAPTER I

### ANOTHER GENERATION

“**H**ERE he comes! Here he comes!” “He” was the “post-rider,” an institution now almost of the past. He rode by the house and threw off a copy of the *Boston Gazette*. Now the *Boston Gazette* of this particular issue gave the results of the drawing of the great Massachusetts State Lottery of the Eastern Lands in the Walcott Patent.

Mr. Cutts, the elder, took the *Gazette* and opened it with a smile that pretended to be careless; but even he shewed the eager anxiety which they all felt, as he tore off the wrapper and unfolded the fatal sheet. “Letter from London,” “Letter from Philadelphia,” “Child with two heads,”—thus he ran down the columns of the little page,—uneasily. “Here it is! Here it is!—Drawing of the great State Lottery. ‘In the presence of the Honorable Treasurer of the Commonwealth, and of their Honors the Commissioners of the Honorable Council—was drawn yesterday, at the State House, the first distribution of num-

## 236 They Saw a Great Light

bers'—here are the numbers,—‘First combination, 375-1. Second, 421-7. Third, 591-6. Fourth, 594-1. Fifth,’—and here Mr. Cutts started off his feet,—“‘Fifth, 219-7.’ Sybil, my darling! it is so! 219-7! See, dear child! 219-7! 219-7! O my God! to think it should come so!”

And he fairly sat down, and buried his head in his hands, and cried.

The others, for a full minute, did not dare break in on excitement so intense, and were silent; but, in a minute more, of course, little Simeon, the youngest of the tribes who were represented there, gained courage to pick up the paper, and to spell out again the same words which his father had read with so much emotion; and, with his sister, Sally, who came to help him, to add to the store of information, as to what prize number 5—219-7—might bring.

For this was a lottery in which there were no blanks. The old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, having terrible war debts to pay after the Revolution, had nothing but lands in Maine to pay them with. Now lands in Maine were not in demand, and, if the simple and ordinary process of sale had been followed, the lands might not have been sold till this day. So they were distributed by these Lotteries, which in that time seemed gigantic. Every ticket-holder had some piece of land awarded to him, I think,—but to the most, I fear, the lands were hardly worth the hunting up,—to settle upon. But, to induce as many to buy as

might, there were prizes. No. 1, I think, even had a "stately mansion" on the land, — according to the advertisement. No. 2 had some special water-power facilities. No. 5, which Mr. Cutts's ticket had drawn, was two thousand acres on Tripp's Cove, — described in the programme as that "well-known Harbor of Refuge, where Fifty Line of Battle Ship could lie in safety." To this cove the two thousand acres so adjoined that the programme represented them as the site of the great "Mercantile Metropolis of the Future."

Samuel Cutts was too old a man, and had already tested too critically his own powers in what the world calls "business," by a sad satire, to give a great deal of faith to the promises of the prospectus, as to the commercial prosperity of Tripp's Cove. He had come out of the Revolution a Brigadier-General, with an honorable record of service, — with rheumatism which would never be cured, — with a good deal of paper money which would never be redeemed, which the Continent and the Commonwealth had paid him for his seven years, — and without that place in the world of peace which he had had when these years began. The very severest trial of the Revolution was to be found in the condition in which the officers of the army were left after it was over. They were men who had distinguished themselves in their profession, and who had done their very best to make that profession unnecessary in the future. To go back to their old callings was hard. Other

men were in their places, and there did not seem to be room for two. Under the wretched political system of the old Confederation there was no such rapid spring of the material prosperity of the country as should find for them new fields in new enterprise. Peace did anything but lead in Plenty. Often, indeed, in history, has Plenty been a little coy before she could be tempted, with her pretty tender feet, to press the stubble and the ashes left by the havoc of War. And thus it was that General Cutts had returned to his old love whom he had married in a leave of absence just before Bunker Hill, and had begun his new life with her in Old Newbury in Massachusetts, at a time when there was little opening for him, — or for any man who had spent seven years in learning how to do well what was never to be done again.

And in doing what there was to do he had not succeeded. He had just squeezed pork and potatoes and Indian meal enough out of a worn-out farm to keep Sybil, his wife, and their growing family of children alive. He had, once or twice, gone up to Boston to find what chances might be open for him there. But, alas, Boston was in a bad way too, as well as Samuel Cutts. Once he had joined some old companions, who had gone out to the Western Reserve in Northern Ohio, to see what opening might be there. But the outlook seemed unfavorable for carrying so far, overland, a delicate woman and six little children into a wilderness. If he could have scraped together



a little money, he said, he would buy a share in one of the ships he saw rotting in Boston or Salem, and try some foreign adventure. But, alas! the ships would not have been rotting had it been easy for any man to scrape together a little money to buy them. And so, year in and year out, Samuel Cutts and his wife dressed the children more and more plainly, bought less sugar and more molasses, brought down the family diet more strictly to pork and beans, pea-soup, hasty-pudding, and rye-and-indian,—and Samuel Cutts looked more and more sadly on the prospect before these boys and girls, and the life for which he was training them.

Do not think that he was a profligate, my dear cousin Eunice, because he had bought a lottery ticket. Please to observe that to buy lottery tickets was represented to be as much the duty of all good citizens, as it was proved to be, eleven years ago, your duty to make Havelocks and to knit stockings. Samuel Cutts, in the outset, had bought his lottery ticket only “to encourage the others,” and to do his honorable share in paying the war debt. Then, I must confess, he had thought more of the ticket than he had supposed he would. The children had made a romance about it,—what they would do, and what they would not do, if they drew the first prize. Samuel Cutts and Sybil Cutts themselves had got drawn into the interest of the children, and many was the night when they had sat up, without any light but

that of a pine-torch, planning out the details of the little colony they would form at the Eastward, — if — if only one of the ten great prizes should, by any marvel, fall to him. And now Tripp's Cove — which, perhaps, he had thought of as much as he had thought of any of the ten — had fallen to him. This was the reason why he showed so much emotion, and why he could hardly speak, when he read the numbers. It was because that had come to him which represented so completely what he wanted, and yet which he had not even dared to pray for. It was so much more than he expected, — it was the dream of years, indeed, made true.

For Samuel Cutts had proved to himself that he was a good leader of men. He knew he was, and many men knew it who had followed him under Carolina suns, and in the snows of Valley Forge. Samuel Cutts knew, equally well, that he was not a good maker of money, nor creator of pork and potatoes. Six years of farming in the valley of the Merrimac had proved that to him, if he had never learned it before. Samuel Cutts's dream had been, when he went away to explore the Western Reserve, that he would like to bring together some of the best line officers and some of the best privates of the old "Fighting Twenty-seventh," and take them, with his old provident skill, which had served them so well upon so many camping-grounds, to some region where they could stand by each other again,

as they had stood by each other before, and where sky and earth would yield them more than sky and earth have yet yielded any man in Eastern Massachusetts. Well! as I said, the Western Reserve did not seem to be the place. After all, "the Fighting Twenty-seventh" were not skilled in the tilling of the land. They furnished their quota when the boats were to be drawn through the ice of the Delaware, to assist in Rahl's Christmas party at Trenton. Many was the embarkation at the "head of Elk," in which the "Fighting Twenty-seventh" had provided half the seamen for the transport. It was the "Fighting Twenty-seventh" who cut out the "Princess Charlotte" cutter in Edisto Bay. But the "Fighting Twenty-seventh" had never, so far as any one knew, beaten one sword into one ploughshare, nor one spear into one pruning-hook. But Tripp's Cove seemed to offer a different prospect. Why not, with a dozen or two of the old set, establish there, not the New Jerusalem, indeed, but something a little more elastic, a little more helpful, a little more alive, than these kiln-dried, sun-dried, and time-dried old towns of the seaboard of Massachusetts? At any rate, they could live together in Tripp's Cove, as they wintered together at Valley Forge, at Bennett's Hollow, by the Green Licks, and in the Lykens Intervale. This was the question which Samuel Cutts wanted to solve, and which the fatal figures 219-7 put him in the way of solving.

"Tripp's Cove is our Christmas present," said Sybil Cutts to her husband, as they went to bed. But so far removed were the habits of New England then from the observance of ecclesiastical anniversaries, that no one else had remembered that day that it was Christmas which was passing.

## CHAPTER II

### TRIPP'S COVE

CALL this a long preface, if you please, but it seems to me best to tell this story so that I may explain what manner of people those were and are who lived, live, and will live, at Tripp's Cove, — and why they have been, are, and will be linked together, with a sort of family tie and relationship which one does not often see in the villages self-formed or formed at haphazard on the seaside, on the hillside, or in the prairies of America. Tripp's Cove never became "the Great Mercantile City of the Future," nor do I believe it ever will. But there Samuel Cutts lived in a happy life for fifty years, — and there he died, honored, blessed, and loved. By and by there came the second war with England, — the "Endymion" came cruising along upon the coast, and picking up the fishing-boats and the coasters, burning the ships on the stocks, or compelling the owners to ransom them. Old General Cutts was seventy years old then;

but he was, as he had always been, the head of the settlement at Tripp's, — and there was no lack of men younger than he, the sergeants or the high-privates of the "Fighting Twenty-seventh," who drilled the boys of the village for whatever service might impend. When the boys went down to Runkin's and sent the "Endymion's" boats back to her with half their crews dead or dying, faster than they came, old General Cutts was with them, and took sight on his rifle as quickly and as bravely as the best of them. And so twenty years more passed on, — and, when he was well nigh ninety, the dear old man died full of years and full of blessings, all because he had launched out for himself, left the life he was not fit for, and undertaken life in which he was at home.

Yes! and because of this also, when 1861 came with its terrible alarm to the whole country, and its call to duty, all Tripp's Cove was all right. The girls were eager for service, and the boys were eager for service. The girls stood by the boys, and the boys stood by the girls. The husbands stood by the wives, and the wives stood by the husbands. I do not mean that there was not many another community in which everybody was steadfast and true. But I do mean that here was one great family, although the census rated it as five-and-twenty families, — which had one heart and one soul in the contest, and which went into it with one heart and one soul, — every man and every woman of them all bearing each other's burdens.

Little Sim Cutts, who broke the silence that night when the postman threw down the *Boston Gazette*, was an old man of eighty-five when they all got the news of the shots at Fort Sumter. The old man was as hale and hearty as are half the men of sixty in this land to-day. With all his heart he encouraged the boys who volunteered in answer to the first call for regiments from Maine. Then with full reliance on the traditions of the "Fighting Twenty-seventh," he explained to the fishermen and the coasters that Uncle Abraham would need them for his web-footed service, as well as for his legions on the land. And they found out their ways to Portsmouth and to Charlestown, so that they might enter the navy as their brothers entered the army. And so it was that, when Christmas came in 1861, there was at Tripp's Cove only one of that noble set of young fellows, who but a year before were hauling hemlock and spruce and fir and pine at Christmas at the girls' order, and worked in the meeting-house for two days as the girls bade them work, so that when Parson Spaulding came in to preach his Christmas sermon, he thought the house was a bit of the woods themselves! Only one!

And who was he?

How did he dare stay among all those girls who were crying out their eyes, and sewing their fingers to the bones,—meeting every afternoon in one sitting-room or another, and devouring every word that came from the army? They



read the worst-spelled letter that came home from Mike Sawin, and prized it and blessed it and cried over it, as heartily as the noblest description of battle that came from the pen of Carleton or of Swinton.

Who was he?

Ah! I have caught you, have I? That was Tom Cutts, — the old General's great-grandson, — Sim Cutts's grandson, — the very noblest and bravest of them all. He got off first of all. He had the luck to be at Bull Run, — and to be cut off from his regiment. He had the luck to hide under a corn crib, and to come into Washington whole, a week after the regiment. He was the first man in Maine, they said, to enlist for the three-years' service. Perhaps the same thing is said of many others. He had come home and raised a new company, — and he was making them fast into good soldiers, out beyond Fairfax Court-House. So that the Brigadier would do anything Tom Cutts wanted. And when, on the first of December, there came up to the Major-General in command a request for leave of absence from Tom Cutts, respectfully referred to Colonel This, who had respectfully referred it to General That, who had respectfully referred it to Adjutant-General T'other, — all these dignitaries had respectfully recommended that the request be granted. For even in the sacred purlieux of the top Major-General's Head-quarters, it was understood that Cutts was going home for no less a purpose than



246      They Saw a Great Light

the being married to the prettiest and sweetest and best girl in Eastern Maine.

Well! for my part I do not think that the aids and their informants were in the wrong about this. Surely that Christmas Eve, as Laura Marvel stood up with Tom Cutts in front of Parson Spaulding, in presence of what there was left of the Tripp's Cove community, I would have said that Laura was the loveliest bride I ever saw. She is tall; she is graceful; she has rather a startled look when you speak to her, suddenly or gently, but the startled look just bewitches you. Black hair,—she got that from the Italian blood in her grandmother's family,—exquisite blue eyes,—that is a charming combination with black hair,—perfect teeth,—and matchless color,—and she had it all, when she was married,—she was a blushing bride and not a fainting one. But then what stuff this is,—nobody knew he cared a straw for Laura's hair or her cheek,—it was that she looked "just lovely," and that she was "just lovely,"—so self-forgetful in all her ways, after that first start,—so eager to know just where she could help, and so determined to help just there. Why! she led all the girls in the village, when she was only fourteen, because they loved her so. She was the one who made the rafts when there was a freshet,—and took them all out together on the mill-pond. And, when the war came, she was of course captain of the girl's sewing,—she packed the cans of pickles

and fruit for the Sanitary,—she corresponded with the State Adjutant:—heavens! from morning to night, everybody in the village ran to Laura,—not because she was the prettiest creature you ever looked upon,—but because she was the kindest, truest, most loyal, and most helpful creature that ever lived,—be the same man or woman.


Now, had you rather be named Laura Cutts or Laura Marvel? Marvel is a good name,—a weird, miraculous sort of name. Cutts is not much of a name. But Laura had made up her mind to be Laura Cutts after Tom had asked her about it,—and here they are standing before dear old Parson Spaulding, to receive his exhortation,—and to be made one before God and man.

Dear Laura! How she had laughed with the other girls, all in a good-natured way, at the good Parson's exhortation to the young couples. Laura had heard it twenty times,—for she had "stood up" with twenty of the girls, who had dared *The Enterprise of Life* before her! Nay, Laura could repeat, with all the emphasis, the most pathetic passage of the whole,—“And above all,—my beloved young friends,—first of all and last of all,—let me beseech you, as you climb the hill of life together, hand with hand, and step by step,—that you will look beyond the crests upon its summit to the eternal lights which blaze in the infinite heaven of the

## 248      They Saw a Great Light

Better Land beyond." Twenty times had Laura heard this passage, — nay, ten times, I am afraid, had she, in an honest and friendly way repeated it, under strict vows of secrecy, to the edification of circles of screaming girls. But now the dear child looked truly and loyally into the old man's face, as he went on from word to word, and **only** thought of him, and of how noble and true he was, — and of the Great Master whom he represented there, — and it was just as real to her and to Tom Cutts that they must look into the Heaven of heavens for life and strength, as Parson Spaulding wanted it to be. When he prayed with all his heart, she prayed; what he hoped, she hoped; what he promised for her, she promised to her Father in heaven; and what he asked her to promise by word aloud, she promised loyally and eternally.

And Tom Cutts? He looked so handsome in his uniform, — and he looked like the man he was. And in those days, the uniform, if it were only a flannel fatigue-jacket on a private's back, was as beautiful as the flag; nothing more beautiful than either for eyes to look upon. And when Parson Spaulding had said the benediction, and the Amen, — and when he had kissed Laura with her eyes full of tears, — and when he had given Tom Cutts joy, — then all the people came up in a double line, — and they all kissed Laura, — and they shook hands with Tom as if they would shake his hands off, — and in the half-reticent



methods of Tripp's Cove, every lord and lady bright that was in Moses Marvel's parlor there, said, "honored be the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair."

And there was a bunch of laurel hanging in the middle of the room, as make-believe mistletoe. And the boys, who could not make believe even that they were eighteen, so that they had been left at home, would catch Phebe, and Sarah, and Mattie, and Helen, when by accident they crossed underneath the laurel, — and would kiss them, for all their screaming. And soon Moses Marvel brought in a waiter with wedding-cake, and Nathan Philbrick brought in a waiter with bride-cake, and pretty Mattie Marvel brought in a waiter with currant wine. And Tom Cutts gave every girl a piece of wedding-cake himself, and made her promise to sleep on it. And before they were all gone, he and Laura had been made to write names for the girls to dream upon, that they might draw their fortunes the next morning. And before long Moses Cutts led Mrs. Spaulding out into the great family-room, and there was the real wedding supper. And after they had eaten the supper, Bengel's fiddle sounded in the parlor, and they danced, and they waltzed, and they polked to their hearts' content. And so they celebrated the Christmas of 1861.

Too bad! was not it? Tom's leave was only twenty days. It took five to come. It took five to go. After the wedding there were but seven

## 250      They Saw a Great Light

little days. And then he kissed dear Laura good-by, — with tears running from his eyes and hers, — and she begged him to be sure she should be all right, and he begged her to be certain nothing would happen to him. And so, for near two years, they did not see each other's faces again.

CHRISTMAS EVE again!

Moses Marvel has driven out his own bays in his own double cutter to meet the stage at Fordyce's. On the back seat is Mattie Marvel, with a rosy little baby all wrapped up in furs who has never seen his father. Where is Laura?

"Here she comes! Here she comes!" Sure enough! Here is the stage at last. Job Stiles never swept round with a more knowing sweep, or better satisfied with his precious freight at Fordyce's than he did this afternoon. And the curtains were up already. And there is Laura, and there is Tom! He is pale, poor fellow. But how pleased he is! Laura is out first, of course. And then she gives him her hand so gently, and the others all help. And here is the hero at Marvel's side, and he is bending over his baby, whom he does not try to lift with his one arm, — and Mattie is crying, and I believe old Moses Marvel is crying, — but everybody is as happy as a king, — and everybody is talking at one time, — and all the combination has turned out well.

Tom Cutts had had a hole made through his left thigh, so that they despaired of his life. And,

as he lay on the ground, a bit of a shell had struck his left forearm and knocked that to pieces. Tom Cutts had been sent back to hospital at Washington, and reported by telegraph as mortally wounded. But almost as soon as Tom Cutts got to the Lincoln Hospital himself, Laura Cutts got there too, and then Tom did not mean to die if he could help it, and Laura did not mean to have him. And the honest fellow held to his purpose in that steadfast Cutts way. The blood tells, I believe. And love tells. And will tells. How much love has to do with will! "I believe you are a witch, Mrs. Cutts," the doctor used to say to her. "Nothing but good happens to this goodman of yours." Bits of bone came out just as they were wanted to. Inflammation kept away just as it was told to do. And the two wounds ran a race with each other in healing after their fashion. "It will be a beautiful stump after all," said the doctor, where poor Laura saw little beauty. But everything was beautiful to her, when at last he told her that she might wrap her husband up as well as she knew how, and take him home and nurse him there. So she had telegraphed that they were coming, and that was the way in which it happened that her father and her sister had brought out the baby to meet them both at Fordyce's. Mattie's surprise had worked perfectly.

And now it was time for Laura's surprise! After she had her baby in her own arms, and

## 252      They Saw a Great Light

was on the back seat of the sleigh; after Tom was well wrapped up by her side, with his well arm just supporting the little fellow's head; after Mattie was all tucked in by her father, and Mr. Marvel himself had looked round to say, "All ready?" then was it that Jem Marvel first stepped out from the stage, and said, "Have n't you one word for me, Mattie?" Then how they screamed again! For everybody thought Jem was in the West Indies. He was cruising there, on board the "Greywing," looking after blockaders who took the Southern route. Nobody dreamed of Jem's coming home at Christmas. And here he had stumbled on Tom and Laura in the New Haven train as they came on! Jem had been sent into New York with a prize. He had got leave, and was on his way to see the rest of them. He had bidden Laura not say one word, and so he had watched one greeting from the stage, before he broke in to take his part for another.

Oh! what an uproarious Christmas that was when they all came home! No! Tom Cutts would not let one of them be sad! He was the cheeriest of them all. He monopolized the baby and showed immense power in the way of baby talk and of tending. Laura had only to sit on the side of the room and be perfectly happy. It was very soon known what the arrivals were. And Parson Spaulding came in, and his wife. Of course the Cuttses had been there already. Then everybody came. That is the simplest way of



putting it. They all would have wanted to come, because in that community there was not one person who did not love Laura and Tom and Jem. But whether they would have come on the very first night I am not sure. But this was Christmas Eve, and the girls were finishing off the meeting-house just as the stage and the sleigh came in. And in a minute the news was everywhere. And, of course, everybody felt he might just go in to get news from the fleet or the army. Nor was there one household in Tripp's Cove which was not more or less closely represented in the fleet or the army. So there was really, as the evening passed, a town-meeting in Moses Marvel's sitting-room and parlor; and whether Moses Marvel were most pleased, or Mrs. Marvel, or Laura, — who sat and beamed, — or old General Simeon Cutts, I am sure I do not know.

That was indeed a merry Christmas!

But after that I must own it was hard sledding for Tom Cutts and for pretty Laura. A hero with one blue sleeve pinned neatly together, who, at the best, limps as he walks, quickens all your compassion and gratitude; — yes! But when you are selecting a director of your lumber works, or when you are sending to New York to buy goods, or when you are driving a line of railway through the wilderness, I am afraid you do not choose that hero to do your work for you. Or, if you do, you were not standing by when Tom Cutts was looking right and looking left for something to do, so that

## 254      They Saw a Great Light

he might keep the wolf from the door. It was sadly like the life that his great-grandfather, Samuel Cutts, led at the old farm in old Newbury after the old war. Tom lost his place when he went to the front, and he could not find it again.

Laura, sweet girl, never complained. No, nor Moses Marvel. He never complained, nor would he complain if Tom and his wife and children had lived with him till doomsday. "Good luck for us," said Moses Marvel, and those were many words for him to say in one sentence. But Tom was proud, and it ground him to the dust to be eating Moses Marvel's bread when he had not earned it, and to have nothing but his major's pension to buy Laura and the babies their clothes with, and to keep the pot a-boiling.

Of course Jem joined the fleet again. Nor did Jem return again till the war was over. Then he came, and came with prize-money. He and Tom had many talks of going into business together, with Tom's brains and Jem's money. But nothing came of this. The land was no place for Jem. He was a regular Norseman, as are almost all of the Tripp's Cove boys who have come from the loins of the "Fighting Twenty-seventh." They sniff the tempest from afar off; and when they hear of Puget Sound, or of Alaska, or of Wilkes's Antarctic Continent, they fancy that they hear a voice from some long-lost home, from which they have strayed away. And so Laura knew, and

Tom knew, that any plans which rested on Jem's staying ashore were plans which had one false element in them. The raven would be calling him, and it might be best, once for all, to let him follow the raven till the raven called no more.

So Jem put his prize-money into a new bark, which he found building at Bath; and they called the bark the "Laura," and Tom and Laura Cutts went to the launching, and Jem superintended the rigging of her himself; and then he took Tom and Laura and the babies with him to New York, and a high time they had together there. Tom saw many of the old army boys, and Laura hunted up one or two old school friends; and they saw Booth in Iago, and screamed themselves hoarse at Niblo's, and heard Rudolphsen and Johannsen in the German opera; they rode in the Park, and they walked in the Park; they browsed in the Astor and went shopping at Stewart's and saw the people paint porcelain at Haighwout's; and, by Mr. Alden's kindness, went through the wonders of *Harper's*. In short, for three weeks, all of which time they lived on board ship, they saw the lions of New York, as children of the public do, for whom that great city decks itself, and prepares its wonders, albeit their existence is hardly known to its inhabitants.

Meanwhile Jem had chartered the "Laura" for a voyage to San Francisco. And so, before long, her cargo began to come on board; and she and Tom and the babies took a mournful farewell, and came

256      They Saw a Great Light

back to Tripp's Cove again, to Moses Marvel's house. And poor Tom thought it looked smaller than ever, and that he should find it harder than ever to settle down to being of no use to anybody, and to eat Moses Marvel's bread, — without house or barn, or bin or oven, or board or bed, even the meanest, of his own. Poor Tom! and this was the reward of being the first man in Maine to enter for three years!

And then things went worse and worse. Moses Marvel was as good and as taciturn as ever. But Moses Marvel's affairs did not run as smoothly as he liked. Moses held on, upon one year's cutting of lumber, perfectly determined that lumber should rise, because it ought to; and Moses paid very high usury on the money he borrowed, because he would hold on. Moses was set in his way, — like other persons whom you and I know, — and to this lumber he held and held, till finally the bank would not renew his notes. No; and they would not discount a cent for him at Bangor, and Moses came back from a long taciturn journey he had started on in search of money, without any money, and with only the certainty that if he did not mean to have the sheriff sell his lumber, he must sell it for himself. Nay! he must sell it before the fourth of the next month, and for cash; and must sell at the very bottom of a long falling market! Poor Moses Marvel! That operation served to show that he joined all the Cutts' want of luck with the Marvel obstinacy. It was a wretched twelvemonth,

the whole of it; and it made that household, and made Tom Cutts, more miserable and more.

Then they became anxious about the "Laura," and Jem. She made almost a clipper voyage to California. She discharged her cargo in perfect order. Jem made a capital charter for Australia and England, and knew that from England it would be easy to get a voyage home. He sailed from California, and then the letters stopped. No! Laura dear, no need in reading every word of the ship-news in the *Semi-weekly Advertiser*; the name of your namesake is not there. Eight, nine, ten months have gone by, and there is no port in Christendom which has seen Jem's face, or the Laura's private signal. Do not strain your eyes over the *Semi-weekly* more.

No! dear Laura's eyes will be dimmed by other cares than the ship news. Tom's father, who had shared Tom's wretchedness, and would gladly have had them at his home, but that Moses Marvel's was the larger and the less peopled of the two — Tom's father was brought home speechless one day, by the men who found him where he had fallen on the road, his yoke of oxen not far away, waiting for the voice which they were never to hear again. Whether he had fallen from the cart, in some lurch it made, and broken his spine, or whether all this distress had brought on of a sudden a stroke of paralysis, so that he lost his consciousness before he fell, I do not know. Nor do I see that it matters much, though the chimney-corners of Tripp's Cove

## 258      They Saw a Great Light

discuss the question quite eagerly to this hour. He lay there month after month, really unconscious. He smiled gently when they brought him food. He tried to say "Thank you," they thought, but he did not speak to the wife of his bosom, who had been the Laura Marvel of her day, in any different way from that in which he tried to speak to any stranger of them all. A living death he lay in as those tedious months went by.

Yet my dear Laura was as cheerful, and hopeful, and buoyant as ever. Tom Cutts himself was ashamed to brood when he got a sight of her. Mother Cutts herself would lie down and rest herself when Laura came round, with the two children, as she did every afternoon. Moses Marvel himself was less taciturn when Laura put the boys, one at one side, one at the other, of his chair at the tea-table. And in both of those broken households, from one end to the other, they knew the magic of dear Laura's spells. So that when this Christmas came, after poor Mr. Cutts had been lying senseless so long, — when dear Laura bade them all take hold and fit up a Christmas-tree, with all the adornments, for the little boys, and for the Spaulding children, and the Marvel cousins, and the Hopkinses, and the Tredgolds, and the Newmarch children, — they all obeyed her loyally, and without wondering. They obeyed her, with her own determination that they would have one merry Christmas more. It seems a strange thing to people who grew up outside of New England. But

## They Saw a Great Light 259

this was the first Christmas tree ever seen at Tripp's Cove, for all such festivities are of recent importation in such regions. But there was something for every child. They heaped on more wood, and they kept a merry Christmas, despite the storm without. This was Laura's will, and Laura had her way.

And she had her reward. Job Stiles came round to the door, when he had put up his horses, and called Tom out, and gave him a letter which he had brought from Ellsworth. And Tom read the letter, and he called Laura to read it. And Laura left the children, and sat at the kitchen table with him and read it, and said, "Thank God! this is a Christmas present indeed. Could anything in this world be better?"

This is the letter: —

JOHN WILDAIR TO TOM CUTTS.

DEAR TOM, — I am just back from Washington. I have seen them all, and have done my best, and have failed. They say and I believe that the collectorship was promised to Waters before the old man's death, — that Waters had honest claims, — he has but one leg, you know, — and that it must go to him. As for the surveyorship, the gift of that is with Plumptre. And you know that I might as well ask the Pope to give me anything as he. And if he hates anybody more than me, why, it is your wife's father. So I could do nothing there.

Let me say this, though it seems nothing. If, while

we are waiting to look round, you like to take the Bell and Hammer Light-house, you may have the place to-morrow. Of course I know it is exile in winter. But in summer it is lovely. You have your house, your stores, two men under you (they are double lights), and a thousand dollars. I have made them promise to give it to no one till they hear from me. Though I know you ought not take any such place, I would not refuse it till I let you know. I send this to Ellsworth for the stage driver to take, and you must send your answer by special messenger, that I may telegraph to Washington at once.

I am very sorry, dear Tom, to have failed you so. But I did my best, you know. Merry Christmas to Laura and the babies.

Truly yours,

JOHN WILDAIR.

PORTLAND, Dec. 24, 1868.

That was Laura and Tom's Christmas present. An appointment as light-house keeper, with a thousand a year!

But even if they had made Tom a turnpike keeper, they would not have made Laura a misanthrope. He, poor fellow, gladly accepted the appointment. She, sweet creature, as gladly accepted her part of it. Early March saw them on the Bell and Hammer. April saw the early flowers come, — and May saw Laura with both her babies on the beach, laughing at them as they wet their feet, — digging holes in the sand for them, — and sending the bigger boy to run and put salt upon the tails of the peeps as they ran along the shore.



## They Saw a Great Light 261

And Tom Cutts, when his glass was clear to his mind, and the reflectors polished to meet even his criticism, would come down and hunt up Laura and the children. And when she had put the babies to sleep, old Mipples, who was another of the descendants of the "Fighting Twenty-seventh," would say, "Just you go out with the Major, mum, and if they wake up and I can't still them, I'll blow the horn." Not that he ever did blow the horn. All the more certain was Laura that she could tramp over the whole island with Tom Cutts, or she could sit and knit or sew, and Tom could read to her, and these days were the happiest days of her married life, and brought back the old sunny days of the times before Fort Sumter again. Ah me! if such days of summer and such days of autumn would last forever!

But they will not last forever. November came, and the little colony went into winter quarters. December came. And we were all double-banked with sea-weed. The stoves were set up indoors. The double doors were put on outside, and we were all ready for the "Osprey." The "Osprey" was the Government steamer which was to bring us our supplies for the winter, chiefly of colza oil, — and perhaps some coal. But the "Osprey" does not appear. December is half gone, and no "Osprey." We can put the stoves on short allowance, but not our two lanterns. They will only run to the 31st of January, the nights are so long, if the "Osprey" does not come before then.

## 262      They Saw a Great Light

That is our condition, when old Mipples, bringing back the mail, brings a letter from Boston to say that the "Osprey" has broken her mainshaft, and may not be repaired before the 15th of January, — that Mr. Cutts will, therefore, if he needs oil, take an early opportunity to supply himself from the light at Squire's, — and that an order on the keeper at Squire's is inclosed.

To bring a cask of oil from Squire's is no difficult task to a Tripp's Cove man. It would be no easy one, dear reader, to you and me. Squire's is on the mainland, — our nearest neighbor at the Bell and Hammer, — it revolves once a minute, and we watch it every night in the horizon. Tom waited day by day for a fine day, — would not have gone for his oil, indeed, till the New Year came in, but that Jotham Fields, the other assistant, came down with a fever turn wholly beyond Laura's management, and she begged Tom to take the first fine day to carry him to a doctor. To bring a doctor to him was out of the question.

"And what will you do?" said Tom.

"Do? I will wait till you come home. Start any fine day after you have wound up the lights on the last beat, — take poor Jotham to his mother's house, — and if you want you may bring back your oil. I shall get along with the children very well, — and I will have your dinner hot when you come home."

Tom doubted. But the next day Jotham was worse. Mipples voted for carrying him ashore,

## They Saw a Great Light 263

and Laura had her way. The easier did she have it, because the south wind blew softly, and it was clear to all men that the run could be made to Squire's in a short two hours. Tom finally agreed to start early the next morning. He would not leave his sick man at his mother's, but at Squire's, and the people there could put him home. The weather was perfect, and an hour before daylight they were gone. They were all gone, — all three had to go. Mipples could not handle the boat alone, nor could Tom; far less could one of them manage the boat, take the oil, and see to poor Jotham also. Wise or not, this was the plan.

An hour before daylight they were gone. Half an hour after sunrise they were at Squire's. But the sun had risen red, and had plumped into a cloud. Before Jotham was carried up the cliff the wind was northwest, and the air was white with snow. You could not see the house from the boat, nor the boat from the house. You could not see the foremast of the boat from your seat in the stern-sheets, the air was so white with snow. They carried Jotham up. But they told John Wilkes, the keeper at Squire's, that they would come for the oil another day. They hurried down the path to the boat again, pushed her off, and headed her to the northeast, determined not to lose a moment in beating back to the Bell and Hammer. Who would have thought the wind would haul back so without a sign of warning?

## 264      They Saw a Great Light

"Will it hold up, Simon?" said Tom to Mipples, wishing he might say something encouraging.

And all Simon Mipples would say was:—

"God grant it may!"

And Laura saw the sun rise red and burning. And Laura went up into the tower next the house, and put out the light there. Then she left the children in their cribs, and charged the little boy not to leave till she came back, and ran down to the door to go and put out the other light, — and as she opened it the blinding snow dashed in her face. She had not dreamed of snow before. But her waterproof was on, she pulled on her boots, ran quickly along the path to the other light, two hundred yards, perhaps, climbed the stairway and extinguished that, and was at home again before the babies missed her.

For an hour or two Laura occupied herself with her household cares, and pretended to herself that she thought this was only a snow flurry that would soon clear away. But by the time it was ten o'clock she knew it was a stiff northwester, and that her husband and Mipples were caught on shore. Yes, and she was caught with her babies alone on the island. Wind almost dead ahead to a boat from Squire's, too, if that made any difference. That crossed Laura's mind. Still she would not brood. Nay, she did not brood, which was much better than saying she would not brood.

It crossed her mind that it was the day before Christmas, and that the girls at Tripp's were dressing the meeting-house for dear old Parson Spaulding. And then there crossed her mind the dear old man's speech at all weddings, "As you climb the hill of life together, my dear young friends," and poor Laura, as she kissed the baby once again, had courage to repeat it all aloud to her and her brother, to the infinite amazement of them both. They opened their great eyes to the widest as Laura did so. Nay, Laura had the heart to take a hatchet and work out to leeward of the house into a little hollow behind the hill, and cut up a savin bush from the thicket, and bring that in, and work for an hour over the leaves, so as to make an evergreen frame to hang about General Cutts's picture. She did this that Tom might see she was not frightened when he got home.

*When* he got home! Poor girl! at the very bottom of her heart was the other and real anxiety, — *if* he got home. Laura knew Tom, of course, better than he knew himself, and she knew old Mipples too. So she knew, as well as she knew that she was rubbing black lead on the stove, while she thought these things over, — she knew that they would not stay at Squire's two minutes after they had landed Jotham Fields. She knew they would do just what they did, — put to sea, though it blew guns, though now the surf was running its worst on the Seal's Back. She

266      They Saw a Great Light

knew, too, that if they had not missed the island, they would have been here, at the latest, before eleven o'clock. And by the time it was one she could no longer doubt that they had lost the island, and were tacking about looking for it in the bay, if, indeed, in that gale they dared to tack at all. No! Laura knew only too well that where they were was beyond her guessing; that the good God and they two only knew.

"Come here, Tom, and let me tell you a story! Once there was a little boy, and he had two kittens. And he named one kitten Muff, and he named one kitten Buff!"

Whang!

What was that?

"Tom, darling, take care of baby; do not let her get out of the cradle while mamma goes to the door." Downstairs to the door. The gale has doubled its rage. How ever did it get in behind the storm-door outside? That "*whang*" was the blow with which the door, wrenched off its hinges, was flung against the side of the wood-house. Nothing can be done but to bolt the storm-door to the other passage, and bolt the outer window shutters, and then go back to the children.

"Once there was a little boy, and he had two kittens, and he named one Minna, and one Brenda" —

"No, mamma, no! one Muff, and one —"

"Oh, yes! my darling! once there was a little boy, and he had two kittens, and he named one

## They Saw a Great Light 267

Buff, and one Muff. And one day he went to walk —”

Heavens! the lanterns! Who was to trim the lamps? Strange to say, because this was wholly out of her daily routine, the men always caring for it, of course, Laura had not once thought of it till now. And now it was after one o'clock. But now she did think of it with a will. “Come, Tommy, come and help mamma.” And she bundled him up in his thickest storm rig. “Come up into the lantern.” Here the boy had never come before. He was never frightened when he was with her. Else he might well have been frightened. And he was amazed there in the whiteness; drifts of white snow on the lee-side and the weather-side, clouds of white snow on the south-west sides and north-east sides; snow; snow everywhere; nothing but whiteness wherever he looked round.

Laura made short shift of those wicks which had burned all through the night before. But she had them ready. She wound up the carcels for their night's work. Again and again she drew her oil and filled up her reservoirs. And as she did so, an old text came on her, and she wondered whether Father Spaulding knew how good a text it would be for Christmas. And the fancy touched her, poor child, and as she led little Tom down into the nursery again, she could not help opening into the Bible Parson Spaulding gave her and reading: —

“‘But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.’ Dear Tommy, dear Tommy, my own child, we will not sleep, will we? ‘While the bridegroom tarried,’ O my dear Father in Heaven, let him come. ‘And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him;’” and she devoured little Tommy with kisses, and cried, “We will go, my darling, we will go, if he comes at the first hour, — or the second, — or the third! But now Tommy must come with mamma, and make ready for his coming.” For there were the other lamps to trim in the other tower, with that heavy reach of snow between. And she did not dare leave the active boy alone in the house. Little Matty could be caged in her crib, and, even if she woke, she would at best only cry. But Tom was irrepressible.

So they unbolted the lee-door and worked out into the snow. Then poor Laura, with the child, crept round into the storm. Heavens! how it raged and howled! Where was her poor bridegroom now? She seized up Tom, and turned her back to the wind, and worked along, sideway, sideway, the only way she could go, — step by step, — did it ever seem so far before? Tommy was crying. “One minute more, dear boy. Tommy shall see the other lantern. And Tommy shall carry mamma’s great scissors up the stairs. Don’t cry, my darling, don’t cry.”



## They Saw a Great Light 269

Here is the door; — just as she began to wonder if she were dreaming or crazy. Not so badly drifted in as she feared. At least she is under cover. “Up-a-day, my darling, up-a-day. One, two, what a many steps for Tommy! That’s my brave boy.” And they were on the lantern deck again, fairly rocking in the gale, — and Laura was chopping away on her stiff wicks, and pumping up her oil again, and filling the receivers, as if she had ever done it till this Christmas before. And she kept saying over to herself, —

“Then those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps.”

“And I will light them,” said she aloud. “That will save another walk at sundown. And I know these carcels run at least five hours.” So she struck a match, and with some little difficulty coaxed the fibres to take fire. The yellow light flared luridly on the white snow-flakes, and yet it dazzled her and Tommy as it flashed on them from the reflectors. “Will anybody see it, mamma?” said the child. “Will papa see it?” And just then the witching devil who manages the fibres of memory drew from the little crypt in Laura’s brain, where they had been stored unnoticed years upon years four lines of Leigh Hunt’s, and the child saw that she was Hero:—

“Then at the flame a torch of fire she lit,  
And, o’er her head anxiously holding it,  
Ascended to the roof, and, leaning there,  
Lifted its light into the darksome air.”

270      They Saw a Great Light

If only the devil would have been satisfied with this. But of course she could not remember that without remembering Schiller:—

“In the gale her torch is blasted,  
Beacon of the hoped-for strand:  
Horror broods above the waters,  
Horror broods above the land.”

And she said aloud to the boy, “Our torch shall not go out, Tommy, — come down, come down, darling, with mamma.” But all through the day horrid lines from the same poem came back to her. Why did she ever learn it! Why, but because dear Tom gave her the book himself; and this was his own version, as he sent it to her from the camp in the valley, —

“Yes, ’tis he! although he perished,  
Still his sacred troth he cherished.”

“Why did Tom write it for me?”

“And they trickle, lightly playing  
O’er a corpse upon the sand.”

“What a fool I am! Come, Tommy. Come, Matty, my darling. Mamma will tell you a story. Once there was a little boy, and he had two kittens. And he named one Buff and one Muff” — But this could not last for ever. Sundown came. And then Laura and Tommy climbed their own tower, — and she lighted her own lantern, as she called it. Sickly and sad through the storm, she could see the sister lantern burn-

ing bravely. And that was all she could see in the sullen whiteness. "Now, Tommy, my darling, we will come and have some supper." "And while the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept." "Yes, 't is he; although he perished, still his sacred troth he cherished." "Come, Tommy, — come, Tommy, — come, Tommy, let me tell you a story."

But the children had their supper, — asking terrible questions about papa, — questions which who should answer? But she could busy herself about giving them their oatmeal and treating them to ginger-snaps, because it was Christmas Eve. Nay, she kept her courage when Tommy asked if Santa Claus would come in the boat with papa. She fairly loitered over the undressing them. Little witches, how pretty they were in their flannel nightgowns! And Tommy kissed her, and gave her — ah me! — one more kiss for papa. And in two minutes they were asleep. It would have been better if they could have kept awake one minute longer. Now she was really alone. And very soon seven o'clock has come. She does not dare leave the clock-work at the outer lantern a minute longer. Tom and Mipples wind the works every four hours, and now they have run five. One more look at her darlings. Shall she ever see them again in this world? Now to the duty next her hand!

Yes, the wind is as fierce as ever! A point more to the north, Laura notices. She has no


## 272      They Saw a Great Light

child to carry now. She tumbles once in the drift. But Laura has rolled in snow before. The pile at the door is three feet thick. But she works down to the latch, — and even her poor numb hand conquers it, — and it gives way, How nice and warm the tower is! and how well the lights burn! Can they be of any use this night to anybody? O my God, grant that they be of use to him!

She has wound them now. She has floundered into the snow again. Two or three falls on her way home, — but no danger that she loses the line of march. The light above her own house is before her. So she has only to aim at that. Home again! And now to wait for five hours, — and then to wind that light again — at midnight!

“And at midnight there was a cry made” —  
“Oh dear! — if he would come, — I would not ask for any cry!”

And Laura got down her choice inlaid box, that Jem brought her from sea, — and which held her treasures of treasures. And the dear girl did the best thing she could have done. She took these treasures out. — You know what they were, do not you? They were every letter Tom Cutts ever wrote her — from the first boy note in print, — “Laura, — these hedgehog quills are for you. I killed him. — TOM.” And Laura opened them all, — and read them one by one, each twice, — and put them back in their order, without fold-



ing, into the box. At ten she stopped, and worked her way upstairs into her own lantern, and wound its works again. She tried to persuade herself that there was less wind, — did persuade herself so. But the snow was as steady as ever. Down the tower-stairs again, — and then a few blessed minutes brooding over Matty's crib, and dear little Tom, who has kicked himself right athwart her own bed where she had laid him. Darlings! they are so lovely, their father must come home to see them! Back then to her kitchen fire. There are more of dear Tom's letters yet. How manly they are, — and how womanly. She will read them all! — will she ever dare to read them all again?

Yes, — she reads them all, — each one twice over, — and his soldier diary, — which John Wildair saved and sent home, and as she lays it down the clock strikes twelve. Christmas day is born!

“And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh.” Laura fairly repeated this aloud. She knew that the other carcel must be wound again. She dressed herself for the fight thoroughly. She ran in and trusted herself to kiss the children. She opened the lee-door again, and crept round again into the storm, — familiar now with such adventure. Did the surf beat as fiercely on the rocks? Surely not. But then the tide is now so low! So she came to her other tower, crept up and wound

## 274      They Saw a Great Light

her clock-work up again, wiped off, or tried to wipe off, what she thought was mist gathering on the glasses, groped down the stairway, and looked up on the steady light above her own home. And the Christmas text came back to her. "The star went before them, and stood above the place where the young child was."

"A light to lighten the Gentiles, — and the glory of my people Israel!"

"By the way of the sea," — and this Laura almost shouted aloud, — "Galilee of the Gentiles, the people who sat in darkness saw a great light, and to them who sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."

"Grant it, merciful Father, — grant it for these poor children!" And she almost ran through the heavy drifts, till she found the shelter again of her friendly tower. Her darlings had not turned in their bed since she left them there.

And after this Laura was at rest. She took down her Bible and read the Christmas chapters. It was as if she had never known before what darkness was, — or what the Light was, when it came. She took her Hymn Book and read all the Christmas Hymns. She took her Keble, and read every poem for Advent and the hymn for Christmas morning. She knew this by heart long ago. Then she took Bishop Ken's "Christian Year," — which Tom had given for her last birthday present, — and set herself bravely to committing his "Christmas Day" to memory:—

## They Saw a Great Light 275

"Celestial harps, prepare  
To sound your loftiest air;  
You choral angels at the throne,  
Your customary hymns postpone;"

and thus, dear girl, she kept herself from thinking even of the wretched Hero and Leander lines, till her clock struck three. Upstairs then to her own tower, and to look out upon the night. The sister flame was steady. The wind was all hushed. But the snow was as steady, right and left, behind and before. Down again, one more look at the darlings, and then, as she walked up and down her little kitchen, she repeated the verses she had learned, and then sat down to —

"You with your heavenly ray  
Gild the expanse this day;

"You with your heavenly ray  
Gild — the expanse — this day;

"You — with — your — heavenly — ray — "

Dear Laura, bless God, she is asleep. "He giveth his beloved sleep."

Her head is thrown back on the projecting wing of grandmamma's tall easy-chair, her arms are resting relaxed on its comfortable arms, her lips just open with a smile, as she dreams of something in the kingdom of God's heaven, when, as the lazy day just begins to grow gray, Tom, white with snow to his middle, holding the boat's

## 276      They Saw a Great Light

lantern before him as he steals into her kitchen, crosses the room and looks down on her, — what a shame to wake her, — bends down and kisses her!

Dear child! How she started, — “At midnight there is a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh.” “Why, Tom! Oh! my dearest, is it you?”

“Have I been asleep on duty?” This was her first word when she came fairly to herself.

“Guess not,” said old Mipples; “both lanterns was burning when I come in. ‘Most time to put ‘em out, Major! ‘Keepers must be diligent to save oil by all reasonable prevision.’”

“Is the north light burning?” said poor Laura. And she looked guiltily at her tell-tale clock.

“Darling,” said Tom, reverently, “if it were not burning we should not be here.”

And Laura took her husband to see the babies, not willing to let his hand leave hers, nor he, indeed, to let hers leave his. Old Mipples thought himself one too many, and went away, wiping his eyes, to the other light. “Time to extinguish it,” he said.

But before Tom and Laura had known he was gone, say in half an hour, that is, he was back again, hailing them from below.

“Major! Major! Major! An English steamer is at anchor in the cove, and is sending her boat ashore.”



## They Saw a Great Light 277

Tom and Laura rushed to the window; the snow was all over now and they could see the monster lying within half a mile. "Where would they be, Miss Cutts, if somebody had not wound up the lamps at midnight? Guess they said 'Merry Christmas' when they see 'em." And Laura held her breath when she thought what might have been. Tom and Mipples ran down to the beach to hail them, and direct the landing. Tom and Mipples shook the hand of each man as he came ashore, and then Laura could see them hurrying to the house together. Steps on the landing; steps on the stairway, — the door is open, and, — not Tom this time, — but her dear lost brother Jem, in the flesh, and in a heavy pea-coat.

"Merry Christmas! Laura!"

"Laura," said Jem, as they sat at their Christmas dinner, "what do you think I thought of first when I heard the cable run out so like blazes; when I rushed up and saw your yellow lanterns there?"

"How should I know, Jem?"

"They that dwell in the shadow of death, upon them the light hath shined."

"But I did not think it was you, Laura."



## DAILY BREAD



## DAILY BREAD

### I

#### A QUESTION OF NOURISHMENT

“**A**ND how is he?” said Robert, as he came in from his day’s work, in every moment of which he had thought of his child. He spoke in a whisper to his wife, who met him in the narrow entry at the head of the stairs. And in a whisper she replied.

“He is certainly no worse,” said Mary: “the doctor says, maybe a shade better. At least,” she said, sitting on the lower step, and holding her husband’s hand, and still whispering, — “at least, he said that the breathing seemed to him a shade easier, one lung seemed to him a little more free, and that it is now a question of time and nourishment.”

“Nourishment?”

“Yes, nourishment, — and I own my heart sunk as he said so. Poor little thing, he loathes the slops, and I told the doctor so. I told him the struggle and fight to get them down his poor little throat gave him more flush and fever than anything. And then he begged me not to try that

again, asked if there were really nothing that the child would take, and suggested everything so kindly. But the poor little thing, weak as he is, seems to rise up with supernatural strength against them all. I am not sure, though, but perhaps we may do something with the old milk and water: that is really my only hope now, and that is the reason I spoke to you so cheerfully."

Then poor Mary explained more at length that Emily had brought in Dr. Cummings's Manual<sup>1</sup> about the use of milk with children, and that they had sent round to the Corlisses', who always had good milk, and had set a pint according to the direction and formula,—and that, though dear little Jamie had refused the groats and the barley, and I know not what else, at six he had gladly taken all the watered milk they dared to give him, and that it now had rested on his stomach half an hour, so that she could not but hope that the tide had turned, only she hoped with trembling, because he had so steadily refused cow's milk only the week before.

This rapid review in her entry, of the bulletins of a day, is really the beginning of this story of a storm. No matter which day it was,—it was a little before Christmas, and one of the shortest days, but I have forgotten which. Enough that the baby, for he was a baby still, just entering his thirteenth month,—enough that he did relish the

<sup>1</sup> Has the reader a delicate infant? Let him send for Dr. Cummings's little book on Milk for Children.

milk, so carefully measured and prepared, and hour by hour took his little dole of it as if it had come from his mother's breast. Enough that three or four days went by so, the little thing lying so still on his back in his crib, his lips still so blue, and his skin of such deadly color against the white of his pillow, and that, twice a day, as Dr. Morton came in and felt his pulse, and listened to the panting, he smiled and looked pleased, and said, "We are getting on better than I dared expect." Only every time he said, "Does he still relish the milk?" and every time was so pleased to know that he took to it still, and every day he added a teaspoonful or two to the hourly dole,—and so poor Mary's heart was lifted day by day.

This lasted till St. Victoria's day. Do you know which day that is? It is the second day before Christmas; and here, properly speaking, the story begins.

## II

### ST. VICTORIA'S DAY

ST. VICTORIA'S day the doctor was full two hours late. Mary was not anxious about this. She was beginning to feel bravely about the boy, and no longer counted the minutes till she could hear the door-bell ring. When he came he loitered in the entry below,—or she thought he did. He was long coming upstairs. And when he came in she

saw that he was excited by something, — was really even then panting for breath.

"I am here at last," he said. "Did you think I should fail you?"

Why, no, — poor innocent Mary had not thought any such thing. She had known he would come, — and baby was so well that she had not minded his delay.

Morton looked up at the close drawn shades, which shut out the light, and said, "You did not think of the storm?"

"Storm? No!" said poor Mary. She had noticed, when Robert went to the door at seven and she closed it after him, that some snow was falling. But she had not thought of it again. She had kissed him, told him to keep up good heart, and had come back to her baby.

Then the doctor told her that the storm which had begun before daybreak had been gathering more and more severely; that the drifts were already heavier than he remembered them in all his Boston life; that after half an hour's trial in his sleigh he had been glad to get back to the stable with his horse; and that all he had done since he had done on foot, with difficulty she could not conceive of. He had been so long downstairs while he brushed the snow off, that he might be fit to come near the child.

"And, really, Mrs. Walter, we are doing so well here," he said cheerfully, "that I will not try to come round this afternoon, unless you



see a change. If you do, your husband must come up for me, you know. But you will not need me, I am sure."

Mary felt quite brave to think that they should not need him really for twenty-four hours, and said so; and added, with the first smile he had seen for a fortnight: "I do not know anybody to whom it is of less account than to me, whether the streets are blocked or open. Only I am sorry for you."

Poor Mary, how often she thought of that speech, before Christmas day went by! But she did not think of it all through St. Victoria's day. Her husband did not come home to dinner. She did not expect him. The children came from school at two, rejoicing in the long morning session and the half holiday of the afternoon which had been earned by it. They had some story of their frolic in the snow, and after dinner went quietly away to their little play-room in the attic. And Mary sat with her baby all the afternoon, — nor wanted other company. She could count his breathing now, and knew how to time it by the watch, and she knew that it was steadier and slower than it was the day before. And really he almost showed an appetite for the hourly dole. Her husband was not late. He had taken care of that, and had left the shop an hour early. And as he came in and looked at the child from the other side of the crib, and smiled so cheerfully on her, Mary felt that she could not enough thank God for his mercy.

## III

## ST. VICTORIA'S DAY IN THE COUNTRY

FIVE-AND-TWENTY miles away was another mother, with a baby born the same day as Jamie. Mary had never heard of her and never has heard of her, and, unless she reads this story, never will hear of her till they meet together in the other home, look each other in the face, and know as they are known. Yet their two lives, as you shall see, are twisted together, as indeed are all lives, only they do not know it — as how should they?

A great day for Huldah Stevens was this St. Victoria's day. Not that she knew its name more than Mary did. Indeed it was only of late years that Huldah Stevens had cared much for keeping Christmas day. But of late years they had all thought of it more; and this year, on Thanksgiving day, at old Mr. Stevens's, after great joking about the young people's housekeeping, it had been determined, with some banter, that the same party should meet with John and Huldah on Christmas eve, with all Huldah's side of the house besides, to a late dinner or early supper, as the guests might please to call it. Little difference between the meals, indeed, was there ever in the profusion of these country homes. The men folks were seldom at home at the noon-day meal, call it what

you will. For they were all in the milk-business, as you will see. And, what with collecting the milk from the hill-farms, on the one hand, and then carrying it for delivery at the three o'clock morning milk-train, on the other hand, any hours which you, dear reader, might consider systematic, or of course in country life, were certainly always set aside. But, after much conference, as I have said, it had been determined at the Thanksgiving party that all hands in both families should meet at John and Huldah's as near three o'clock as they could the day before Christmas; and then and there Huldah was to show her powers in entertaining at her first state family party.

So this St. Victoria's day was a great day of preparation for Huldah, if she had only known its name, as she did not. For she was of the kind which prepares in time, not of the kind that is caught out when the company come with the work half done. And as John started on his collection beat that morning at about the hour Robert, in town, kissed Mary good-by, Huldah stood on the step with him, and looked with satisfaction on the gathering snow, because it would make better sleighing the next day for her father and mother to come over. She charged him not to forget her box of raisins when he came back, and to ask at the express if anything came up from town, bade him good-by, and turned back into the house, not wholly dissatisfied to be almost alone. She washed her baby, gave him his first lunch and put him to

bed. Then, with the coast fairly clear, — what woman does not enjoy a clear coast, if it only be early enough in the morning? — she dipped boldly and wisely into her flour-barrel, stripped her plump round arms to their work, and began on the pie-crust which was to appear to-morrow in the five-fold forms of apple, cranberry, Marlboro', mince, and squash, — careful and discriminating in the nice chemistry of her mixtures and the nice manipulations of her handicraft, but in no wise dreading the issue. A long, active, lively morning she had of it. Not dissatisfied with the stages of her work, step by step she advanced, stage by stage she attained of the elaborate plan which was well laid out in her head, but, of course, had never been intrusted to words, far less to tell-tale paper. From the oven at last came the pies, — and she was satisfied with the color; from the other oven came the turkey, which she proposed to have cold — as a relay, or *pièce de résistance* for any who might not be at hand at the right moment for dinner. Into the empty oven went the clove-blossoming ham, which, as it boiled, had given the least appetizing odor to the kitchen. In the pretty moulds in the woodshed stood the translucent cranberry hardening to its fixed consistency. In other moulds the obedient calf's foot already announced its willingness and intention to "gell" as she directed. Huldah's decks were cleared again, her kitchen table fit to cut out "work" upon, — all the pans and plates were put away which accumulate so myste-

riously where cooking is going forward; on its nail hung the weary jigger, on its hook the spicy grater, on the roller a fresh towel. Everything gave sign of victory, the whole kitchen looking only a little nicer than usual. Huldah herself was dressed for the afternoon, and so was the baby; and nobody but as acute observers as you and I would have known that she had been in action all along the line and had won the battle at every point, when two o'clock came, the earliest moment at which her husband ever returned.

Then for the first time it occurred to Huldah to look outdoors and see how fast the snow was gathering. She knew it was still falling. But the storm was a quiet one, and she had had too much to do to be gaping out of the windows. She went to the shed door, and to her amazement saw that the north wood-pile was wholly drifted in! Nor could she, as she stood, see the fences of the roadway!

Huldah ran back into the house, opened the parlor door and drew up the curtain, to see that there were indeed no fences on the front of the house to be seen. On the northwest, where the wind had full sweep, — between her and the barn, the ground was bare. But all that snow — and who should say how much more? — was piled up in front of her; so that unless Huldah had known every landmark, she would not have suspected that any road was ever there. She looked uneasily out at the northwest windows, but she

could not see an inch to windward: dogged snow — snow — snow — as if it would never be done.

Huldah knew very well then that there was no husband for her in the next hour, nor most like in the next or the next. She knew very well too what she had to do; and, knowing it, she did it. She tied on her hood, and buttoned tight around her her rough sack, passed through the shed and crossed that bare strip to the barn, opened the door with some difficulty, because snow was already drifting into the doorway, and entered. She gave the cows and oxen their water and the two night horses theirs, — went up into the loft and pitched down hay enough for all, — went downstairs to the pigs and cared for them, — took one of the barn shovels and cleared a path where she had had to plunge into the snow at the doorway, took the shovel back, and then crossed home again to her baby. She thought she saw the Empsons' chimney smoking as she went home, and that seemed companionable. She took off her over-shoes, sack, and hood, said aloud, "This will be a good stay-at-home day," brought round her desk to the kitchen table, and began on a nice long letter to her brother Cephas in Seattle.

That letter was finished, eight good quarto pages written, and a long delayed letter to Emily Tabor, whom Huldah had not seen since she was married; and a long pull at her milk accounts had brought them up to date, — and still no John.

Huldah had the table all set, you may be sure of that; but, for herself, she had had no heart to go through the formalities of lunch or dinner. A cup of tea and something to eat with it as she wrote did better, she thought, for her, — and she could eat when the men came. It is a way women have. Not till it became quite dark, and she set her kerosene lamp in the window that he might have a chance to see it when he turned the Locust Grove corner, did Huldah once feel herself lonely, or permit herself to wish that she did not live in a place where she could be cut off from all her race. "If John had gone into partnership with Joe Winter and we had lived in Boston." This was the thought that crossed her mind. Dear Huldah, — from the end of one summer to the beginning of the next, Joe Winter does not go home to his dinner; and what you experience to-day, so far as absence from your husband goes, is what his wife experiences in Boston ten months, save Sundays, in every year.

I do not mean that Huldah winced or whined. Not she. Only she did think "if." Then she sat in front of the stove and watched the coals, and for a little while continued to think "if." Not long. Very soon she was engaged in planning how she would arrange the table to-morrow, — whether Mother Stevens should cut the chicken-pie, or whether she would have that in front of her own mother. Then she fell to planning what

she would make for Cynthia's baby, — and then to wondering whether Cephas was in earnest in that half nonsense he wrote about Sibyl Dyer, — and then the clock struck six!

No bells yet, — no husband, — no anybody. Lantern out and lighted. Rubber boots on, hood and sack. Shed-shovel in one hand, lantern in the other. Roadway still bare, but a drift as high as Huldah's shoulders at the barn door. Lantern on the ground; snow-shovel in both hands now. One, two, three! — one cubic foot out. One, two, three! — another cubic foot out. And so on, and so on, and so on, till the doorway is clear again. Lantern in one hand, snow-shovel in the other, we enter the barn, draw the water for cows and oxen, — we shake down more hay and see to the pigs again. This time we make beds of straw for the horses and the cattle. Nay, we linger a minute or two, for there is something companionable there. Then we shut them in, in the dark, and cross the well-cleared roadway to the shed, and so home again. Certainly Mrs. Empson's kerosene lamp is in her window. That must be her light which gives a little halo in that direction in the falling snow. That looks like society.

And this time Huldah undresses the baby, puts on her yellow flannel night-gown, — makes the whole as long as it may be, — and then, still making believe be jolly, lights another lamp, eats her own supper, clears it away, and cuts



into the new *Harper* which John had brought up to her the day before.

But the *Harper* is dull reading to her, though generally so attractive. And when her Plymouth-Hollow clock consents to strike eight at last, Huldah, who has stinted herself to read till eight, gladly puts down the "Travels in Arizona," which seem to her as much like the "Travels in Peru," of the month before, as those had seemed like the "Travels in Chinchilla." Rubber boots again, — lantern again — sack and hood again. The men will be in no case for milking when they come. So Huldah brings together their pails, — takes her shovel once more and her lantern, — digs out the barn drift again, and goes over to milk little Carry and big Fanchon. For, though the milking of a hundred cows passes under those roofs and out again every day, Huldah is far too conservative to abandon the custom which she inherits from some Thorfinn or some Elfrida, and her husband is well pleased to humor her in keeping in that barn always, at least two of the choicest three-quarter blood cows that he can choose, for the family supply. Only, in general, he or Reuben milks them; as duties are divided there, this is not Huldah's share. But on this eve of St. Spiridion the gentle creatures were glad when she came in; and in two journeys back and forth Huldah had carried her well-filled pails into her dairy. This helped along the hour, and just after nine o'clock struck, she could hear

the cheers of the men at last. She ran out again with the ready lighted lantern to the shed-door, — in an instant had on her boots and sack and hood, had crossed to the barn and slid open the great barn door, and stood there with her light, — another Hero for another Leander to buffet towards through the snow. A sight to see were the two men, to be sure! And a story, indeed, they had to tell! On their different beats they had fought snow all day, had been breaking roads with the help of the farmers where they could, had had to give up more than half of the outlying farms, sending such messages as they might, that the outlying farmers might bring down to-morrow's milk to such stations as they could arrange, and at last, by good luck, had both met at the depot in the hollow, where each had gone to learn at what hour the milk-train might be expected in the morning. Little reason was there, indeed, to expect it at all. Nothing had passed the station-master since the morning express, called lightning by satire, had slowly pushed up with three or four engines five hours behind its time, and just now had come down a messenger from them that he should telegraph to Boston that they were all blocked up at Tyler's Summit, — the snow drifting beneath their wheels faster than they could clear it. Above, the station-master said, nothing whatever had yet passed Winchendon. Five engines had gone out from Fitchburg eastward, but in the whole day

they had not come as far as Leominster. It was very clear that no milk-train nor any other train would be on time the next morning.

Such was, in brief, John's report to Huldah, when they had got to that state of things in which a man can make a report; that is, after they had rubbed dry the horses, had locked up the barn, after the men had rubbed themselves dry and had put on dry clothing, and after each of them, sitting on the fire side of the table, had drunk his first cup of tea, and eaten his first square cubit of dipped-toast. After the dipped-toast, they were going to begin on Huldah's fried potatoes and sausages.

Huldah heard their stories with all their infinite little details; knew every corner and turn by which they had husbanded strength and life; was grateful to the Corbetts and Varnums and Prescotts and the rest, who, with their oxen and their red right hands, had given such loyal help for the common good; and she heaved a deep sigh when the story ended with the verdict of the failure of the whole, "No trains on time to-morrow."

"Bad for the Boston babies," said Reuben bluntly, giving words to what the others were feeling. "Poor little things!" said Huldah, "Alice has been so pretty all day." And she gulped down just one more sigh, disgusted with herself as she remembered that "if" of the afternoon, — "if John had only gone into partnership with Joe Winter."

## IV

## HOW THEY BROKE THE BLOCKADE

THREE o'clock in the morning saw Huldah's fire burning in the stove, her water boiling in the kettle, her slices of ham broiling on the gridiron, and quarter-past three saw the men come across from the barn, where they had been shaking down hay for the cows and horses, and yoking the oxen for the terrible onset of the day. It was bright star-light above, — thank Heaven for that. This strip of three hundred thousand square miles of snow cloud, which had been forming and drifting east over a continent, was, it seemed, only twenty hours wide, — say two hundred miles, more or less, — and at about midnight its last flecks had fallen, and all the heaven was washed black and clear. The men were well rested by those five hours of hard sleep. They were fitly dressed for their great encounter and started cheerily upon it, as men who meant to do their duty, and to both of whom, indeed, the thought had come that life and death might be trembling in their hands. They did not take out the pungs to day, nor, of course, the horses. Such milk as they had collected on St. Victoria's day they had stored already at the station, and at Stacy's; and the best they could do to-day would be to break

open the road from the Four Corners to the station, that they might place as many cans as possible there before the down-train came. From the house, then, they had only to drive down their oxen that they might work with the other teams from the Four Corners; and it was only by begging him that Huldah persuaded Reuben to take one lunch-can for them both. Then, as Reuben left the door, — leaving John to kiss her “good-by,” and to tell her not to be alarmed if they did not come home at night, — she gave to John the full milk-can into which she had poured every drop of Carry’s milk, and said, “It will be one more; and God knows what child may be crying for it now.”

So they parted for eight-and-twenty hours; and in place of Huldah’s first state party of both families, she and Alice reigned solitary that day, and held their little court with never a suitor. And when her lunch-time came, Huldah looked half-mournfully, half-merrily, on her array of dainties prepared for the feast, and she would not touch one of them. She toasted some bread before the fire, made a cup of tea, boiled an egg, and would not so much as set the table. As has been before stated, this is the way with women.

And of the men, who shall tell the story of the pluck and endurance, of the unfailing good-will, of the resource in strange emergency, of the mutual help and common courage with which all the men worked that day on that well-nigh hope-

less task of breaking open the highway from the Corners to the station? Well-nigh hopeless, indeed; for although at first, with fresh cattle and united effort, they made in the hours, which passed so quickly, up to ten o'clock near two miles headway, and had brought yesterday's milk thus far, — more than half way to their point of delivery, — at ten o'clock it was quite evident that this sharp northwest wind, which told so heavily on the oxen and even on the men, was filling in the very roadway they had opened, and so was cutting them off from their base, and, by its new drifts, was leaving the roadway for to-day's milk even worse than it was when they began. In one of those extemporized councils, then, — such as fought the battle of Bunker Hill, and threw the tea into Boston harbor, — it was determined, at ten o'clock, to divide the working parties. The larger body should work back to the Four Corners, and by proper relays keep that trunk line of road open, if they could; while six yoke, with their owners, still pressing forward to the station, should make a new base at Lovejoy's, where, when these oxen gave out, they could be put up at his barn. It was quite clear, indeed, to the experts that that time was not far distant.

And so, indeed, it proved. By three in the afternoon, John and Reuben and the other leaders of the advance party — namely, the whole of it, for such is the custom of New England — gathered around the fire at Lovejoy's, conscious that

after twelve hours of such battle as Pavia never saw, nor Roncesvalles, they were defeated at every point but one. Before them the mile of road which they had made in the steady work of hours was drifted in again as smooth as the surrounding pastures, only if possible a little more treacherous for the labor which they had thrown away upon it. The oxen which had worked kindly and patiently, well handled by good-tempered men, yet all confused and half dead with exposure, could do no more. Well, indeed, if those that had been stalled fast, and had had to stand in that biting wind after gigantic effort, escaped with their lives from such exposure. All that the men had gained was that they had advanced their first depot of milk — two hundred and thirty-nine cans — as far as Lovejoy's. What supply might have worked down to the Four Corners behind them they did not know and hardly cared, their communications that way being well-nigh cut off again. What they thought of, and planned for, was simply how these cans at Lovejoy's could be put on any downward train. For by this time they knew that all trains would have lost their grades and their names, and that this milk would go into Boston by the first engine that went there, though it rode on the velvet of a palace car.

What train this might be they did not know. From the hill above Lovejoy's they could see poor old Dix, the station-master, with his wife

and boys, doing his best to make an appearance of shovelling in front of his little station. But Dix's best was but little, for he had but one arm, having lost the other in a collision; and so, as a sort of pension, the company had placed him at this little flag-station, where was a roof over his head, a few tickets to sell, and generally very little else to do. It was clear enough that no working parties on the railroad had worked up to Dix, or had worked down; nor was it very likely that any would before night, unless the railroad people had better luck with their drifts than our friends had found. But, as to this, who should say? Snow-drifts are "mighty onsartain." The line of that road is in general north-west, and to-day's wind might have cleaned out its gorges as persistently as it had filled up our crosscuts. From Lovejoy's barn they could see that the track was now perfectly clear for the half mile where it crossed the Prescott meadows.

I am sorry to have been so long in describing thus the aspect of the field after the first engagement. But it was on this condition of affairs that, after full conference, the enterprises of the night were determined. Whatever was to be done was to be done by men. And after thorough regale on Mrs. Lovejoy's green tea, and continual return to her constant relays of thin bacon gilded by unnumbered eggs; after cutting and coming again upon unnumbered mince-pies, — which, I am sorry to say, did not in any point compare well



with Huldah's, — each man thrust many doughnuts into his outside pockets, drew on the long boots again, and his buckskin gloves and mittens, and, unencumbered now by the care of animals, started on the work of the evening. The sun was just taking his last look at them from the western hills, where Reuben and John could see Huldah's chimney smoking. The plan was, by taking a double hand-sled of Lovejoy's, and by knocking together two or three more, jumper-fashion, to work their way across the meadow to the railroad causeway, and establish a milk depot there, where the line was not half a mile from Lovejoy's. By going and coming often, following certain tracks well known to Lovejoy on the windward side of walls and fences, these eight men felt quite sure that by midnight they could place all their milk at the spot where the old farm crossing strikes the railroad. Meanwhile, Silas Lovejoy, a boy of fourteen, was to put on a pair of snow-shoes, go down to the station, state the case to old Dix, and get from him a red lantern and permission to stop the first train where it swept out from the Pitman cut upon the causeway. Old Dix had no more right to give this permission than had the humblest street-sweeper in Ispahan, and this they all knew. But the fact that Silas had asked for it would show a willingness on their part to submit to authority, if authority there had been. This satisfied the New England love of law, on the one hand. On the other hand, the train

would be stopped, and this satisfied the New England determination to get the thing done any way. To give additional force to Silas, John provided him with a note to Dix, and it was generally agreed that if Dix wasn't ugly, he would give the red lantern and the permission. Silas was then to work up the road and station himself as far beyond the curve as he could, and stop the first down-train. He was to tell the conductor where the men were waiting with the milk, was to come down to them on the train, and his duty would be done. Lest Dix should be ugly, Silas was provided with Lovejoy's only lantern, but he was directed not to show this at the station until his interview was finished. Silas started cheerfully on his snow-shoes; John and Lovejoy, at the same time, starting with the first hand-sled of the cans. First of all into the sled John put Huldah's well-known can, a little shorter than the others, and with a different handle. "Whatever else went to Boston," he said, "that can was bound to go through."

They established the basis of their pyramid, and met the three new jumpers with their makers as they went back for more. The party enlarged the base of the pyramid; and, as they worked, Silas passed them cheerfully with his red lantern. Old Dix had not been ugly, had given the lantern and all the permission he had to give, and had communicated some intelligence also. The intelligence was, that an accumulated force of seven

engines, with a large working party, had left Groton Junction downward at three. Nothing had arrived upward at Groton Junction; and from Boston, Dix learned that nothing more would leave there till early morning. No trains had arrived in Boston from any quarter for twenty-four hours. So long the blockade had lasted already.

On this intelligence, it was clear that, with good luck, the down-train might reach them at any moment. Still the men resolved to leave their milk while they went back for more, relying on Silas and the "large working party" to put it on the cars, if the train chanced to pass before any of them returned. So back they fared to Lovejoy's for their next relay, and met John and Reuben working in successfully with their second. But no one need have hurried, for, as trip after trip they built their pyramid of cans higher and higher, no welcome whistle broke the stillness of the night, and by ten o'clock, when all these cans were in place by the rail, the train had not yet come.

John and Reuben then proposed to go up into the cut, and to relieve poor Silas, who had not been heard from since he swung along so cheerfully like an "Excelsior" boy on his way up the Alps. But they had hardly started, when a horn from the meadow recalled them, and, retracing their way, they met a messenger who had come in to say that a fresh team from the Four Corners

had been reported at Lovejoy's, with a dozen or more men, who had succeeded in bringing down nearly as far as Lovejoy's mowing-lot near a hundred more cans; that it was quite possible in two or three hours more to bring this over also, — and, although the first train was probably now close at hand, it was clearly worth while to place this relief in readiness for a second. So poor Silas was left for the moment to his loneliness, and Reuben and John returned again upon their steps. They passed the house, where they found Mrs. Lovejoy and Mrs. Stacy at work in the shed, finishing off two more jumpers, and claiming congratulation for their skill, and after a cup of tea again, — for no man touched spirit that day nor that night, — they reported at the new station by the mowing-lot.

And Silas Lovejoy — who had turned the corner into the Pitman cut, and so shut himself out from sight of the station light, or his father's windows, or the lanterns of the party at the pyramid of cans — Silas Lovejoy held his watch there, hour by hour, with such courage as the sense of the advance gives boy or man. He had not neglected to take the indispensable shovel as he came. In going over the causeway he had slipped off the snow-shoes and hung them on his back. Then there was heavy wading as he turned into the Pitman cut, knee deep, middle deep, and he laid his snow-shoes on the snow and set the red lantern on them, as he reconnoitred.

Middle deep, neck deep, and he fell forward on his face into the yielding mass. "This will not do, I must not fall like that often," said Silas to himself, as he gained his balance and threw himself backward against the mass. Slowly he turned round, worked back to the lantern, worked out to the causeway, and fastened on the shoes again. With their safer help he easily skimmed up to Pitman's bridge, which he had determined on for his station. He knew that thence his lantern could be seen for a mile, yet that the train might be safely stopped there, so near was the open causeway which he had just traversed. He had no fear of an up-train behind him.

So Silas walked back and forth, and sang, and spouted "pieces," and mused on the future of his life, and spouted "pieces" again, and sang in the loneliness. How the time passed, he did not know. No sound of clock, no baying of dog, no plash of waterfall, broke that utter stillness. The wind, thank God, had at last died away; and Silas paced his beat in a long oval he made for himself, under and beyond the bridge, with no sound but his own voice when he chose to raise it. He expected, as they all did, that every moment the whistle of the train, as it swept into sight a mile or more away, would break the silence; so he paced, and shouted, and sang.

"This is a man's duty," he said to himself: "they would not let me go with the sixth regiment, — not as a drummer boy; but this is duty

such as no drummer boy of them all is doing. Company, march!" and he "stepped forward smartly" with his left foot. "Really I am placed on guard here quite as much as if I were on picket in Virginia." "Who goes there?" "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." Not that any one did go there, or could go there; but the boy's fancy was ready, and so he amused himself during the first hours. Then he began to wonder whether they were hours, as they seemed, or whether this was all a wretched illusion,—that the time passed slowly to him because he was nothing but a boy, and did not know how to occupy his mind. So he resolutely said the multiplication-table from the beginning to the end, and from the end to the beginning,—first to himself, and again aloud, to make it slower. Then he tried the ten commandments. "Thou shalt have none other Gods before me:" easy to say that beneath those stars; and he said them again. No, it is no illusion. I must have been here hours long! Then he began on Milton's hymn:—

"It was the winter wild,  
While the heaven-born child,  
All meanly wrapt, in the rude manger lies."

"Winter wild, indeed," said Silas aloud; and, if he had only known it, at that moment the sun beneath his feet was crossing the meridian, midnight had passed already, and Christmas day was born!

“Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow.”

“Innocent, indeed,” said, poor Silas, still aloud, “much did he know of innocent snow!” And vainly did he try to recall the other stanzas, as he paced back and forth, round and round, and began now to wonder where his father and the others were, and if they could have come to any misfortune. Surely, they could not have forgotten that he was here. Would that train never come?

If he were not afraid of its coming at once he would have run back to the causeway to look for their lights,—and perhaps they had a fire. Why had he not brought an axe for a fire? “That rail fence above would have served perfectly,—nay, it is not five rods to a load of hickory we left the day before Thanksgiving. Surely one of them might come up to me with an axe. But maybe there is trouble below. They might have come with an axe—with an axe—with an axe—with an—axe”— “I am going to sleep,” cried Silas,—aloud again this time,—as his head dropped heavily on the handle of the shovel he was resting on there in the lee of the stone wall. “I am going to sleep,—that will never do. Sentinel asleep at his post. Order out the relief. Blind his eyes. Kneel, sir. Make ready. Fire. That, sir, for sentinels asleep.” And so Silas laughed grimly, and began his march again. Then he took his shovel and began a great pit where he supposed

the track might be beneath him. "Anything to keep warm and to keep awake. But why did they not send up to him? Why was he here? Why was he all alone? He who had never been alone before. Was he alone? Was there companionship in the stars,—or in the good God who held the stars? Did the good God put me here? If he put me here, will he keep me here? Or did he put me here to die! To die in this cold? It is cold,—it is very cold! Is there any good in my dying! The train will run down, and they will see a dead body lying under the bridge,—black on the snow, with a red lantern by it. Then they will stop. Shall I—I will—just go back to see if the lights are at the bend. I will leave the lantern here on the edge of this wall!" And so Silas turned, half benumbed, worked his way nearly out of the gorge, and started as he heard, or thought he heard, a baby's scream. "A thousand babies are starving, and I am afraid to stay here to give them their life," he said. "There is a boy fit for a soldier! Order out the relief! Drumhead court-martial! Prisoner, hear your sentence! Deserter, to be shot! Blindfold,—kneel, sir! Fire! Good enough for deserters!" And so poor Silas worked back again to the lantern.

And now he saw and felt sure that Orion was bending downward, and he knew that the night must be broken; and, with some new hope, throwing down the shovel with which he had been working, he began his soldier tramp once more,—



as far as soldier tramp was possible with those trailing snow-shoes, — tried again on “No war nor battle sound,” broke down on “Cynthia’s seat” and the “music of the spheres;” but at last, — working on “beams,” “long beams;” and “that with long beams,” — he caught the stanzas he was feeling for, and broke out exultant with, —

“At last surrounds their sight,  
A globe of circular light  
That with long beams the shame-faced night arrayed;  
The helmed cherubim  
And sworded seraphim  
Are seen in glittering ranks —”

“Globe of circular light — am I dreaming, or have they come?”

Come they had! The globe of circular light swept full over the valley, and the scream of the engine was welcomed by the freezing boy as if it had been an angel’s whisper to him. Not unprepared did it find him. The red lantern swung to and fro in a well-practised hand, and he was in waiting on his firmest spot as the train *slowed* and the engine passed him.

“Do not stop for me,” he cried, as he threw his weight heavily on the tender side, and the workmen dragged him in. “Only run slow till you are out of the ledge: we have made a milk station at the cross-road.”

“Good for you!” said the wondering fireman, who in a moment understood the exigency. The heavy plough threw out the snow steadily still, in

ten seconds they were clear of the ledge, and saw the fire-light shimmering on the great pyramids of milk-cans. Slower and slower ran the train, and by the blazing fire stopped, for once, because its masters chose to stop. And the working party on the train cheered lustily as they tumbled out of the cars, as they apprehended the situation, and were cheered by the working party from the village.

Two or three cans of milk stood on the embers of the fire, that they might be ready for the men on the train with something that was at least warm. An empty passenger car was opened and the pyramids of milk-cans were hurried into it — forty men now assisting.

“You will find Joe Winter at the Boston station,” said John Stevens to the “gentlemanly conductor” of the express, whose lightning train had thus become a milk convoy. “Tell Winter to distribute this among all the carts, that everybody may have some. Good luck to you. Good-bye!” And the engines snorted again, and John Stevens turned back, not so much as thinking that he had made his Christmas present to a starving town.

## V

## CHRISTMAS MORNING

THE children were around Robert Walter's knees, and each of the two spelled out a verse of the

second chapter of Luke, on Christmas morning. And Robert and Mary kneeled with them, and they said together, "Our Father who art in heaven." Mary's voice broke a little when they came to "daily bread," but with the two, and her husband, she continued to the end, and could say "thine is the power," and believe it too.

"Mamma," whispered little Fanny, as she kissed her mother after the prayer, "when I said my prayer upstairs last night, I said 'our daily milk,' and so did Robert." This was more than poor Mary could bear. She kissed the child, and she hurried away.

For last night at six o'clock it was clear that the milk was sour, and little Jamie had detected it first of all. Then, with every one of the old wiles, they had gone back over the old slops; but the child, with that old weird strength, had pushed them all away. Christmas morning broke, and poor Robert, as soon as light would serve, had gone to the neighbors all, — their nearest intimates they had tried the night before, — and from all had brought back the same reply; one friend had sent a wretched sample, but the boy detected the taint and pushed it, untasted away. Dr. Morton had the alarm the day before. He was at the house earlier than usual with some condensed milk, which his wife's stores had furnished; but that would not answer. Poor Jamie pushed this by. There was some smoke or something — who should say what? — it would not do. The doctor

could see in an instant how his patient had fallen back in the night. That weird, anxious, entreating look, as his head lay back on the little pillow, had all come back again. Robert and Robert's friends, Gaisford and Warren, had gone down to the Old Colony, to the Worcester, and to the Hartford stations. Perhaps their trains were doing better. The door-bell rang yet again. "Mrs. Appleton's love to Mrs. Walter, and perhaps her child will try some fresh beef-tea." As if poor Jamie did not hate beef-tea; still Morton resolutely forced three spoonfuls down. Half an hour more and Mrs. Dudley's compliments. "Mrs. Dudley heard that Mrs. Walter was out of milk, and took the liberty to send round some very particularly nice Scotch groats, which her brother had just brought from Edinburgh." "Do your best with it Fanny," said poor Mary, but she knew that if Jamie took those Scotch groats it was only because they were a Christmas present. Half an hour more! Three more spoonfuls of beef-tea after a fight. Door-bell again. Carriage at the door. "Would Mrs. Walter come down and see Mrs. Fitch? It was really very particular." Mary was half dazed, and went down, she did not know why.

"Dear Mrs. Walter, you do not remember me," said this eager girl, crossing the room and taking her by both hands.

"Why, no — yes — do I?" said Mary crying and laughing together.

"Yes, you will remember, it was at church, at

the baptism. My Jennie and your Jamie were christened the same day. And now I hear—we all knew how low he is,—and perhaps he will share my Jennie's breakfast. Dear Mrs. Walter, do let me try."

Then Mary saw that the little woman's cloak and hat were already thrown off,—which had not seemed strange to her before,—and the two passed quietly upstairs together; and Julia Fitch bent gently over him, and cooed to him, and smiled to him, but could not make the poor child smile. And they lifted him so gently on the pillow,—but only to hear him scream. And she brought his head gently to her heart, and drew back the little curtain that was left, and offered to him her life; but he was frightened, and did not know her, and had forgotten what it was she gave him, and screamed again; and so they had to lay him back gently upon the pillow. And then,—as Julia was saying she would stay, and how they could try again, and could do this and that,—then the door-bell rang again, and Mrs. Coleman had herself come round with a little white pitcher, and herself ran upstairs with it, and herself knocked at the door!

The blockade was broken, and  
THE MILK HAD COME!

Mary ~~never~~ knew that it was from Huldah Stevens's milk-can that her boy drank in the first drop of his new life. Nor did Huldah know it. Nor did John know it, nor the paladins who

fought that day at his side. Nor did Silas Lovejoy know it.

But the good God and all good angels knew it. Why ask for more?

And you and I, dear reader, if we can forget that always our daily bread comes to us, because a thousand brave men and a thousand brave women are at work in the world, praying to God and trying to serve him, we will not forget it as we meet at breakfast to-day, or to-morrow.

**HANDS OFF**

1



## HANDS OFF

### I

**I** WAS in another stage of existence. I was free from the limits of Time, and in new relations to Space.

Such is the poverty of the English language that I am obliged to use past tenses in my descriptions. We might have a verb which should have many forms indifferent to time, but we have not. The Pyramid Indians have.

It happened to me to watch, in this condition, the motions of several thousand solar systems all together. It is fascinating to see all parts of all with equal distinctness—all the more when one has been bothered as much as I have been, in my day, with eye-pieces and object-glasses, with refraction, with prismatic colors and achromatic contrivances. The luxury of having practically no distance, of dispensing with these cumbrous telescopes, and at the same time of having nothing too small for observation, and dispensing with microscopes, fussy if not cumbrous, can hardly be described in a language as physical or material as is ours.

At the moment I describe, I had intentionally limited my observation to some twenty or thirty thousand solar systems, selecting those which had been nearest to me when I was in my schooling on earth. Nothing can be prettier than to see the movement, in perfectly harmonic relations, of planets around their centres, of satellites around planets, of suns, with their planets and satellites, around their centres, and of these in turn around theirs. And to persons who have loved Earth as much as I have, and who, while at school there, have studied other worlds and stars, then distant, as carefully as I have, nothing, as I say, can be more charming than to see at once all this play and interplay; to see comets passing from system to system, warming themselves now at one white sun, and then at a parti-colored double; to see the people on them changing customs and costumes as they change their light, and to hear their quaint discussions as they justify the new and ridicule the old.

It cost me a little effort to adjust myself to the old points of view. But I had a Mentor so loving and so patient, whose range — oh! it is infinitely before mine; and he knew how well I loved Earth, and if need had been, he would have spent and been spent till he had adjusted me to the dear old point of vision. No need of large effort, though! There it was, just as he told me. I was in the old plane of the old ecliptic. And again I saw my dear old Orion, and the Dipper, and the Pleiades,

and Corona, and all the rest of them, just as if I had never seen other figures made from just the same stars when I had other points of view.

But what I am to tell you of is but one thing.

This guardian of mine and I—not bothered by time—were watching the little systems as the dear little worlds flew round so regularly and so prettily. Well, it was as in old days I have taken a little water on the end of a needle, and have placed it in the field of my compound microscope. I suppose, as I said, that just then there were several thousand solar systems in my ken at once—only the words “then,” “there,” and “once,” have but a modified meaning when one is in these relations. I had only to choose the “epoch” which I would see. And of one world and another I had vision equally distinct—nay, of the blush on a girl’s cheek in the planet Neptune, when she sat alone in her bower, I had as distinct vision as of the rush of a comet which cut through a dozen systems, and loitered to flirt with a dozen suns.

## II

IN the experience which I describe, I had my choice of epochs as of places. I think scholars, or men of scholarly tastes, will not wonder when I say that in looking at our dear old Earth, after amusing myself for an instant with the history of northern America for ten or twenty thousand of

its years, I turned to that queer little land, that neck between Asia and Africa and that mysterious corner of Syria which is north of it. Hcly Land, men call it, and no wonder. And I think, also, that nobody will be surprised that I chose to take that instant of time when a great caravan of traders was crossing the isthmus — they were already well on the Egyptian side — who had with them a handsome young fellow whom they had bought just above, a day or two before, and were carrying down south to the slave-market at On, in Egypt.

This handsome youngster was Yussuf Ben Yacoub, or, as we say, Joseph, son of Jacob. He was handsome in the very noblest type of Hebrew beauty. He seemed eighteen or nineteen years old: I am not well enough read to know if he were. The time was early morning. I remember even the freshness of the morning atmosphere, and that exquisite pearliness of the sky. I saw every detail, and my heart was in my mouth as I looked on. It had been a hot night, and the sides of the tents were clewed up. This handsome fellow lay, his wrists tied together by a cord of camel's hair which bound him to the arm of a great Arab, who looked as I remember Keokuk of the Sacs and Foxes. Joseph sat up, on the ground, with his hands so close to the other that the cord did not move with his motion. Then with a queer trick, which I did not follow, and a wrench which must have been agony to him, he twisted and changed the form of the knot in the rope. Then,

by a dexterous grip between his front teeth, he loosened the hold of the knot. He bit again, again, and again. Hurrah! It is loose, and the boy is free from that snoring hulk by his side. An instant more, and he is out from the tent; he threads his way daintily down the avenue between the tent ropes: he has come to the wady that stretches dry along the west flank of the encampment. Five hundred yards more will take him to other side of the Cheril-el-bar (the wall of rock which runs down toward the west from the mountains), and he will be free. At this moment two nasty little dogs from the outlying tent of the caravan — what is known among the Arabs as the tent of the warden of the route — sprang after him, snarling and yelling.

The brave boy turned, and, as if he had David's own blood in his veins, and with it the precision of David's eye, he threw a heavy stone back on the headmost cur so skilfully that it struck his spine, and silenced him forever, as a bullet might have done. The other cur, frightened, stood still and barked worse than ever.

I could not bear it. I had only to crush that yelping cur, and the boy Joseph would be free, and in eight-and-forty hours would be in his father's arms. His brothers would be saved from remorse, and the world —

And the world —?

## III

I STRETCHED out my finger unseen over the dog, when my Guardian, who watched all this as carefully as I did, said: "No. They are all conscious and all free. They are His children just as we are. You and I must not interfere unless we know what we are doing. Come here, and I can show you."

He turned me quite round into the region which the astronomers call the starless region, and there showed me another series — oh! an immense and utterly unaccountable series — of systems, which at the moment seemed just like what we had been watching.

"But they are not the same," said my Guardian, hastily. "You will see they are not the same. Indeed, I do not know myself what these are for," he said, "unless — I think sometimes they are for you and me to learn from. He is so kind. And I never asked. I do not know."

All this time he was looking round among the systems for something, and at last he found it. He pointed it out, and I saw a system just like our dear old system, and a world just like our dear old world. The same ear-shaped South America, the same leg-of-mutton-shaped Africa, the same fiddle-shaped Mediterranean Sea, the same boot for Italy and the same football for Sicily. They were all there. "Now," he said, "here you may try experiments. This is quite a fresh one;

no one has touched it. Only these here are not His children — these are only creatures, you know. These are not conscious, though they seem so. You will not hurt them whatever you do; nay, they are not free. Try your dead dog here and see what will happen."

Sure enough there was the gray of the beautiful morning; there was the old hulk of an Arab snoring in his tent; there was the handsome boy in the dry valley, or wady; there was the dead dog — all just as it happened — and there was the other dog snarling and yelping. I just brushed him down, as I have often wiped a green louse off a rose-bush; all was silent again, and the boy Joseph turned and ran. The old hulk of an Arab never waked. The master of the caravan did not so much as turn in his bed. The boy passed the corner of the Cheril-el-bar carefully, just looked behind to be sure he was not followed, and then, with the speed of an antelope, ran, and ran, and ran. He need not have run. It was two hours before any one moved in the Midianite camp. Then there was a little alarm. The dead dogs were found, and there was a general ejaculation, which showed that the Midianites of those days were as great fatalists as the Arabs of this. But nobody thought of stopping a minute for one slave more or less. The lazy snorer who had let him go was well lashed for his laziness. And the caravan moved on.

And Joseph? After an hour's running, he came

to water, and bathed. Now he dared open his bag and eat a bit of black bread. He kept his eyes all round him, he ran no more, but walked, with that firm, assured step of a frontiersman or skilful hunter. That night he slept between two rocks under a terebinth tree, where even a hawk would not have seen him. The next day he treaded the paths along the hillside, as if he had the eyes of a lynx and the feet of a goat. Toward night he approached a camp, evidently of a sheik of distinction. None of the squalidness here of those trading wanderers, the Midianite children of the desert? Everything here showed Eastern luxury even, and a certain permanency. But one could hear lamentation, and on drawing near one could see whence it came. A long procession of women were beating their arms, striking the most mournful chords, and singing — or, if you please, screaming — in strains of the most heart-rending agony. Leah and Bilhah and Zilpah led the train three times around old Jacob's tent. There, as before, the curtains were drawn aside, and I could see the old man crouched upon the ground, and the splendid cloak or shawl, where even great black stains of blood did not hide the gorgeousness of the parti-colored knitting, hung before him on the tent-pole as if he could not bear to have it put away.

Joseph sprang lightly into the tent. "My father, I am here!"

Oh, what a scream of delight! what ejaculations! what praise to God! What questions and



what answers! The weird procession of women heard the cry, and Leah, Zilpah, and Bilhah came rushing into the greeting. A moment more, and Judah from his tent, and Reuben from his, headed the line of the false brethren. Joseph turned and clasped Judah's hand. I heard him whisper: "Not a word. The old man knows nothing. Nor need he."

The old man sent out and killed a fatted calf. They ate and drank, and were merry; and for once I felt as if I had not lived in vain.

#### IV

AND this feeling lasted — yes, for some years of their life. True, as I said, they were years which passed in no time. I looked on, and enjoyed them with just that luxury with which you linger over the charming last page of a novel, where everything is spring, and sunshine, and honey, and happiness. And there was the comfortable feeling that this was my work. How clever in me to have mashed that dog! And he was an ugly brute, too! Nobody could have loved him. Yes; though all this passed in no time, still I had one good comfortable thrill of self-satisfaction. But then things began to darken, and one began to wonder.

Jacob was growing very old. I could see that, from the way he kept in the tents while the others

went about their affairs. And then, summer after summer, I saw the wheat blight, and a sort of blast come over the olives; there seemed to be a kind of murrain among the cattle, and no end of trouble among the sheep and goats. I could see the anxious looks of the twelve brothers, and their talk was gloomy enough, too. Great herds of camels dying down to one or two mangy, good-for-nothing skeletons; shepherds coming back from the lake country driving three or four wretched sheep, and reporting that these were all that were left from three or four thousand! Things began to grow doubtful, even in the home camp. The women were crying, and the brothers at last held a great council of the head shepherds, and camel-drivers, and masters of horse, to know what should be done for forage for the beasts, and even for food at home.

I had succeeded so well with the dog that I was tempted to cry out, in my best Chaldee: "Egypt! why don't you go down to Egypt? There is plenty of corn there." But first I looked at Egypt, and found things were worse there than they were around Jacob's tents. The inundation had failed there for year after year. They had tried some wretched irrigation, but it was like feeding the hordes of Egypt on pepper-grass and radishes to rely on these little watered gardens. "But the granaries," I said — "where are the granaries?" Granaries? There were no granaries. That was but a dull set who were in the Egyptian govern-

ment then. They had had good crops year in and year out, for a great many years, too. But they had run for luck, as I have known other nations to do. Why, I could see where they had fairly burned the corn of one year to make room for the fresher harvest of the next. There had been no Yussuf Ben Yacoub in the ministry to direct the storing of the harvest in those years of plenty. The man they had at the head was a dreamy dilettante, who was engaged in restoring some old carvings of some two hundred and fifty years before.

And, in short, the fellaheen and the people of higher caste in Egypt were all starving to death. That was, as I began to think, a little uncomfortably, what I had brought about when I put my finger on that ugly, howling yellow dog of the sleepy Midianite sentinel.

Well, it is a long story, and not a pleasant one; though, as I have said, as I and my companion watched it, it all went by in no time — I might even say in less than no time. All the glory and comfort of the encampments of Jacob's sons vanished. All became a mere hand-to-hand fight with famine. Instead of a set of cheerful, rich, prosperous chiefs of the pasture country, with thousands of retainers, and no end of camels, horses, cattle and sheep, here were a few gaunt, half-starved wanderers, living on such game as they could kill on a lucky hunt, or sometimes reduced to locusts, or to the honey from the trees.

What grieved me more was to see the good fellows snapped up, one after another, by the beastly garrisons of the Canaanite cities.

Heaven knows where these devils came from, or how they roughed it through the famine. But here they were, in their fortresses, living, as I say, like devils, with the origins of customs so beastly that I will not stain this paper with them. Here they were, and here they got head. I remember how disgusted I was when I saw them go down in ships into the Nile country, and clean out, root and branch, the Egyptians who were left after the famine — just as I have seen a swarm of rose-bugs settle on a rose garden and clean it out in an hour or two. There was the end of Egypt. Then I watched, with an interest not cheerful now, Dido's colony as she sailed with an immense crew of these Moloch-worshipping Canaanites, and their beastly rites and customs, and planted Carthage. It was interesting to see poor Æneas dodging about on the Mediterranean, while Dido and her set were faring so well — or well they thought it — on the African shore.

I will own I was rather anxious now. Not but what there was something — and a great gaudy city it was — on the slopes of Mount Moriah and Zion. But it made me sick to see its worship, and I stopped my ears with my fingers rather than hear the songs. O God! the yells of those poor little children as they burned them to death in

Hinnom, a hundred at a time, their own mothers dancing and howling by the fires! I cannot speak of it to this day. I dared not look there long. But it was no better anywhere else. I tried Greece; but I could make nothing of Greece. When I looked for the arrival of Danaus with his Egyptian arts and learning — Toonh, I think they called him in Egypt — why, there was no Toonh and no Egyptian arts, because these Canaanite brutes had cleared out Egypt. The Pelasgians were in Greece, and in Greece they stayed. They built great walls — I did not see for what — but they lived in cabins at which a respectable Apache would turn up his nose; and century after century they built the same huts, and lived in them. “As for manners, they had none, and their customs were very filthy.” When it came time for Cadmus, there was no chance for Cadmus. Perhaps he came, perhaps he did not. All I know is that the Molochite invasion of Egypt had swept all alphabet and letters out of being, and that, if Cadmus came, he was rather more low-lived than the Pelasgians among whom he landed. Really, all Greece was such a mess that I hated to follow along its crass stupidity, and the savage raids which the inhabitants of one valley made upon another. This was what I had done for them when I mashed that little yellow dog so easily.

Æneas and his set seemed to prosper better at first. I could see his ships, with the green leaves

still growing on the top-masts, hurry out from the port of Dido. I saw poor Palinurus tumble over. Yes, indeed, queer enough it was to have the old half-forgotten lines of Dryden — whom I know a great deal better than Virgil, more shame to me — come back as poor Nisus pleaded for his friend, as poor Camilla bled to death, and as Turnus did his best for nothing. Yes, I watched Romulus and the rest of them, just as it was in Harry and Lucy's little inch-square history. I took great comfort in Brutus; I shut my eyes when the noble lady Lucretia stabbed herself; and the quick-moving stereoscope — for I really began to feel that it was one — became more and more fascinating, till we got to the Second Punic War.

Then it seemed to me as if that cursed yellow dog came to the front again. Not that I saw him, of course. Not him! His bones and skin had been gnawed by jackals a thousand years before. But the evil that dogs do lives after them; and when I saw the anxiety on Scipio's face, — they did not call him Africanus, — when I looked in on little private conferences of manly Roman gentlemen, and heard them count up their waning resources, and match them against the overwhelming force of Carthage, I tell you I felt badly. You see, Carthage was simply an outpost of all that Molochite crew of the East. In the history I am used to, the Levant of that time was divided between Egypt and Greece, and

what there was left of Alexander's empire. But in this yellow-dog system, for which I was responsible, it was all one brutal race of Molochism, except that Pelasgian business I told you of in Greece, which was no more to be counted in the balance of power than the Digger Indians are counted in the balance to-day. This was what made poor Scipio and the rest of them so down-hearted. And well it might. I, who saw the whole, as you may say, together, only, as I have explained, it did not mix itself up — I could see Hannibal with his following of all the Mediterranean powers except Italy, come down on the Romans and crush them as easily as I crushed the cur. No, not as easily as that, for they fought like fury. Men fought and women fought, boys and girls fought. They dashed into the harbor of Carthage once with fire-ships, and burned the fleet. But it was no good: army after army was beaten; fleet after fleet was sunk by the great Carthaginian triremes. Ah me! I remember one had the cordage of the admiral's ship made from the hair of the Roman matrons. But it was all one. If it had been Manila hemp or wire rope, the ship would not have stood when that brutal Sidonian admiral rammed at her with his hundred oarsmen. That battle was the end of Rome. The brutes burned it first. They tumbled down the very walls of the temples. What they could plough, they ploughed. They dragged the boys and girls into slavery, and that was the end. All

the rest were dead on the field of battle, or were sunk in the sea.

And so Molochism reigned century after century. Just that, one century after another century: two centuries in all. What a reign it was! Lust, brutality, terror, cruelty, carnage, famine, agony, horror. If I do not say death, it is because death was a blessing in contrast to such lives. For now that there was nobody to fight who had an idea above the earth and dead things, these swords that were so sharp had to turn against each other. No Israel to crush, no Egypt, no Iran, no Greece, no Rome. Moloch and Canaan turned on themselves and fought Canaan and Moloch. Do not ask me to tell the story! Where beast meets beast, there is no story to tell worth your hearing or my telling. Brute rage gives you nothing to describe. They poisoned, they starved, they burned; they scourged and flayed and crucified; they invented forms of horror for which our imagination, thank God, has no picture, and our languages no name. And, all this time, lust, and every form of pestilence and disease which depends on lust, raged as fire rages when it has broken bounds. It was seldom and more seldom that children were born; nay, when they were born, they seemed only half alive. And those who grew to manhood and womanhood — only it is desecration to use those names — transmitted such untamed beastliness to those who came after!



One hundred years, as I said. Fewer and fewer of these wretches were left in the world. I could see fields grow up to jungles and to forests. A fire wasted Carthage, and another swept away On, and another finished Sidon, and there was neither heart nor art to rebuild them. Then another hundred years dragged by, with worse horrors, if it were possible, and more. The stream of the world's life began to run in drops, now big drops, with a noisy gurgle; black drops, too, or bloody red. Fewer men, and still fewer women, and all mad with beastly rage. Every man's hand was against his brother, as if this were a world of Cains. All this had come to them because they did not like to retain God in their knowledge.

No, I will not describe it. You do not ask me to. And if you asked, I would say "No." Let me come to the end.

The two centuries had gone. There were but a handful of these furies left. Then the last generation came — and for thirty years more of murder and fight it ground along. At the last, how strange it seemed to me, all that are left, in two unequal parties, each of which had its banner still for fight, and a sort of uniform as if they were armies, but only four on one side and nine on the other, met, as if the world were not wide enough for both, and met in that very Syria where I had helped Joseph, son of Jacob, to fling his arms round his father's neck again.

Nor, indeed, was it very far from that spot. It was close to the wreck and ruin of the Jebusite city which had been one of the strongholds last destroyed of one of these clans. That city was burned, but I saw that the ruins were smoking. Just outside there was an open space. I wonder if it had a weird, deadly look, or whether the horror of the day made me think so? I remember a great rock like a man's skull that peered out from the gray, dry ground. Around that rock these wretches fought, four to nine, hiding behind it, on one side or the other, on that April day, under that black sky.

One is down! Two of the other party are kneeling on him, to take the last breath of life from him. With a yell of rage three or four of his party, dashing their shields on the heads of the two, spring upon them; and I can see one wave his battle-axe above his head, when —

Did the metal attract the spark? A crash! a blaze which dazzled my eyes, and when I opened them the last of these human brutes lay stark dead on the one side and on the other of the grim rock of Calvary!

Not a man or a woman, nor a boy or a girl, left in that world!

## V

"Do not be disturbed," said my Mentor. "You have done nothing."

"Nothing!" I groaned. "I have ruined a world in my rashness."

"Nothing," he repeated. "Remember what I told you: these are — what shall I say? — shadows, shadowy forms. They are not His children. They are only forms which act as if they were — that you and I may see and learn, perhaps begin to understand — only it passes knowledge."

As he spoke, I remember that I moaned and struggled with him like a crying child. I was all overwhelmed by the sight of the mischief I had done. I would not be comforted.

"Listen to me," he said again. "You have only done, or wanted to do, what we all try for at first. You wanted to save your poor Joseph. What wonder?"

"Of course I did," sobbed I. "Could I have thought? Should you have thought?"

"No," said he, with that royal smile of his — "no. Once I should not have thought it — I could not have thought it — till I, too, tried my experiments." And he paused.

Perhaps he was thinking what his experiments also were.

Then he began again, and the royal smile had hardly faded away: "Let me show you. Or let me try. You wanted to save your poor Joseph — all sole alone."

"Yes," I said. "Why should I not want to?"

"Because he was not alone; could not be alone. None of them were alone; none of them could be

alone. Why, you know yourself that not a rain-drop in that shower yonder but balances against a dust-grain on the other side of creation. How could Joseph live or die alone? How could that brute he was chained to live or die alone? None of them are alone. None of us are alone. He is not alone. Even He is in us, and we are in Him. But the way with men — and it is not so long, dear friend, since you were a man — the way with men is to try what you tried. I never yet knew a man — and how many have I known, thank God! — I never yet knew a man but he wanted to single out some one Joseph to help — as if the rest were nothing, or as if our Father had no plans.”

“I shall never try that again!” sobbed I, after a long pause.

“Never,” said he, “is a long word. You will learn not to say ‘never.’ But I’ll tell you what you will do. When you get a glimpse of the life in common, when you find out what is the drift — shall I say of the game, or shall I say of the law? — in which they all and we all, He in us and we in Him, are living, then, oh, it is such fun to strike in and live for all!”

He paused a minute, and then he went on, hesitating at first, as if he feared to pain me, but resolutely afterward, as if this must be said:

“Another thing I notice in most men, though not in all, is this: they do not seem at first to understand that the Idea is the whole. Abraham

had left Ur rather than have any part with those smoke-and-dust men — Nature-worshippers I think they call them. How was it that you did not see that Joseph was going down to Egypt with the Idea? He could take what they did not have there. And as you saw, in the other place, without it, why, your world died."

Then he turned round and left that horrid world of phantoms, to go back to our own dear real world. And this time I looked on TO-DAY. How bright it seemed, and how comforting to me to think that I had never touched the yellow dog, and that he came to his death in his own way!

I saw some things I liked, and some I disliked. It happened that I was looking at Zululand, when poor Prince Lulu's foot slipped at the saddle-flap. I saw the assegai that stabbed him. Had I been a trooper at his side, by his side I would have died too. But no, I was not at his side. And I remembered Joseph, and I said, "From what I call evil, He educes good."



## **CROMWELL'S STATUE**





## CROMWELL'S STATUE

I WISH you would not make me responsible for the story. It is no story of mine. It is Joel Scroop who tells the story, as they are all sitting in that funny hotel at Brieg—waiting for a fine day, that they may go over the Simplon. It is raining like fury—so that they cannot walk out, nor, indeed, see twenty feet from the house. They are all sitting, lazily, at the breakfast-tables—as they have been for an hour and a half—one dropping in after another, and fresh relays appearing of coffee, of honey, of bread, and of trout. “Frizz-izz-izz-izz,” said Montgomery Myers to the pretty waiting-girl, “*pas* bubble-bubble-bubble-bubble.” By which language he meant that the trout were to be fried and not boiled. And I need not say that she understood him.

They had all come down, in various calèches and voitures, boots and shoes, from the glacier of the Rhône. And it was some discussion on the cohesion of ice under pressure, as to its capacity to bear great weights, which made George grin and exchange glances with Joel. Then Mrs. Mason took it up and asked what he meant, and George grinned again, and said Joel would tell the

story better than he would. And Mrs. Mason told Joel to tell it. And he said it would take an hour. And she said so much the better. "Go ahead," said Montgomery. "Pray go on," said Mrs. Beard. And Joel went on.

#### JOEL'S STORY.

If anybody knows how much weight four blocks of ice will bear, George does and I.

You see, it all began one day in Westminster Hall. We had gone in, with tickets from the Legation, to hear a debate in the House of Commons, and George stopped to see the statues. Their first plan was to set the kings of England and the queens there, I suppose. For Mary the Good is there. I mean the one who dethroned her father—the Mary Stuart who is not Marie Stuart. She stands at one end, and her husband at the other. Next her is James I. Then comes Charles I., not realistic, for he had his head on. Then came Charles II. and James II. Next to him came William III., Mary's husband. But no Cromwell. For reasons unknown the series stopped there. I suppose they gave Thackeray the contract for Queen Anne and the four Georges, and that he died before they were finished.

Observe, I say there was *then* no Cromwell. Somebody said his bust was to be somewhere among the "generals;" but because he was only sovereign of England, and not king, they would not put him among their kings and queens.

Daniel was with us — Dan Dielmann, you know. He said they were afraid to trust Cromwell in the night with such a pack of Stuarts. As it was, they had to have William and Mary flank them to keep them well in hand.

Fitz said that there would not have been any "Rule Britannia," or "Britons Rule the Waves," if there had not been any Oliver Cromwell; and that Westminster Hall was not perfect without some memento of the greatest thing that was ever done in it; and, as we went upstairs to the gallery of the House, I heard Donald Everard — he is a regular old Scotch Covenanter — muttering something about "garring kings ken that they had a crick in their necks."

That was all that happened then.

. . . But in the fall — it was after I had my studio in "The Avenue," you know, where those queer old trees are, on the Fulham Road, just in the edge of Brompton and Chelsea — we were sitting in the dark, one afternoon — Mrs. Pride had been sitting to me till the light failed — Monty there started the whole thing. I would make him tell you what he said, but he would fall to preaching. Shortly, it was this: that it was a shame — the worst kind of shame — that there was no statue of Cromwell there. That if England had not pluck or gratitude enough to put it there, New England had. Cromwell made England what she is, and he made New England what she is. But, as far as

Mont knew, there was no statue of him on our side; and here these graceless islanders were not men enough to put up his statue in their own old Hall. What Mont proposed was, that we should go to the American Exchange at Charing Cross, the next day, and call a meeting of Americans, and pass some resolutions. That then we should send round a subscription paper, and appoint a committee, and that the committee should give me the order for the statue. That then we should send a note to the queen, or the Board of Works, or Lord Beaconsfield, or whoever was the right man, and offer it to them. I believe, in my soul, that Mont thought they would accept it, and that he would be asked to deliver "the oration" on its dedication.

You know they always say *the* oration in the newspapers, as if it were ready-made, and the man reeled off an hour's worth, like *the* ten commandments, or *the* cable of a ship.

Well, I said that would never do. In the first place, they would not take the statue. In the second place, any one would say, it was a "put-up job" to give me the order. Now, I was as much interested in Cromwell as any man. My mother was a Williams, and that always made me think I was a descendant or collateral relation.\* Then we

\* For the convenience of readers who have not Carlyle's "Cromwell" at hand, the editor copies the following passage in explanation of Mr. Scroop's oracles: "Another indubitable thing is, that this Richard, your nephew, has signed himself in various law-deeds and notarial papers still extant, 'Richard Cromwell, *alias* Williams'; also that his sons and grandsons continued to sign

chaffed at Mont about his oration, and the thing ended.

But the next day, after Mrs. Pride went away, the fellows came into the studio again, and we were all smoking, and Donald took it up this time. We all agreed that it must be a free-will offering, and that it had better be made by Americans. It was rather delicate to make the queen order a statue to a man who had a hand in cutting off a king's head. And any one could see that there would be endless rows in getting through an appropriation. But we are Republicans. We never had any kings of our own. If a group of Americans gave a good statue of Cromwell, that would be quite another thing. Besides it would be a handsome thing to do. It would knit again the bond of sympathy and all that — "language of Milton, etc., etc.," — as we say in speaking on the queen's birthday. It was clear enough that if any statue of Cromwell was to be put there, Americans — not to say New Englanders — must make it, and must give it.

If New England was to make it — well, the fellows were good enough to say that I was the man to take it in hand. That may have been their mistake; but, as I say, my mother was a Williams, and I liked the commission.

Then we fell to talking about the costume and

Cromwell, *alias* Williams, and even that our Oliver himself, in his youth, has been known to sign so. — Carlyle's "Cromwell," vol. i., p. 13.

accessories. I said I would not make him a tired, worn-out old man, with a wart, and one foot in the grave. I would make him in fresh middle life, as he was when he first spoke in Parliament, or when he first addressed his Ironsides. I said there was a deal of the picturesque about Cromwell, and that I was not going to have him an Obadiah Precise or a Praise-God Barebones. Somebody said something about "Crop-Head," and that no Puritan could be made presentable. But we got down Macaulay, and I showed them how a Puritan gentleman wore his hair longer than any man does in England or America to-day. We got out Milton's portraits, and some photographs from Vandyke, and I took a bit of charcoal — and John lighted up — and I drew on the wall a rough sketch of the statue — well, not unlike what it is to-day. I do not think I ever held quite so close to the first dream of a thing. The fellows said it was fantastic and airy, and all that. But I do not think so. I tell you no man ever made an army out of ploughboys and hedgers, as he did, who had not a deal of vivacity — yes, of fun and light-heartedness in him. And no man ever sat in the saddle four-and-twenty hours — and was good-natured after it — unless he had that amount of "go" in him, push, and dash, and pluck, that you see in my Cromwell. Whether it looks like him is another thing. All I can say is that I modelled the head from myself — and, as I said, I believe, my mother was a Williams.

[He had said it twice, as the reader knows, and here George intimated to him that he was miles ahead of his story. Joel recovered himself and went back.]

Oh well, the rest is of no great importance! The real thing was that I determined to make the statue, because the fellows all said so. I had more time then than I have now, and you know that is a capital studio. It was clear enough that they would be more apt to accept the statue if it were finished, and were good, and approved of, than if it were only proposed. You cannot go to any Board of Works, or any queen, and say, "Will you accept a statue *if* I will make it, and *if* you like it when it is done?" The queen will say, "When it is done I will tell you if I like it, and then I will determine if I will accept it." Clearly it was better to have that part out of the way first. Besides, I did not mean to have them give the order to Simmons or Greenough or Story, who are all New Englanders. I did not mean to have any nonsense about a "competition." I bought the mask of Cromwell's face — but he was old then — and I got some good photographs of pictures of him. As I said, the Mugfords made me a wig, of just the cut and curl of the beginning of Charles's reign, and I bought three looking-glasses and arranged them so I could see my own profile, and model with the wig on. I don't think any one else has done that. The other fellows never liked the model as well as I did, but I like it to this day.

I had plenty of time, and enjoyed every dab at it. Though I say it, who should not, there have been worse statues.

How long? Oh, I was more than a year on it before it was done! I began to have more orders. That was the winter I did Walter Raleigh, and I did no end of busts that winter. I'll tell you, I did that pretty Miss Avery, and I did the two Woodcocks that winter. But after the season was over I had absolutely no sitters. London was empty. I had run over here — I mean to Florence — in the spring, just after Easter. It was in Genoa, at old Ricci's yard, that I saw a good block. He was cross because the government man had rejected it, and he had it on his hands. He showed it to me, and I offered him half his price, and he closed with me. He shipped it to London, and I had it in "The Avenue" before August. It was very good stuff; I hope I may never work on worse stone. That was the year I had Filippo with me, and that man you called *Masaniello*, because he was such an ass. But he was a very good workman, and we had a very good time over that block.

But as the thing grew, we were more and more in doubt about the presenting it to the queen. You see, a statue of a regicide is not exactly the thing to give to a queen. Everybody likes the queen. I am sure I do. I would not hurt her feelings for the world. I would not give her the handkerchief Marie Antoinette carried at the guillotine. I would not give her Marie Stuart's crucifix,



even though Marie Stuart was her great-grandfather's great-great-grandmother or something. We wanted the nation to have this statue. We wanted it to be in Westminster Hall. But none of us meant to pain or worry her about it. We could not find out exactly whose business it was to receive it. Certainly not those buffers in red vests and black breeches who keep you out from the gallery of the House of Commons. Certainly not the orange-women who sit around the statues and sell oranges to the suitors in the Law-Courts, or did, before the Law-Courts were moved.

I think if Donald had not been away in Australia we should have moved in the proper and methodical way, I think he told me that we ought to have memorialized the Home Secretary, or the Speaker, or the Board of Works, or somebody. But he was away, and we did not know. The statue went on from day to day, and I hoped it would go in somehow. All I was anxious about was the likeness and the accessories. I know I went to the Tower three times to study swords and belts — and at Clive Hall they have a genuine sword of Cromwell's. I went out there, I know, and made a study of that. Oh, yes, the detail of that statue is quite accurate!

. . . Well, there was no end of bother. These fellows here, and Tom, and Harrison, and Thorn-dike, they were all as good as gold. I know I got cross; I said I would put the statue in the street — in the Brompton Road — and that they might do

what they chose with it. But Harrison, he soothed me, and George was always serene and said it would all come out right. Only — do you recollect, George, how mad you made me, asking if it could not be bored out so as to be hollow, that it might not weigh so much? And I did tell Filippo to hollow out all that stump he leans on — it is not an inch thick. But the legs are solid, and that statue stands well.

What they determined on was this: they would not give it to any board — they would give it to "Westminster Hall" in trust for the British nation. Fitz passed the examination and had himself sworn in as a policeman. He was Policeman L., of the something division in Westminster. He made himself very popular with the whole squad — and a very good set of fellows they were — and, I dare say, are. Fitz was quite a light among them. They used to call him "The Dutch Yankee."

Then it was Dan who got up the order from the "Commission." On the whole, that was the crowning stroke of all. Dan invented a "Royal Commission of Sculpture." There never was such a commission before, and never will be again. But Dan made it, and officered it. He had some stunning office paper, very large and thick, printed for it. It was headed "Royal Commission of Sculpture" in big letters. Dan said it might be useful, and so it proved.

They had hit on the device of the blocks of ice, and they had tested them on that flagging in the

back of the studio. Oh, if you lift any weight upon ice carefully and do not bring it down on the run, ice will bear a great deal more than the weight of my Cromwell! People exaggerate the weight of a statue. The specific gravity of marble is only 2.34. So that a fac-simile of George or any one of you would only weigh two and a third times as much as you do, except for the clothes, the accessories, the support and the rest. For that we were all ready. I had undercut the stump, as I tell you, and the figure stands, if you remember, only on a thin plinth of stone, not two inches and a half thick beneath the shoes. Statues are not nearly so heavy as you think they are.

We had determined to take it through the streets after dark — it is dark so early in December — and we did not care to have a crowd. Then, as soon as Van Stael heard of it, he offered us his horses — said we might go through the brewery and pick. Van Stael said that, being brewery horses, they would take to Oliver kindly; and so, indeed, they did. Tom had taken all that part of the thing on himself; he picked out four noble creatures, big as elephants, and kept them in a stable we had in the mews behind my place. We had settled on Christmas night to make the present. They said that the courts would not sit that day, and we should not annoy any one if they were sitting late, and that there would be fewer people in the way.

In fact, that was the reason we did not go in broad daylight.

But the best luck of all was the snow. Once in ten years it can snow in London, and on that very day of all days it chose to snow — snow that was snow. You might have thought you were in the hotel at Tom Crawford's, it snowed so hard and so still. Really it seemed providential to have it snow so. It made us late, but we never cared for that. By noon we were sure it was going to snow all day. Dan came round and Harrison, and we sent for the other fellows. We split up the floor of the stable, and it was good cedar plank, two inches thick, sound as a nut. We had all the tools we wanted in the studio. We took Dan's old catamaran to pieces; it was a truck on low wheels he had fussed over. We mounted it on four runners, which were as well shaped, though not as well shod, as any sleds ever were which carried logs into Pittsfield. By nine o'clock the snow in the Fulham Road was nine inches deep, very little drifted, because there was not much wind. Cromwell had been lying on his back, lashed to his plank, and on rollers, for days, while we waited for the permit and while Dan was arranging about his horses. Fine creatures, they came out all alive into the street, with their sled behind them, and the statue rolled upon it, without the least hitch, in less than half an hour. My men were used to it. They had worked for other people in "The Avenue," and everything is ready for you there. Don't you remember when we saw Gladstone there, before his head was on?

Once in the Fulham Road and Brompton, everything was easy. Tom drove: and, though all English horses are puzzled about snow, the brutes behaved very well. The charm of London is that nobody is surprised at anything. Nobody asks any question if he can help himself. But that night there were few enough people to ask any. Londoners are puzzled by snow as much as their horses. Besides, it was Christmas night, and if any man could be at home, why he was. Indeed, on such a night as that, with snow still falling, you would not have met many people in Boston, where they are not puzzled by snow. Anyway, nobody said a word to us. John followed with my own team and the ice; it was the ice I set out to tell you about. He had the ice, and he followed.

Nobody said a word. The horses soon settled down to their business, and I suppose they thought Oliver Cromwell was XXX—stout and heavy. I do not think we were an hour and a half coming to Westminster Hall. Fitz was on duty outside that night. We knew he would be. He had made an exchange, somehow, with the man whose turn it was—who wanted to spend Christmas evening at home. Fitz brought us up all standing, and asked us what we wanted.

I told him he had better call the night janitor of the Hall, and he did. The man was a little surprised, but he said Fitz had told him the statue was coming—but he supposed we had an order. I said, Oh, yes, we had an order, but that I thought

the Board ought to have sent some men to help us! I explained that we had come in the snow, because it was much easier to move so heavy a weight on the snow, and that the secretary of the Board was afraid it would rain before morning. Meanwhile I went in with him, and by the light of his lantern he read this order from Dan's "Board of Sculpture": —

" ROYAL COMMISSION OF SCULPTURE.

" WESTMINSTER, December 24.

" *To the Door-Keepers at Westminster Hall:*

"This Board has ordered that the new statue shall be moved at night, to prevent crowd and confusion. Give to the bearer every facility.

" By order of the Board.

" DANIEL DIELMANN,

" Secretary."

Then there was a great seal on the corner, and the countersign, "Recorded. No. 3562.

" THOMAS ACKERS."

I said to the man that I was sure the Board's people would be there by midnight. Meanwhile would he bring us some beer, and we would get ready, and I gave him a sovereign for himself and the beer. He asked Fitz if it was all right. Fitz said he was sure it was—that he had known that the statue was coming, for a month, and if the others had not known, it must be they had not heard, which was true.

Well, you know, all an Englishman wants is to know from somebody else that it is "all right." Then if there is a sovereign involved, and plenty of beer, he lets you do much as you choose. So was it with this man. He was provoked to be called up. But once here, he was good-natured enough, and leaving Fitz to open one of the big doors, he paddled off for the beer. One or two other policemen, glad of the shelter, came up, and proved very efficient whenever we wanted some one to lend a hand. But of ourselves we were eight, not counting Van Stael, and Fitz, who is a stout fellow, you know, made nine.

Tom got his team turned round and backed up to the door more easily than I would have supposed. By the time the one-armed old sergeant was back, with the pot-boy and the beer, we had the six steel rails laid across from the sled to the threshold, and Cromwell's bed was lifted upon the first roller. I told the sergeant that it was very remiss in Sir Christopher Wren that he had not put in a stanchion, which I could haul upon, and I asked if he had heard nothing said about a stanchion. He assured me, almost with tears — for his Christmas had been pretty thorough — that he had no orders about any stanchion, and should not know Sir Christopher if he saw him. Well, I said, I could not wait all night. If they would all lend a hand, we would try without any block or stanchion. We fastened the lift-chain to Cromwell's bed, I called the policemen into

the hall, and all the fourteen, seven of them and seven of ours, took hold with a will. Dan and Tom fed the rollers as the bed ran up the rail, and in less than a minute Cromwell lay on his back on the floor of Westminster Hall.

It was well-nigh two hundred and fifty years since he had been there last.

Well, then I pretended to make a row. I said it was near midnight, and that the Board's people ought to have been there. I even gave the old janitor another half-sovereign, and told him to go to the "Dean and Chapter" gin-shop and see if there was not a Mr. Tamberlik of the Board of Sculpture there; and I asked him to wait there for him, if he were not there. As soon as his back was well turned, John took Filippo and two of the policemen and they handed in the four blocks of Wenham ice I was telling you of. They were good large blocks, twenty inches two ways, by two and a half feet the other way. John fastened them to each other on the floor of Westminster Hall, by tying one rope round the four. He had thus one united block of ice five feet by three feet four. It did very well.

Mont, and the Jackass, and Dielmann, and I had been rigging the steel-rod derrick I showed you. That is really Donald's invention, and he ought to have the credit of it. I put one man at each rod, to keep it from slipping. Cromwell rose, lightly, to the suggestion of the triple blocks — I put three fellows as guides at each end



— and we soon had him high on the ice. Then, as I set out to say, all we had to move was a mass of not more than seven hundred and fifty pounds all told, on a bearing of ice of more than sixteen square feet, on those flags of Westminster Hall. We soon had Cromwell and Charles I. foot to foot — I came near saying face to face.

And really, that is all about the ice. [And here Joel stopped, and made as if the story were done and he would fill his pipe. For the others had begun to smoke. But Mrs. Beard wanted to know what happened then; and he went on.]

. . . Well. The truth was, that then came our only difficulty. We had brought no pedestal. I had thought of bringing an oak pedestal I had in "The Avenue," but we had not done it. It seemed as if the nation, or the empire, or whatever it is, ought to furnish the pedestal. So here we were, with the statue, and had no pedestal.

Clearly enough, he was to stand next Charles the First. I said, therefore, — and Dielmann agreed, — that the true thing to do was to move Charles II.'s statue upon James II.'s pedestal, move James along one upon William III.'s, and leave William to the nation to furnish him a new pedestal. He was popular, and they would like to do it. So I told the fellows to bring up my steel-rod derrick, and we would swing Charles II. down on the floor, and put Oliver in his place. After that, we could move the others.

I do not think it was my fault. But somehow we made a mess here. I suppose we wound the lift-chain a little too low round Charles's loins. I think the man who made him must have undercut his feet and support immensely — more than I did Cromwell's. Anyway, what happened was this. The minute he felt the rope, and was well off his pedestal, he swung round rapidly, his head came down and his heels flew up. The heels struck Filippo and knocked him over. His leg of the derrick slipped, and in two seconds the whole concern, and we who were holding and lifting, came all smash in one heap on the floor. Why, you have no idea how heavily it fell! We broke — or it broke — three of those great flags in the floor — I mean cracked them badly.

It was lucky for us that Fitz had taken his policemen off with him, and that the old janitor was not back from the "Dean and Chapter." Englishmen do not understand such things, and they might have been annoyed. I was sorry, for that statue was really a good piece of work. And I saw, to my real regret, that it was smashed all to pieces. But, after all, the main object was accomplished. Indeed, Charles seemed to have a prejudice, perhaps even terror, about Oliver, and had fallen quite wide of him. All we had to do was to run the ice blocks close to the pedestal, set up the derrick again, and be careful this time about the centre of gravity; and really in less than an hour Cromwell was standing, just as you

see him there now, between Charles I. and the Duke of York — I mean James II.

The old janitor, as I said, had not come back. But he might be back at any moment.

I was for explaining the whole to him. But the others said, Tom in particular, that the man was naturally dull, and that to-night, what with Christmas and our beer, he was quite drunk and abnormally stupid. They thought he might be irritated if he found the broken statue there. And, in fine, they were so urgent that I let them pick up the two arms, and the head, and the sceptre, and the boots, and the broken thighs, and carry them out and put them on our sled. Then six of them lifted Charles's chest and abdomen on our ice slide, and took that to the door, and put that on the sled. And they drove out upon Westminster Bridge and heaved all that good marble into the river. And they did not come back to me.

I took down the derrick, and, just as the old sergeant came back, I got him and Fitz and Tom to help me, and we put the rods on Tom's pung, that the ice had come in, and he took that back into "The Avenue," down the Fulham Road. Then we untied the blocks of ice and shoved them all out upon the sidewalk. And there they stayed, I believe, till they melted.

The old sergeant was a good deal dazed. But we had taken away all our lanterns. And when he said he had found no Mr. Tamberlik, I said,

"Well, I have done all my part, and the Board must do as they choose in the morning." And I gave him another sovereign, and bade him good-night, and went my way. I have never seen him since.

I think I said I had no more orders in London, and I told Filippo that he might pay our rent to Flynn, and join me in Genoa, with Thomas — and he did. As for Mont here, and Tom and the rest, I found them all at the station early the next morning, and we came across by the early "tidal." And we did not go to England again, any of us, for two or three years.

Monty there was afraid they might be displeased with the exchange of the statues.

But I have never heard the first word said about it.

I do not think there is much enthusiasm about the "Merry Monarch," Charles the Second, you know, anyway.

Somehow or other, there was never the first word said in the newspapers about it.

You will hardly believe me, but there has never been the slightest expression of thanks for my Cromwell. It may not be a good statue. That is not for me to say. But it is a good block. And there is good, honest, conscientious work in it. It was a labor of love from the first sketch to the last touch on the sword-hilt. Yet not a beggar of them all has even begun to say "Thank you," to the artist who made it.

Do you know, Mrs. Beard and Mrs. Mason, I sometimes think that they do not look at those statues at all. They look at the orange-women who sit by them, and at the oranges. But they all hurry through to go into the House of Lords or the House of Commons.

A few Americans stop and look, but there is not one in a hundred who knows or cares for the difference between the Williams look in Oliver's face and Henrietta's nose in Charles's face.

As for the Englishmen, it is clear enough they never look at them, or they would never have left that Hall, as they did, for more than twenty years, without any Cromwell at all.

1

## APPENDIX

---

### THE PASSWORDS OF THE WALDENSIAN CHURCH

THE little Waldensian church of the Alps is, as I believe, the most energetic missionary church in the world. It has lately planted a colony, which it calls Valdese, in the mountains of North Carolina, an enterprise which will, I hope, interest their fellow believers in this country. They well deserve the modern interest which within the last half-century has been drawn toward their romantic history. In the new birth of Italy their schools and their churches played a very important part, and American travellers in Europe may well give time and service to a sympathetic interest in their effort to introduce a free Christianity in the cities of new-born Italy.

As I have intimated in the introduction to this volume, my own use of their romantic history seems to me now almost accidental. I wanted to show to a large body of young people how the personal sacrifice of an individual may be necessary for the happiness and good of some one who is wholly a stranger to him, as the service of John of Lugio was needed for the little Félicie of my story. It did not seem to me that I could interest the young people whom I addressed in the work of a country doctor, who does that same thing in perhaps every day or every night of his life. I said to myself, I

must use a romantic period, far enough away. I said, The Crusades always interest young readers. I said, Richard Cœur de Lion will interest them. I turned over the contemporary story of his life, and found that the bridge broke down at Lyons when he and Philip crossed it. This suggested the fortunes of the poor Waldenses at that time, and I determined therefore that the time of our story should be at the end of the twelfth century, and that the narrative should be mixed up with the fortunes of the Poor Men of Lyons.

This story, as I have intimated already, required passwords, and I invented the passwords which appear in the story, the use of the Maltese Cross, the invocation "For the love of Christ," and the answer "In His name." In point of fact, the passwords were much longer and more complicated. To tell the truth, I supposed that they were, but for the purpose of the story something was required as brief as these which I have used. Some years after the book was written, I was fortunate to find an anonymous tract in an old Benedictine collection, which gives the real passwords used at the time when it was written, as they were revealed in confession to a Catholic priest. This tract bears the title, *The Heresy of the Poor Men of Lyons*. The information contained in it is said to be from the "book of Brother Stephen of Bellavilla." It will be found in the fifth volume of the *Thesaurus Novus Anecdotorum*, Paris, 1717, at page 1777. After chapters on the history of the Poor Men of Lyons, their divisions among themselves, their homes, their circuit preaching, their dwellings, their meetings, their dissimulation, their manner of teaching, and on their hardihood in their heresy, there is a special instruction to the officers of the Inquisition as to the methods to be pursued in examining them, which ends by giving the passwords by which they knew each other.



“HOW THE HERETICS RECOGNIZED EACH OTHER.

“Observe, this was told me by a priest who received it in confession from a heretic woman as that which the heretics say and do when they meet, but do not recognize each other.

“ ‘Give me your ear.’

“The other responds, ‘You are welcome. Will you speak, or shall I speak?’

“ ‘Speak, for I am much pleased that you should speak.’

“ ‘When we pray, we speak to God. When we remember, God speaks to us. Now speak back, for I like to hear you.’

“ ‘Thus says St. Paul, Do not lie.’

“ ‘Thus saith St. James, Do not swear.’

“ ‘Thus saith St. Peter, Do not render evil for evil, but just the contrary.’ ”

After this conversation the text becomes very corrupt, as my authorities tell me. But the next sentence perhaps means this :

“He who has a great desire to have a good day, must have a desire even greater to have a good soul.”

The anonymous writer then goes on with the following passage which does not seem to be a part of the pass-words :

“They also say this when they eat flesh together on days of prohibition : ‘God never ordained holidays, nor forbade us to eat flesh.

“ ‘At the end of the seventh day ye shall rest. This is our belief.’ ”

Such is one rendering, by an accomplished friend, of this passage. Another friend gives this interpretation :

“God does not wish any one to eat flesh at the beginning of the seventh day. You shall rest yourself. Such is our faith.”

Rev. Barthold Soulier, the pastor of the church at Valdese in North Carolina, tells me that these old pass-words are now wholly forgotten in the valleys of the Alps. He adds: "There is, however, one short dialogue generally repeated when two peasants meet, thus :

" ' Are you coming ? ' "

" ' Yes, and you too ? ' "

" ' Yes. ' "

" ' Good journey ! ' "

" ' The same to you. ' "

" Passages from the Bible are often quoted, especially from the Sermon on the Mount, and St. James's epistle, and also from St. Paul's epistles."

For the convenience of any one who likes to puzzle over this very corrupt text, I print the whole of it, in an accurate copy from the Benedictine volume to which I have referred :

#### QUOMODO SE COGNOSCANT INTER SE HAERETICI.

Nota, dictum est mihi a quodam sacerdote, qui audivit hoc in confessione a quadam haeretica, quod in principio quando haeretici sibi obviant, nec cognoscunt se, faciunt et dicunt quod sequitur :

Pren le par l'oreille.

Et ipse respondet, Bien Venant soyez-vous, parlerez-vous ou si je parleroi ?

Parles, quar il me plest bien que vous parles.

Quand nous orons, si parlons a Dieu. Quand nous recordons, si parle Dex a nous. Or reparles, quar il me plest bien.

Ce dit saint Pol, Ne mentir.

Ce dit saint Jacques, Ne jurer.

Ce dit saint Pierre, Ne rendre mal por mal, mes biens

contraires. Qui en si grant desir con lia d'avoir le bon jour, plus grant desir ait l'ame d'avoir lon.

Item ita dicunt, quando comedunt carnes in diebus prohibitis :

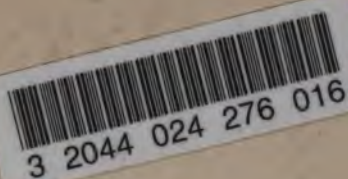
Dex ne commanda onques festes, ne ne voia char a mangier au chief du septieme jour, vous reposerez. C'est notre creance.

Stephen of Bellavilla's book was never printed. It was entitled "De Septem donis Spiritus Sancti." The manuscript may be found in several European libraries.

To a New Englander it is interesting to know that Cornelius Waldo appeared in Ipswich, Massachusetts, as early as 1654. From his family descend the well known and highly esteemed family of the name of Waldo now in New England. The "Yankee Plato," Mr. Waldo Emerson, is one of the descendants of this Waldo, and after he heard me read the story with which this volume begins, he told me that he had always hoped that it might prove that they were descended from Peter Waldo of Lyons. He was especially interested in my invention of Jean Waldo as the brother of Peter.

To readers who have not studied the matter, I ought to say that the Waldensians of the present day hold, as I believe truly, that their church was formed long before the time of Peter Waldo, and that their original name was not Waldenses but Vallenses or occupants of the valley. Madame Bompiani has just now published an interesting book on their history, to which I am glad to refer readers. I am interested to see that she has taken the Maltese Cross as one of their emblems in this book.





This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

DUE JAN 22 1911

DUE DEC 20 1915

DUE JAN 14 1918

WIDENER

JAN 13 1995

BOOK DUE

JAN -6 1922

DUE JAN 12 1922

DUE MAR 3 1926

DUE JAN -5 '25

DUE DEC 19 42

